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THE

MODERN THEATRE;

A COLLECTION OF

SUCCESSFUL MODERN PLAYS,

AS ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SPECULATION. LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.
THE DELINQUENT. FORTUNE'S FOOL.
FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

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SPECULATION;

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANJORE,	*Mr Lewis.*
PROJECT,	*Mr Munden.*
ALDERMAN ARABLE,	*Mr Quick.*
CAPTAIN ARABLE,	*Mr Middleton.*
JACK ARABLE,	*Mr Fawcett.*
SIR FREDERICK FAINTLY,	*Mr Claremont.*
VICKERY,	*Mr Farley.*
LADY PROJECT,	*Mrs Mattocks.*
EMMELINE,	*Miss Wallis.*
CECILIA,	*Mrs Mountain.*

SPECULATION.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in PROJECT'S *Country House.—A Door in Flat.*

CECILIA *discovered, trying to unlock the door.*

Cec. So, nobody being near, I'll make use of the attendant's key, and, for the second time, converse with my dear Emmeline. We were yesterday interrupted by Sir Frederick, and I had only time to say a few words to my old friend and school-fellow, but now—How! Sir Frederick again!

Enter SIR FREDERICK FAINTLY.

Cec. Sir, I beg I may not be thus constantly disturb'd.

Sir Fred. Disturb'd! I would request the same favour, Miss Cecilia, but that nothing on earth ever

disturbs me; and indeed nothing ever pleases me—I'm in a perfect state of happy *nonchalance*—I fancy though we're both on the same errand—That door, heh?

Cec. I told you yesterday, sir, I know nothing about that door.

Sir Fred. Oh, for shame!—What! do you pretend not to know that it leads to that part of the house where Emmeline is lock'd up? Come, come, Miss, you remember I caught you bribing the attendant to lend you the key—(CECILIA *walks about in agitation*) now why be affronted? nothing ever affronts me—no, if you were a man, and chose to say I had caused all Emmeline's sufferings—that I had behaved like a rascal to her—then send me a challenge—then cane me—then kick me—why, I shouldn't be affronted—no, I've too much good breeding and good temper.

Cec. Very likely, sir; but as a visitor at Mr Project's house here in the country, I pry into no family secrets—if I did, I believe the story of this young lady——

Sir Fred. Ah, poor girl! she and all her large fortune had been mine if she hadn't—you understand—love touch'd her brain.

Cec. How do you mean, sir?

Sir Fred. Why, that's the cause of her present confinement: to be sure she has lately recovered her senses—indeed is quite restored; but her guardian and physician think her entering too suddenly on the world again might occasion a relapse—therefore she is kept quiet and close in that part of the house—Would you believe it, ma'am, she preferr'd another man to me?

Cec. Indeed! and who could be so accomplish'd as to out-rival a lover like Sir Frederick?

Sir Fred. A cousin of her's, one Captain Arable,

whose father, being averse to the match, sent him to Gibraltar, where ever since—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lady Project desires to see you immediately.

Cec. There now—you need not be mortified—there's your equivalent: I'm sure her ladyship prefers you to another man, even to her husband.

Sir Fred. She does, so shew me to her. Miss, if you should get a peep at Emmeline, tell her, as I'm always in love in the country——

Cec. In the country! Why not in London?

Sir Fred. Oh, that depends on the part of the town I'm in—I constantly adapt myself, and in every street I'm a different man—for instance now: in the Temple, I'm a lawyer; in St James's-street, a lounger; in St George's church, I'm a married man; in Doctors' Commons, a bachelor; Guildhall gives me an appetite; the Alley makes me waddle; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing; and in Lombard-street I've as many plumbs as a banker—So tell Emmeline I still love her, and will still be her husband.

[*Exit.*

Cec. Now then for my charming recluse—(*Opens a door in flat.*) Emmeline, it is your friend Cecilia!

[*She leads in* EMMELINE.

Emm. Oh, forgive me, 'tis so long since I have seen a friend.

Cec. Come, as we were interrupted yesterday, pray sit down, and proceed with your story: the little I have heard makes me anxious to hear more—(*They sit*)—now, my sweet friend, proceed.

Emm. I will when I am able—First then, did you ever hear the name of Edward Ara—— you see my weakness; I have not power to proceed.

Cec. Nay, nay; unbosom your feelings: pray go on.

Emm. I will, I will—the name of Edward Arable—it is enough to say we loved, and were divided—My father chose Sir Frederick for my husband, and, on the morn of our intended marriage, they falsely told me Edward was no more. What was to be done? my lover dead! about to be united to his rival! my health long worn by grief and disappointment! Oh my friend! I had not strength to combat against such complicated misery: a fever seized me; my harass'd brain was heated to delirium, and merciful forgetfulness gave me that comfort, my friends and father had denied me!

Cec. Poor Emmeline! and during your malady, your father died.

Emm. He did, bequeathing me his whole fortune in case of recovery, and appointing Mr Project my guardian. Now mark what follows: two months ago, the physician, who had the care of me, proclaim'd my health restored, and I came to this house in the full hope of taking possession of my fortune, and sharing it with the man who best deserves it—but what is the reverse? I am confined to those rooms; not suffer'd to be seen or spoken to; my letters intercepted and destroy'd, and when I ask the reason for all this, they say, "Your health's precarious, it requires peace and quiet, and if you mix too suddenly with the world, the joy may occasion a relapse"—The joy! What joy, my friend? What pleasure can there be in mixing with that world, that hitherto has only robbed me of my senses, and thwarted me in my affections?

Cec. True, Emmeline; and now I see the motive for your guardian's conduct—He is an enterprising man—has involved your fortune in his schemes; and at present, not being able to give you a fair account, he keeps you close, till, by some lucky speculation, he is enabled to repay you—But is there no way to extricate you? on means of escaping?

Emm. None; impossible.

Cec. I have contrived to unlock one door in your room, you see; why can't I get the key of the other?

Emm. Because it leads to a pagoda that adjoins the house, and which has not been opened since my confinement. Oh, Cecilia! is it not hard to wake as from a long and frightful dream, and find all true? no cheering friend to dissipate your terrors? nay, even he whose very smiles would clear the clouds around me! he to be absent! he not near to sooth me!

Cec. He knows not of your recovery—your letters have not reach'd him, else—Hush! somebody's coming! (*Looks out.*) It is your guardian! I cannot leave you so unsatisfied—let me go with you—we'll plan some letters that may recall his sensibility—His heart was once humane; and had he not ruin'd himself by living beyond his income—

Emm. Ah! there's the fountain of all modern evil! when once a man exceeds the limits of his fortune, the barrier of honour, as well as prudence, is thrown down—money is borrowed never to be repaid—friends are duped, and become enemies—the gaming-table is flown to as a last effort—till, imperceptibly, step by step, the mind, originally virtuous, becomes desperate, harden'd, and unprincipled! and for these errors I am doom'd to suffer!—But he's here—Oh my father! why was I left to be the sacrifice of another's dissipation and extravagance!

[EMMELINE *and* CECILIA *exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter PROJECT, *followed by a Servant.*

Pro. I tell you, go directly to Portsmouth; take my own carriage and horses, and, when the packet arrives from the East Indies, ask for Mr Tanjore, and give him this letter—Stop, let me read it once more.——

"My dear Cousin,

"My house in town is magnificently fitted up to receive you—to my house in the country I have added two wings, built in the eastern style, to make it more worthy your acceptance; my carriage, horses, and servants, are waiting to conduct you to London; and I have got a bride for you, young, beautiful and rich."

There, that will please the young nabob;—to be sure it was unlucky my shutting my doors against him before he went to India, but these attentions, and bringing his sister Cecilia to my house, will remove former prejudices, and make it a most successful speculation—There, dispatch.

[*Giving letter to the Servant.*

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Then, by marrying him to my ward, Emmeline, I shall prevent any overhawling of accounts, and if I keep her close till he arrives——Here comes my wife in a rage at my refusing her money this morning—the miserly spendthrift! to be saving farthings in the comforts and necessaries of life, and wasting hundreds in luxuries and superfluities.

Enter LADY KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr Project, how dare you refuse me money when I condescend to send for it?

Pro. Because 'tis time to grow prudent, madam. Wait the event of my speculations before you let folly and extravagance again undo us.

Lady Pro. Extravagance!—Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—did'nt the first wise bubble burst into air?—

Pro. The first, madam!

Lady Pro. Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphusicon, and say

you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—Very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertised, as the "celebrated champion of England, by Rembrant," turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leadenhall Market? was'nt the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before by a glazier's boy in Cheapside?——

Pro. No, no, madam. Besides, if it was, didn't the speculation on bark make me ample amends?—didn't I, by the monopoly of that medicine, dispose of it at my own price?

Lady Pro No: for the doctors and apothecaries, finding they could get no profit by it, swore bark was unwholesome physic, and nobody took it.—Then didn't you run up so many new houses at Paddington, that many of them were built without staircases; and by the time one part was finish'd, didn't another fall all to pieces?—wasn't——

Pro. Zounds! have you done, ma'am?—I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!—What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

Pro. Yes; but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a hammercloth—you will quarrel with your maid for burning two candles instead of one, and the same night lose a thousand pounds at faro—and, answer me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well; and what then, sir?

Pro. Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosegays—and once, when you gave one hundred and fifty

pounds for a curricle, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?—another time, when you and your favourite Sir Frederick———

Lady Pro. There he always strikes me dumb—Oh! if I could recriminate! (*Aside.*) Well, sir: what of Sir Frederick? I'm sure there's no impropriety in our intimacy: we are never tête a tête—At the theatre, the opera, all public places, my grandmother is always present; and if ever Sir Frederick kist the tip of my finger, the old lady saw it.

Pro. That's impossible; for the old lady's as blind as Cupid.—However, it isn't our interest to quarrel; and, if my schemes on the alderman and the nabob turn out as I expect, you shall have what money you desire—Come, shake hands,—and now walk with me towards Aldgate farm, and I'll explain to you all my plans.

Lady Pro. Aldgate farm! there again! pray, sir, to whom do you owe the power you have over the alderman? By whose means is that lump of agriculture become an annuity to you?—Have not my charms lured him?

Pro. To be sure: he too has a blindness; and, by his own affectation of intrigue, and your flattering his vanity———

Lady Pro. He is become so attach'd to the wife, that the husband may speculate him out of all his property. Well, sir, since you confess the obligation, I'll walk with you, and see how this curious gentleman farmer goes on. Saturday is the day, I think, the rustic comes from London.

Pro. It is: and, as usual, he only comes to paint his outhouses and neglect his land.—The farm is mine, and he thinks I shall give him a long lease; but, when I find he has finish'd his improvements, I'll let it over his head.——Oh, Kitty! this is the age for speculation—People love delusion—ay, so much,

that the more you dupe them, the better they like you; and while a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which nobody adopts, a dashing west-end-of-the-town gentleman shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!—every body meets him in full cry—This is my plan, and so the nabob and the gentleman farmer shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A view of the Alderman's Farm—Barn with painted doors—Carts, waggons, &c. of different colours—Hay-stack cover'd with an elegant awning—White rails, &c.

VICKERY *discovered with a basket in his hand.*

Vic. Here are alterations!—The vulgar clod who kept this farm before my master, said he built every thing for use; he minded the value, not the look, of a thing:—now I think the alderman has shewn him the difference.—Here he comes, and I must be off to his dear Lady Project with this basket full of choice garden-stuff, and haunches of Nova Scotia mutton. I wish the alderman may succeed better as a lover than as a farmer; though, between you and I, master Vickery, I believe he knows as much of the one as of the other. [*Exit.*

Enter PROJECT *and* ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. There, there are improvements!—Welcome to Aldgate farm, my friend.

Pro. Thank'ye, alderman; thank'ye—Any news in London?

Ald. Ar. That for London—that for trade! (*Snap-*

ping his fingers.) here's the spot to make a fortune in. Look, my dear friend: isn't every thing so tasty? so neat? so clean? you see at once this is none of your rough, dirty farms; it belongs to a gentleman, not to a farmer.

Pro. True: all the out-houses so new, so neat! ay, common farmers never think of these things.

Ald. Ar. No: plodding blockheads! they think of nothing but ploughing, sowing, and reaping: they look to the inside of their barns, I to the out! That pretty team now, (*Pointing to one.*) it carries all the ashes and other manure to a neighbouring farmer's; for, you must know, I'm too cleanly to have any dust or dirt thrown on my land; a little chalk makes it look light and pretty——Then the piggery! what do you think of the piggery? there! why there it is.

Pro. Mercy on me! in high varnish! why, it's very elegant. But pray, alderman, haven't you found that the pigs spoil the paint?

Ald. Ar. Yes, and that the paint spoils the pigs; so I've got an excellent remedy—I keep none.

Pro. That's one way, to be sure——But, with regard to the more essential parts of farming, how goes on your cabbage plantation? your speculation on butter? what have been your profits?

Ald. Ar. Profit! ask my bailiff about that. The fact is, Project, I have had a curst unlucky year: the seasons have been against me: a hot winter——a frosty summer——flies, blights, and grubs, in all the corn——sheep, calves, and horses, all with the staggers——foxes eating up my chickens——cockneys shooting my geese——and as for the speculation you mention, why, the cows eat me forty load of hay, and I only made thirty pounds of butter—— "Debtor for hay, one hundred forty-five pounds twelve shillings and eight-pence. Per contra, cre-

ditor for butter, one pound, seventeen shillings, and ten-pence halfpenny-farthing !"

Pro. Ah ! I see it don't answer so well as I expected. But about the plantation ?

Ald. Ar. Oh ! the cabbages—ay ; there I've been fortunate—I tell you what—that plantation and my Nova Scotia sheep will make up for all my losses.

JACK ARABLE, (*without.*)

Father—where are you, father ?

Pro. Here's your son. I'm told since he left Oxford, and went to study under a special pleader, that he's much improved—Why his education must have cost you a great sum of money, alderman ?

Ald. Ar. Thousands, thousands ! but he'll repay me.—Hark'ye ; he is now a Batchelor of Arts—by and by king's counsel—hereafter member for the county—then great orator—the seals—the cabinet ! Oh ! there's no doubt but Jack will make his own fortune and mine too.

Pro. How do you mean ?—why don't you allow him an income ?

Ald. Ar. Not a shilling.—I have given him a most glorious education, and that's fortune enough now-a-days.—Now he starts fair, and he's like my field of cabbages ; so well cultivated, that there's no doubt of a fine crop.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. O father, I've been hunting for you every where. The Novia Scotia sheep,——pheugh ! [*Puffing himself.*

Ald. Ar. Well, what of the dear animals ?

Jack Ar. Why, they have broken into the plantation, and are eating up the cabbages as fast as they can—I dare say I saw them devour one-third before I came away.

Ald. Ar. You did, did you ?—Where's the bailiff ?

—oh! this is an old manœuvre—the farmers are in a combination against me, and whenever their cattle want food, they send them to breakfast, dine, and sup on my crops—they're not my sheep, so I'll go and pound them—in the mean time, Jack, do you give my friend, Mr Project, a specimen of your talents. [*Exit.*

Jack Ar. My talents!—Lord! they speak for themselves I'm sure—don't they, Mr——

Pro. How long is it since you left college, sir?—and pray what was your chief study there?

Jack Ar. Study, heh?—come—that's fair, very fair. Why, my study was to shoot without missing; leap five-barr'd gates full speed—get drunk—make love to my laundress—break lamps with my mathematical instruments, and knock down the proctors with the classics—famous, heh?—oh! I finished my education in a most capital style.

Pro. So I perceive, sir—but how do you like the Temple, sir?—how does special pleading agree with you?

Jack Ar. Special pleading!—I'm above that—mum:—don't tell father, and I'll let you into a secret—I've been two years with a special pleader, and never saw his fat face in all my life—fair, heh!—very fair!—no, no:—I know——

Pro. What do you know, sir?

Jack Ar. That Westminster Hall won't do for Jack Arable—the market's over-stocked—there's such a crowd of black cattle, and so few buyers, that one half must be returned on the owner's hand, at prime cost.—O!—besides, if one did get a brief, the King's Bench is like other courts, so crowded, that there's no getting a place in it—and there's the case—I must come back to father—and what then?—he won't give me the Spanish.

Pro. The Spanish!—now what the devil's that?

Jack Ar. Why, ready money, not credit or paper.

When I ask him for a few guineas, he reminds me of my education—refers me to Westminster Hall—says I shall be call'd next term, and make thousands.—Thousands! plague on't!—after being three years a barrister, attending the courts, and going the circuits, I dare say, I shan't fetch the price of my gown and wig!—so you see, Mr Project, here am I with a finish'd education in the high road to a jail.

Pro. No, no—your marriage with Cecilia will prevent that.

Jack Ar. Ay, I shall be glad to have her.

Pro. What! you love her, do you?

Jack Ar. No, but I love her fortune, and if I could marry her to-morrow, I'd touch the Spanish, and be off to London directly—to Epsom races—the grand cricket match—zounds!—in making me a special pleader, they'd spoil one of the most dashing dogs in Europe.

Re-enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. I've secured the gormandizers, and there's an end of that business.—Well, my friend, how have you found him?—isn't his head like my land?

Pro. Exactly—so barren that no cultivation can improve it—(*Aside.*) but since you agree to the match with Cecilia, the sooner he pays his addresses the better. What say you? will you go and have the first interview now?

Ald. Ar. With all my heart; her brother is a nabob, so let's go directly——

Jack Ar. Stop, stop—when we get to Mr Project's house, you must both of you grant me a favour,—you must let me see my brother Edward's friend.

Pro. Who is that, sir?

Jack Ar. Why, the lady that's lock'd up—my

cousin Emmeline—nay, don't be angry; I only want her to pay me twenty pounds she owes me.

Ald. Ar. My niece Emmeline owe you twenty pounds!—how do you make out that?

Jack Ar. I'll tell you: two years ago I ask'd her to lend me fifty pounds, she had only thirty in her pocket, which she generously gave me—now you know she owes me the odd twenty—fair, very fair, isn't it?

Ald. Ar. Nonsense!—she is under the care of my best friend here, who don't chuse she should be disturb'd in her seclusion: he does every thing that is right with regard to that unhappy girl.

Pro. I thank you for your approbation—but come; let's to Cecilia.

Ald. Ar. Ay, come, my boy; odsheart! strike her with your talents at once, and if she asks about a marriage settlement, put your hand to your head; hit it hard; it won't hurt it, Jack—say, Here it is, here's the place, like the alderman's granary—so full——

Jack Ar. Full, father!

Ald. Ar. Faith I forgot—it's empty. However, don't despair, for three such lads as we are will make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.

An Apartment in MR PROJECT'S *House.*

Enter PROJECT *and* CECILIA.

Cec. I tell you, it's all settled—I've seen young Arable: he proposed marriage, and I gave him as warm a reception as you could wish. But, Lady Katharine Project, sir; she tires me with her insinuations—she says, I come here to seduce her husband's affections, when you know, Mr Project, he's the last man on earth I should fix on for a gallant.

Pro. Mr Project's very much obliged to you: but the truth is this, Cecilia—she knows I see her partiality for Sir Frederick: this makes her all obedience—but if she could once recriminate; only prove I have my gallantries (and I have had them beyond a doubt) why then snap goes the rod I hold over her, and all the money I spent in patching up her reputation——

Cec. Money, in patching up reputation!—how do you mean, coz?

Pro. Mean! that when certain people lose their character, they spend half their fortune in attempting to retrieve it—keep open house, give public entertainments—suppers, balls, concerts, galas—then every body comes; for if Belzebub himself gave a dinner, there are people who would go to it!—every body comes, I say—eat, drink, dance, and retire;

and while the host and hostess fancy they are sounding their praises, egad! they're only cutting up their reputation, and laughing at them more and more for their folly.

Cec. Are they? then I wish Lady Project would recriminate, for I'm very fond of balls, concerts, and galas; and if you're exposed, you must give them to patch up your own reputation, you know—so adieu! ——Oh, I forgot, though—lend me the key of the Pagoda, will you?

Pro. The Pagoda!

Cec. Ay, there's an eclipse to-night, and it will be a charming place to see it from—come give it me—foolish man!—I dare say, now, you're thinking this may lead to some plot about Emmeline; but you forget there are other doors and other keys, Mr Cerberus, and as I've given the bridegroom such a warm reception——

Pro. Well—your kindness to young Arable deserves a reward, and as I've no reason to suppose you mean to make a bad use of the key, take it——heh!—here's the gentleman himself! and, I declare, looking as melancholy as if the honey-moon was over—Nay—don't leave us.

Cec. If I don't, I shall be too late for the eclipse—so good evening—spouse will describe our interview to you—he'll tell you what pretty things I said of him and his father: upon my word they're a charming pair, and though a namesake of mine had long since won my affections, yet, when I saw young Arable—Oh! who can resist a man of his education! [*Exit.*

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Pro. Joy! I give you joy, sir,—she has consented!—you'll be brother-in-law to a nabob, and I, bringing about the match, shall touch a thousand pounds from the alderman. Come, sit down, my boy,

and tell me all about it—(*They sit.*)—Who had the first word? you or Cecilia?

Jack Ar. I had the first: she the last.

Pro. Ah! that's one of the sex's privileges; but how did she conclude? with recommending you to go to a parson, and finish the marriage?

Jack Ar. No: she concluded with recommending me to go to school again, and finish my education: —Mr Project, you'll hardly believe it, but she call'd me Master Jacky: laugh'd at my learning; ridiculed my manners; and, when I reminded her that I had been made a scholar and a gentleman, she said I might as well say one of my father's cows had been made to translate Greek, or dance the minuet de la Cour.

Pro. Why this is a warm reception indeed!—Well, what was your answer?

Jack Ar. Says I, ma'am!—ma'am! I'm a bachelor of arts, and a student at law; I can solve a problem, draw a demurrer, and read a Latin Ovid.

Pro. A Latin Ovid!—what, not a translation?

Jack Ar. No; a real Latin Ovid, says I, ma'am,—that was fair, was'nt it! had her there—famous, heh?

Pro. Was ever time and money so wasted on a blockhead's education? (*Aside.*)—You should have told her you were shortly to be call'd to the bar; that you were now at a special pleader's: if I mistake not, she is a great admirer of the profession.

Jack Ar. No, no; she's not so bad as that either; for when, by way of a joke, I said that Westminster Hall would be a knowing place to give a masquerade in—"A masquerade!" says she—"there's one there every day in the term time!"—famous, heh? had me there: but there's father just awoke from his after-dinner nap—'gad, he shall have his share—

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Jack Ar. Father, I'm come from my intended wife: she speaks so highly of you—

Ald. Ar. Does she? that makes out my dream then: I dreamt she gave you her hand, because she said your father understood farming better than any man in England. Oh! the dear creature!—how was it?

Jack Ar. She said, that, while you were planting shrubberies, building out-houses, and painting the pig-stye, your bailiff was cheating you of the small crops your neglected fields produced; that in a month you would spend more money in fattening a single wether, than would supply the court of aldermen with turtle and venison for a year; that your garden is as expensive as your farm, for that every Monday morning, when your coach is cramm'd with hampers of garden stuff, there isn't a turnip-top within them but costs more than all the pine-apples in Covent-Garden market—that was fair, wasn't it?—very fair.

Ald. Ar. I'll hear no more—it's a libel, and if she wasn't sister to a nabob——a wether cost me more than venison; and turnip-tops more than pine-apples!—I'll be reveng'd.

Jack Ar. So will I—but how, father?

Ald. Ar. How! by making her your wife, whether she will or no—I'm determined to have a power over her; and, Mr Project, I will give you all my crops in and out of the ground—all my live and dead stock—ay, an additional thousand pounds, only to make me father to this jezabel, and then—leave me to manage her education.

Pro. If she won't consent, alderman, what can I do?

Jack Ar. What! a college for that; we classics know a trick or two, and give me an opportunity,

and five to four but I make her Mrs Jack Arable before to-morrow morning. Zounds! I'll carry her off, then touch the Spanish, and away to Epsom and cricket—(*Aside.*)—Come, what say you to the two thousand pounds?

Pro. That it's a nice speculation; and, as there can be no harm in getting a girl a good husband, I will give you an opportunity—Hark ye, she is now in my garden, in the Pagoda; come with me directly, and———but hold, hold, where will you carry her to?

Jack Ar. To Aldgate farm to be sure, where we've a parson waiting, and where we'll convince her, that we can make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world: come—

Ald. Ar. Ay, away with you; and when she's my daughter, instead of being fashionable and impertinent, she shall be humble and industrious: she shall give up the harpsichord for the spinning wheel; faro and archery for the hen-house and the dairy; and, instead of parading *a la militaire* on a high-bred hunter, she shall carry eggs to market on broken-kneed Dobbin, and be a pattern for all the farmers' wives and daughters in the land!—Away, my boys!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in PROJECT'S *Country House—A Door in Flat.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cec. So, I've tricked him out of the key, and now for my dear Emmeline. [*Opens the door in flat.*

Enter EMMELINE.

Emm. Oh my friend! you come most opportunely—at the very moment when most I needed consolation and support. Look there (*Giving a letter.*) 'tis my guardian's answer to the letter we plann'd together.

Cec. (*Reads.*) "You are kept here to recruit your health——your fortune shall be paid you on the day of your marriage—in the mean time don't trouble me any more with unreasonable requests, lest I should imagine you have relapsed—you understand"—

This is beyond all bearing—I cannot endure such—

Emm. How then can I? Oh, Cecilia! when dissipation and ruin deprive the thoughtless profligate of his senses, there is little cause for lamenting a disorder that bereaves him of all memory of his vices; but when a poor sufferer, like myself, whose only error has been virtuous love, who has done no wrong but that of cherishing an honest passion, and that passion for a time deprived her of her reason, what is to be her fate? is she to be pitied, or thus for ever punished?

Cec. Don't be unhappy, Emmeline; I feel for you—pity you sincerely.

Emm. I need it, for if I were, as they insinuate, I should not have the sense to feel my sorrows so acutely. My heart has long been breaking, and but for your humanity, the struggle had been past—would it were! and yet, Cecilia—

Cec. What, my friend?

Emm. If I could see and bless the lovely cause of all————

Cec. Be comforted, you shall see him; come, cheer up, for sunshine breaks in upon you, Emmeline; look, this key will secure your escape—ay, 'tis the Pagoda key, your guardian gave it me, and in

my lodgings in London, you may be safely concealed, till Edward comes to punish him, and to reward your sufferings.

Emm. Is there a hope then for our meeting? Oh! joy will now distract me,—but think what difficulties—

Cec. None but what we can surmount: the servant who brings a chaise near the garden, will unlock the gate outside; I'll go give him orders directly, and, that no time may be lost, do you retire instantly into the Pagoda (*Gives* EMMELINE *the key.*) wait till I come, or you hear the gate unbarred—Nay, no more melancholy looks; henceforth you must smile and be cheerful, and some years hence, you, I, and Edward will sit over a winter fire, and laugh at our cunning, in outwitting that first of schemers, my cousin Project.

Emm. Kind, generous girl! I will do all that you desire—till we meet, farewell! how I tremble for the event! yet why? if I'm brought back, they cannot persecute me more, and if I 'scape their snares, the sight of Edward———Oh! the thought revives me! and since my guardian is so bold in guilt, wherefore should innocence be fearful? no, I've a virtuous cause, and I will nobly fall or triumph in the conflict! [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE III.

PROJECT'S *Garden: a Pagoda at the Wing—moonlight.*

Enter PROJECT *and* JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. So was she caught in her own snare, heh? Well, this is the place with the foreign name,

the Pagoda, as you call it; pray what put it into your head to build such on out-of-the-way thing?

Pro. Speculation, sir, speculation: the house stood on my hands, so, by running up a pair of wings after the eastern fashion, I thought to catch some thoughtless nabob, but it wouldn't do, they were obstinate; however, my rich cousin is coming home—

Jack Ar. And he pays for their obstinacy—fair, that's very fair;—but about this Miss Cecilia—she is coming here to see an eclipse, you say.

Pro. Yes, she has herself given you a fair opportunity, and if you don't carry her to your father's, where a parson and a licence is ready—Stop, I think I saw a light—perhaps she's there already (*Looks through the key-hole.*) she is! I see her petticoat.

Jack Ar. Do you? that's famous—an eclipse, heh? gad! she shall see a constellation. Go, squire, go, tell the alderman to look out for me and my wife—

Pro. No, I must go and look out for my own wife, for if she finds me and Cecilia out of the house at this time of night, she'll talk of recrimination for ever; so success to you, and remember, she's an angel, my young lawyer.

Jack Ar. Why, as I'm a lawyer, I'd better forget it, for we and angels don't exactly suit each other. You manage your wife, I'll take care of mine. (PROJECT *exit.*) Now for it—now to coax her into the garden—(*Opens the door of the Pagoda.*)—Ma'am! hadn't you better come out, ma'am—don't be frightened, there's nobody here but me—She's coming, by all that's tender, classical, and famous!

Enter EMMELINE *from the Pagoda.*

Emm. This is my friend's servant, I suppose, with the carriage—where can she be herself? she promised to follow me instantly; however, I'll ask him—Heavens! what do I see? my cousin Arable! then I'm deceived, and am undone for ever.

Jack Ar. (*Not knowing her.*) Yes, it's master Jacky! he's not gone to school you see; however, I'll first secure the gate, that nobody may come from the house and disturb us—(*He bars the gate of the Pagoda.*)—Come, Miss Cecilia, come to Aldgate-farm, and teach the cows to translate Greek and dance minuets. What, sulky, heh? let's look in your face—how! why, it is not you, is it? no, egad! 'tis cousin Emmeline.

Emm. Yes, that Emmeline who was once your friend and favourite, who, being deserted by her family, and persecuted by her guardian, meant to escape from confinement, but is disappointed; you have discovered my intentions, sir, and I confess myself completely in your power.

Jack Ar. What! it's a trick, is it?—You stole out instead of the other—come, that's fair, very fair. Well! and how d'ye do, coz? do you know I have finished my education since I saw you—I have famously: but you've been very ill, Emmeline? however, we won't talk about that; you're recover'd, and I'm glad on't with all my heart! yet, you used me most unkindly, coz.

Emm. It seems I have used every body so, else I think I should not have been so hardly treated. I have been amply punished, sir.

Jack Ar. You have, you have, Emmeline; but you should have kept your promise about the Spanish—I always kept my word with you, and once, you know, when we were boys and girls, and you and my brother Edward quarrelled about your little tame fawn, did not you cry, and ask me to make it up between you! and didn't I bid him kiss the fawn and kiss you, and ever after wasn't he so fond of you——

Emm. Let me beseech you, sir, name not your brother: lead not my mind to thoughts that, whilst they charm, distract me. I'm sorry I forgot my

promise, but you should remember, I also forgot myself;—remind me, and perhaps——

Jack Ar. I've a great mind——I will!—why the fact is, Emmeline, you offered to lend me fifty pounds, and you only gave me thirty: now you know you owe me the odd twenty.—I'm the last person on earth to dun people for money, but really when it has been owing so long—upon my soul I beg your pardon, but the alderman cuts so close; he has educated me so like a gentleman, and keeps me so like a beggar, that here I am with a head full of the notions of life and dissipation, and a pocket as empty as Oxford in the vacation.

Emm. I regret that my guardian has not left me the means of fulfilling my promise, but when I see my friend Cecilia, I've no doubt but she'll procure what you desire.—And now, sir, let me know my fate: am I to go back to my prison?

Jack Ar. Go to prison! what! when we've Spanish to keep us out of it? no, that's not fair.—We'll go to London, to Epsom, to the grand match; or if, as is most likely, you prefer Miss Cecilia's company to mine, I'll call her to take care of you; for if I leave you till you're safe out of your guardian's clutches, may I lose the long odds, and be flogg'd round the race-course like a blacklegs.

Emm. Now, indeed, you are the brother of my Edward:—then call Cecilia: I dare say by this time she is arrived in the Pagoda; and yonder is a carriage waiting to conduct us to London: there I shall remain till your brother arrives, and then make an appeal to the laws of my country.

Jack Ar. Never, never go to law; leave the whole business to arbitration, for if you don't at first, the lawyers, after emptying your pockets, will only do it at last.—However, I'll unbar the gate, (*Goes to Pagoda.*) gad! this is famous!—how Project and the alderman will be bother'd?—Zounds! what do I

see?—your guardian!—(*Runs to* EMMELINE.) don't, don't agitate yourself: pull down your veil, and I'll—

EMMELINE *pulls down her veil, and* PROJECT *enters.*

Pro. As I thought.—My wife suspects an assignation between me and Cecilia, and is now coming to detect me. Mr Arable, a word if you please. (JACK *leaves* EMMELINE, *and comes to* PROJECT.) If you don't get her off,—and I see how it is—you can't persuade her——

Jack Ar. Can't I? um! *ecce signum*, as we great scholars say. (*Goes to* EMMELINE.) Come, miss, will you go with master Jacky, and be made daughter-in-law to an alderman? (EMMELINE *gives him her hand, and nods assent.*) There! haven't I a rare granary? Why, I'll back my head at a scheme against yours, little Project.

Pro. No, you mustn't do that; for this lucky scheme was all my planning, you know.

Jack Ar. So it was; and you shall have the full credit of it, my boy!—The chaise will take us to the nearest inn, and I'll return for Cecilia. (*Aside to* EMMELINE.) Bid her good by; give her your sanction. (PROJECT *bows, and kisses his hand.*) There; now you do as he orders you.—You see, squire, you see,—this is both famous and fair, isn't it?

[*Exit, handing off* EMMELINE.

Pro. It is! it is! (*Looks out.*) He hands her into the carriage! the postillion shuts the door!—mounts his horses!—away they go!—Huzza! huzza!

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE, *running against him.*

Ald. Ar Huzza! huzza! he has her! he has her! —Joy! I give you joy, my friend.

Pro. This is reaping the harvest, farmer.

Ald. Ar. Ay; we're in clover now!—But, Project, I met that good and sweet woman your wife, in such a jealous rage——

Pro. That's a better joke than t'other.—She thinks to detect me in an assignation with Cecilia; but the bird is flown, you see.

Enter LADY KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr Project; where have you concealed Cecilia?—Mr Arable, he brings this young lady to my house,—entertains her in the most expensive style,—gives her the most extravagant suppers, and, having decoyed her into an assignation, he now comes here to carry her off.

Ald. Ar. That's impossible, your ladyship, because Jack has carried her off already.—She is by this time as safe at Aldgate farm, as Emmeline is in your house, and I dare say they and the parson are sitting down to a haunch of my Novia Scotia mutton.—Do you know, my lady, I always kill my own mutton, and milk my own cows?

Lady Pro. At Aldgate farm indeed!—more like she's in that Pagoda.—Arn't I right, my life?

Pro. You are, my soul.—Hark'ye, did Sir Frederick teach you this?

Lady Pro. There now! I'm always to be choak'd at the moment of recrimination! I believe Cecilia's innocent, but to know my husband's falsehood, and never be able to prove it—I can't bear his triumph—I (*Taking out her handkerchief.*) am the most unhappy, ill-treated wife— [*Crying.*

CECILIA *taps at the door within side the Pagoda.*

Ald. Ar. What the devil's that?

Pro. What, indeed!—hush!

Cec. (*Within.*) Why don't you open the door? 'tis I! 'tis Cecilia!

Lady Pro. Oh! it is, is it?—then come out, and, (*Opens the door of the Pagoda, and leads out* CECILIA.) I say, Mr Alderman, they're sitting down to a haunch of Novia Scotia mutton, are they?

Ald Ar. Project, this is reaping the harvest indeed.

Pro. Ay: we're in clover now with a vengeance. Cecilia, what does this mean?

Cec. Why, as all concealment will now be useless, I may venture to inform you that by some accident Emmeline has escaped, I find; and I came here in search of her, and not to meet your husband, ma'am, upon my honour.

Pro. Emmeline escaped!—that was her then that the well-educated blockhead was handing off, saying, "you see! this is both famous and fair!" 'Sdeath! I've out-schemed myself.—I'll pursue her instantly. Alderman, will you go with me?

Ald. Ar. Ay; that I will; my son, Captain Edward, is arrived, and if he and Emmeline should meet,—I tell you what,—as Jack has made two fools of us, I'll persuade the East Indian to let Edward marry his sister, Cecilia. Come along.—Odsheart! I won't wait to order my carriage or have garden stuff—(CECILIA *laughs.*) Now there again! I only wish I had you at the farm.—I'd——

Pro. Come—I know what you're going to say.

Ald. Ar. Do you? then you know more than I do myself; for, plague on the girls! they'll drive me out of my senses! [*Exit with* PROJECT.

Lady Pro. My dear Cecilia, I never doubted your innocence.—Come, let's go and prepare for London. I long to see your brother, the young nabob. I dare say, he'll bring over the most charming presents.

Cec. Very likely: but my mind is all on Emmeline. Poor girl! may she escape the persecution of her enemies, and be rewarded as her virtue and her sufferings deserve! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An elegant Apartment at PROJECT'S *House in London.*

Enter PROJECT *and* SIR FREDERICK.

Pro. Not find her! Emmeline not to be found! tell me, Sir Frederick, have you been at young Arable's chambers?

Sir Fred. I have—and he is out of town, at Epsom: positively, I can hear nothing of Emmeline—but what then? fretting won't find her; and if it did, I dare say you'd find something else to fret you—I'm her lover, and you see I'm not uneasy.

Pro. No: you haven't the reason I have—she may fall into the hands of some enemy, who may say, I have entangled her fortune; confined her after her health was restored; and at last convince her uncle, the alderman, that I have wrong'd her—then her friend, Captain Arable, is in town, you say?

Sir Fred. Yes, he arrived last night from Gibraltar—receiving a letter that inform'd him of Emmeline's recovery, he quitted the regiment at the risk of offending his father—Leave me to manage him: Let me see—(*Looking at his watch.*) I am now going to meet him.

Pro. Are you? then tell him of her escape, the necessity of restoring her to my power—hint at a relapse, and persuade him to join in searching for

her: I would go with you; but I'm waiting here to receive my cousin Tanjore.

Flourish of Clarinets, without.

Pro. That's him! that's the young nabob—I ordered the band to strike up as he passed through the hall; and, as he's been accustomed to be surrounded with slaves, I've hired those blacks, and other attendants, to give him a sort of pompous entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the East Indian. I wonder whether Mr Tanjore's as easy and familiar as ever: I remember, when he had neither cash nor credit, he used to call the greatest men by their Christian names; and, though he hadn't a coat to his own back, he was always remarking on the dress of other people.

Pro. Ah! he was no nabob then: now I fear he's as haughty and reserved as he was before free and familiar. Good day, Sir Frederick: I shall rely on your making Captain Arable my friend. (SIR FREDERICK *exit.*) Now for it! now for my best scheme! To be sure, my tricking him, and turning my back on him, before he went to Madras, was rather unlucky; but his coming to my house proves he don't think the worse of me—no, no: I have him: and when I've fairly stripped him, I'll send him to India again, there to make another fortune, for the benefit of me and my speculations!

Another Flourish—Enter Blacks with Music, Servants in superb Liveries, preceding TANJORE *and* CECILIA—*Other Attendants following.*

Tan. Billy, your hand—Where's Betsy? Well, here we are, you see, hot from Madras—warm as Lucifer—rich as Crœsus, my boy!

Pro. 'Tis as I thought! (*Aside.*) I hope you found my carriages and horses all ready: I should have

been miserable if you had not condescended to make use of them.

Tan. Should you? then be happy, coz; for I'll make use of them for ever: the carriages and horses are mine, Billy.

Pro. They are: you do me great honour in accepting them——He has forgot our old quarrel—and I shall finger every farthing! (*Aside.*)——Well; but about India, cousin——you made your fortune very rapidly.

Tan. Yes; the Princess Nundomoree took a fancy to my person and dress——introduced me to the Nabob of Begumboree; he to the Rajah of Seringapatoree; and so amongst them you see——But, Billy, what makes you so civil? before I sailed, you wouldn't pay the fare of a hackney-coach for me, and now you give me all your carriages and horses: well, well, I take it very kind of you; and so, hark-ye—a few westerly winds will bring round the homeward-bound fleet, and then hire all the strongest waggons you can get——bullion! pearls! diamonds! ——oh, damme, coz, this house will never hold them!

Pro. I hope this house will hold them though—— Oh, for a westerly wind!—In return, my dear friend, the wife I design for you has five thousand a-year—to be sure it's very little; but——

Tan. A little's better than nothing, you know; and, if I like her person and manners, why, five thousand a-year will be very pretty pin-money—But what's here, Billy? (*Looking at his coat.*) is this a dress for a cousin of a nabob?

Pro. What! at the old work?—Psha! what signifies dress?

Tan. Every thing, now-a-days——a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and, if the world be a stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect—Why, when I landed from the packet in my old blue coat, shab-

by red waistcoat, and decayed kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was pushed and smoaked by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met; but, the moment I put on these smart clothes that you sent, I swaggered through the most public streets—jostled all the men of fashion—cocked my eye at all the lords, and received the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneered at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a showy outside; and a tailor is a man of more consequence than you imagine.

Pro. Well; but, after the fatigue of travelling, don't you want some refreshment? Pray do here as if you were at home.

Tan. That I do every where: I never stood on ceremony in my life; but as to refreshment, that depends on our hostess, who, if I recollect, is rather close—short commons—heh, Billy?

Pro. Worse and worse: she has almost starved me since you went: you haven't yet seen her though—John, call Lady Project.

Tan. No, no; call her yourself: in India, I was always waited upon by the master of the house; and therefore go, Billy—go—besides, I wish to speak to my sister——Stop though; I shall want some ready money.

Pro. What, the Spanish?

Tan. Oh, nothing else—Go, send your wife, and pray——

Pro. For a westerly wind! You shall have what money you require: so—here's speculation!—Oh, for a westerly wind!

[*Exit. The Servants follow him.*

Cec. My dear brother, let me once more congratulate you: why, who'd have thought of your coming home so rich?

Tan. Ay, who indeed?—you didn't expect it; did you, Cecily?

Cec. No: I expected you'd return as you went. I thought you'd come and say, "Here's a nabob without a shilling, Cecily."

Tan. Did you? then you thought exactly right; for—"here's a nabob without a shilling, Cecily!"

Cec. Nonsense!——Mr Project says you have brought over money enough to buy him new houses, new——

Tan. Not enough to buy him a new coat.

Cec. Nay, now you're joking: I know you must be rich, by the style you kept up in India: you lived in a palace, my dear brother.

Tan. I lived in a jail, my dear sister.

Cec. Come, come; haven't I heard that your furniture was embossed with gold? that your dinners were more expensive than the governor's?

Tan. My furniture was the bare walls, and my dinner bread and water. The fact is, a man may starve in India as well as in England; and, instead of finding gold like dirt, or diamonds like pebbles, I found a sort of gentlemen that must be attended to in all countries; I mean——bailiffs! 'Tis true, they didn't visit me on my arrival; but, in the course of a twelvemonth, they whipped me into one of their hospitable mansions; and there I should have been at this moment, had not the captain of the packet assisted me in my escape, and landed me generously in old England: I say generously, for curse me if I am nabob enough to pay for my passage!

Cec. Amazing! if Mr Project knew this, he wouldn't be so friendly.

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had schemed me out of all the money I had left, they shut the doors against me; while Sir Charles Stanley—I shall never forget his liberality!—befriended me, and sent me to India. I guess how the mistake

has happened——there is a man of my name at Madras—an old lover of yours—

Cec. Mr Henry Tanjore!—my friend, as well as lover.

Tan. Well; he's now as rich as I'm poor—is coming home in the next ships——and scheming Billy, with his usual perspicuity, takes me for him, and determines to make the most of me—and he shall make the most of me: there's no favour he can offer but I'll have the condescension to accept; and, to begin, I'll marry this five thousand pound lady.

Cec. Don't—don't think of her; there are a thousand reasons against it.

Tan. Ay; but there are five thousand for it—no more bare walls, and bread and water.

Cec. Poor Emmeline! then I must conceal from him where she is. (*Aside.*)

Tan. See! our hostess, Lady Stingy! To poor Tanjore she has often refused a dinner; but to the rich nabob, I suppose—Mum!—mark how I'll——

Enter LADY PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Joy! joy on your success, my ever dear cousin!

Tan. Thanks, thanks, my ever dear Kitty!

Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever, I see——Well, coz! aren't you glad to set foot in old England again? once more to see London and the fashions?

Tan. Why, as to the fashions, coz, they fly so fast, one can't be quick enough to catch them—nothing lasts above a day. Before I went to India, the whole town was running after the Goddess of Health: she died, I'm told, and the Learned Pig came to life: he went the grand tour, and the balloon came into power: that bubble burst, and boxing bore down all before it: then came the varieties of dress, such as short skirts, short hair, short sticks, and short great-coats! in short, if the world did not turn round of

its own accord, people of fashion would make it; for the moon, whose votaries they are, isn't half so fickle, or so changeable!

Lady Pro. Very true: then don't you observe the alterations in buildings? My husband and other speculatists have built so many new streets, and London is so absolutely gone into the country, that a citizen coming to a route at Marybone, must be at the expence of changing horses, and paying turnpikes!—But, I understand, you want some little refreshment.

Tan. Little refreshment! now mind, Cecily—Yes, any thing will do; some turtle and venison, a great deal of game, a quantity of pine-apples, and plenty of burgundy and champagne. Then about my bed; at the rajah of Seringapatoree's, I always slept under a canopy empanelled with looking-glass, and covered with gold and silver tissue—didn't I, Cecily? You'll get such a bed, Kitty—So now for dinner.

Lady Pro. Turtle, venison, canopies, and gold and silver tissue! Mr Tanjore, you don't intend to live here in the same style you did in India?

Tan. No, that I don't; I hope neither my furniture nor my dinners will be the same—heh, Cecily? Then my wedding-day, coz! I shall celebrate my nuptials at your house; and we'll have such a ball and supper!—between ourselves, it shan't be overcrowded though; I'll only ask about three hundred people.

Lady Pro. Three hundred people! Sir, I must tell you, no fortune can support this extravagance; and if you give us every farthing you've brought over—

Tan. Why, I shall; every farthing is yours, upon my honour; and, by way of specimen, to-morrow I'll send you a large chest of shawls, pearls, china, chintzes——

Lady Pro. Will you? can you be so obliging? Oh! I doat on pearls and shawls; and then for china

and chintzes——my dear, dear cousin, come to dinner, and order whatever you like.

Tan. (*Aside to* CECILIA.) There now! and I haven't brought over a rag, or an empty trunk!—However, Kitty shall have the presents: there are Indian goods in England, and I'll buy them with Billy's own money! Come, sister; come, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lincolns Inn.

Enter CAPTAIN ARABLE *and* SIR FREDERICK.

Sir Fred. Nay; but reflect, Captain Arable; reflect.

Capt. Ar. I do reflect; and there's my cause for grief. Have I not quitted my regiment, and offended my father? Is he not now in search of me, to send me abroad again? and when I expected to meet Emmeline in happiness and health, do you not tell me that her malady has returned? that she has escaped from her guardian, and is not to be found?

Sir Fred. I do; but I hope you don't blame me or Project?

Capt. Ar. No, far from it; I believe he has been more a parent than a guardian to her; and you have sunk the name of rival in that of friend——But my brother to aid in her escape, and now not to be heard of! What is to be done? I dare not meet my father; and if I leave England till I see Emmeline restored to her asylum, I shall well merit the anguish that awaits me.

Sir Fred. Psha! you're talking about anguish too;—now nothing gives me pain; and why? because

I'm so cool and placid, that not even death—death! no, that pain must be over, for hang me if I think I've been alive these last ten years—But where are we to find her, captain?

Capt. Ar. Ah! where indeed? Poor Emmeline! without friends, without assistance, and with the loss of that fine sense which now might best support thee, where—where art thou wandering? Let us be gone, —let us search every where——

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. My cousin to say he has a wife for me, and then not tell me her name or residence! however, I've found out she's at Cecily's lodgings; and so, while dinner's getting ready——

Sir Fred. Mr Tanjore! I am happy to see you—What! don't you know me? have you forgot Sir Frederick Faintly, a member of Bubble's club?

Tan. Sir Frederick! my old acquaintance! How d'ye do, Fred.? how are you, Fred.? Never saw Fred. before in all my life. (*Aside.*)

Sir Fred. This is a particular friend of mine, Mr Edward Arable.

Tan. Psha! hang ceremony: Ned! your hand, Ned——By the bye, Fred., is your friend a riding-master?

Sir Fred. Why?

Tan. Cock'd hat and boots! curst vulgar——you too! never wear a cravat with a full-dressed coat; it's like a tooth-drawer! Well, what's the news, my boys?

Sir Fred. I know of none, but that you were last night re-elected a member of Bubble's.

Tan. Was I? Only observe, Ned—my cousin Billy brought me into this club; and when they had fleeced me of all my cash, they kicked me out as a pigeon quite bare——now I return from India, with my feathers fresh moulted, they re-elect me, in

the hopes of having another pluck—ay, it's the way at all your fashionable gaming-houses—" Mr President, who is the new member proposed ?" " A great fool, but very rich." Pop, in goes a white ball—— " Who is the next, Mr President ?" " A great genius, but very poor." " Here, waiter, drop in a black ball."—Your servant though—I can't stay ; I must go take a peep at my wife.

Sir Fred. Your wife !

Tan. Yes, gad ! it's a most curious business : my cousin says I'm to be married to a lady worth five thousand a-year ; but he either won't or can't tell me who or where she is ! however, I overlooked a letter my sister was just now writing, and I suspect spouse is concealed in her lodgings—Mum ! shan't I delight and astonish her ? in India I was such a favourite with the women, that one day six princesses came to prison to see me—Prison did I say ? Oh, ay, that was when I fought against Tippoo, had six horses shot under me, and was at last taken prisoner by——

Capt. Ar. Pray, sir, what is this lady's name ?

Tan. Emmeline is her christian name ; as to sirnames, I never knew but two in my life—Sir Charles Stanmore, and your humble servant Tom Tanjore—two as fine fellows as ever handled rupees and pagodas. Fare you well. I shall marry this Emmeline to-morrow.

Capt. Ar. You marry Emmeline, sir !

Tan. Yes, I, Ned ; and, what's more, I invite you to our wedding dinner, and you also, Fred., and all your friends, and your friends' friends !—Lady Project desired me to ask the whole town, and I'll take care the nuptials shall be celebrated in the true eastern style of magnificence—here's my card ; and, if you wish to be asked again, come well dressed—nothing like a good coat—and so farewell, Fred. and Ned ! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. It must be her; let's follow him directly.

Sir Fred. Stay—suppose you should meet the alderman there; and I know he has business with this Mr Tanjore——

Capt. Ar. Why then, and not till then, let's think what's to be done—Come; lose not a moment—— In his sister's lodgings, and he about to marry her! 'tis dark—mysterious! Mark me, Sir Frederick; I'd traverse half the world to thank the man that has befriended Emmeline! but, if I find she has been wronged; if there should live a villain that has added to her sorrows; I pledge my honour to avenge her cause—my life or his must answer the event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

CECILIA'S *Lodgings.*

Enter TANJORE *and* ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Tan. Walk in, sir; walk in; your christian name is Obadiah, you say, and your business is concerning a marriage between your son and my sister—Did I never see you before?

Ald. Ar. Only once: if you remember, sir, it was in Mr Project's park, when the dear Lady Project had fainted away, and you caught her in your arms. I'm not censorious, Mr Tanjore; but if her grandmother hadn't come up at the instant—

Tan. You'd have been jealous, heh?—Well, but about your son—

Ald Ar. Why, sir; I wish your sister to become the wife of my son, Captain Arable: the reprobate has quitted his regiment, to pursue an unhappy

young lady, that I'm determined he shall never be united to. Now, sir, by the recommendation of that worthy man, Mr Project—

Tan. Pray, Obadiah, where did you get that curious waistcoat? positively, it's only fit for an alderman.

Ald. Ar. Then it's fit for me, Mr Tanjore; for I am an alderman—ay, and a farmer too; and if I could find my son, and Cecilia would consent, we'd whisk down to Aldgate farm to-night, tack them together to-morrow, and, in the course of a month, you can get them out to India; and there, you know, they are snug and comfortable for life. To a man of your interest, I suppose eight thousand a-year will be——

Tan. Nothing—a mere trifle.

Ald. Ar. So I thought——Oh! when the captain gets to Madras, I only wish he may be provided for as you were, Mr Tanjore.

Tan. Provided for as I was! that's what I wish myself; for curse me if I know or care about you or the captain. (*Half aside.*) Yonder's Emmeline, I fancy——I must get rid of this rustic——Good b'ye, Obadiah; go look for the captain, and, if you find him, bring him to my wedding dinner. Lady Project keeps open house while I stay; so bring all your city and rural friends—carters and common-councilmen——

Ald. Ar. Sir, you delight me; and Aldgate farm, and all its produce, is at your service. Are you fond of Nova Scotia mutton, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Captain Arable below.

Ald. Ar. Oh, there is, is there? now then I'll go and detain him till we meet at the charming Lady Project's. Shew me to him, sirrah. Once more I thank you, Mr Tanjore; and if you think eight thou-

sand a-year too much, you may reduce it to half; that is, to the exact profits I clear, or mean to clear, by Aldgate farm! [*Exit.*

Tan. Good day, Obadiah. Now this it is to be a nabob! I'm as much sought after here as in India, and exactly from the same motive—friends want money here, and the bailiffs there. Here she is! An angel, by the Ganges! I'll marry her before I leave the house——Soft! what letter is she reading? no doubt, the one my sister wrote to her—I'll observe. [*Stands back.*

Enter EMMELINE, *with a Letter in her hand.*

Emm. What has my escape availed me? this letter renews my sufferings with tenfold force!——Married! to whom? (*Reads.*)

"My brother Tanjore agrees to your guardian's proposals, and determines to marry you. I must regret this, while I know there is one who so much better deserves you."

Tan. (*Behind.*) Indeed! he must be a very clever fellow then.

Emm. (*Reading.*) "I have concealed from Tanjore your present residence; yet, I think, if he knew that you had escaped from your guardian, because he made a prisoner of you, and embarrass'd your fortune"——What then?—he is weak enough to think him honest.

Tan. (*Behind.*) No; he's not such a fool as that either.

Emm. (*Reading.*) "If he knew that Edward Arable has won your heart—that your uncle the alderman deserts you—that a marriage, under these circumstances, will be death to you and misery to him"——

Tan. (*Behind.*) Misery indeed!——this is more like a funeral than a wedding.

Emm. (*Reading.*) "And, lastly, if you were to

inform him that your father, Sir Charles Stanmore, was the man who befriended him in the hour of misfortune, I think he is not so void of gratitude and humanity, but he would assist rather than distress you."

Tan. (*Coming forward.*) That he would—Well said, sister! you have done your part; now let your brother do his—Ma'am, my name is Tanjore: your father got me out to India when I hadn't a house to pop my head in; and though the habitation I popp'd my head into there wasn't altogether so comfortable, that was no fault of Sir Charles's—He was my benefactor—I am your friend.

Emm. Is it possible? Will you not force me to accept your hand?

Tan. Accept my hand! I'll cut it off first. I wouldn't marry you for all the bullion in Bengal! Not but what I could love you, Emmeline; and but for Ned—ah! but for Ned, we might have been a very happy, handsome couple.

Emm. Can this be the man I was taught to expect? Can this be the haughty East Indian, whose riches——

Tan. Riches! that's your guardian's story: he insists upon it I've brought home millions; and, as he must know better than I do, it would be rude to contradict him, you know—But enough of myself—Tell me how I can serve you? My poverty shall not prevent me going instantly to this speculatist, and commanding him to do you justice. Zounds! I wish I had him in Calcutta! I'd march an army against him as black as his own heart—cram him into the hot hole, and smother him, if he didn't give you your fortune, and the man that deserves you.

Emm. Sir, I insist you run no hazard on my account. I have formed a determination, which I shall now execute: it is, to go instantly and make one more appeal to my uncle—to Alderman Arable.

Tan. What! Obadiah? he was here just now, and seems so fond of your guardian——

Emm. I know it; he has the highest opinion of his honour and veracity; but, as the alderman is the nearest relation I have left, he is the most proper person to protect me; and therefore I shall make this last effort to undeceive him. Yonder is your sister, I see; she will conduct me.

Tan. Allow me time to attend you——Heigho! —I don't know what's the matter with me: I feel such new emotions, and there's such a warm glow about my heart, that, gad, it fancies itself in India! Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

Emm. Indeed I cannot, sir; but very likely it results from the satisfaction of having done a generous action; and the emotion is new, because, like too many others, you have perhaps sacrificed your time and happiness at the shrine of fashion.

Tan. That's it, ma'am—you have hit it exactly. Oh, what I have suffered by keeping up the appearance of a fine gentleman!—Horses I never rode—carriages I never saw—houses I never entered—frequenting clubs, routs, operas; and, in short, doing every thing I disliked; because I was told it was what I ought to like——But now I've done with it—henceforth I'll live to please myself; and while I don't suffer in my own opinion, what need I care for that of other people?—Come, sweet Emmeline! you shall be happy still. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Alderman's House.

Enter PROJECT *and* CAPTAIN ARABLE.

Capt. Ar. Yes, sir, I am most happy in the opportunity of thanking you for the care you have taken of this unfortunate girl—her escape proves she has relapsed.

Pro. It does; for, had she been herself, she would have scorned to elope from the care of her guardian.—You say she has left Cecilia's lodgings.

Capt. Ar. Not an hour ago, she and Cecilia went away together; but where I know not.

Pro. Well, well—I'll go send the young nabob after them; and I'll likewise consult with her old physician about the best mode of securing her for the future——Good day, captain; and, remember, whoever first discovers her, gives information to the other.

Capt. Ar. Agreed.

Pro. Oh! I forgot——if you should see her first, don't let your wishes get the better of your judgment——she may perhaps have a lucid interval, and talk with apparent rationality—but be on your guard,—be convinced she has relapsed, and don't leave her till you see her safe in my custody.

Capt. Ar. Rest assured I shall do every thing her

unhappy situation demands—Good evening—(*Exit* PROJECT.)—Oh, my lost Emmeline!—three tedious years are past since last I saw thee; and in that time we've both endured so much, that I did hope our meeting might be happy—but 'tis denied—if we should meet—'tis but to divide with added grief. —Well, I'm prepared—let me restore the hapless wanderer to her friends, and then once more abroad —In the heat of war, I may forget the treasure I have lost; or, in a glorious death, bury at once my love and misery! (*Sits down in great agitation.*)

Enter EMMELINE *and* VICKERY.

Vic. The alderman is in the next room, ma'am.

Emm. Then tell him that a relation, who was once dear to him, requests an interview. (*Exit* VICKERY.) Is every moment to bring new affliction?—but now I heard, that he who charmed my heart, and stole away my senses—that he was coming home to wed Cecilia—can falsehood be so—I'll not suspect him—in this very room Edward first proffer'd me his love, and no tongue but Edward's shall make me think him faithless.

Capt. Ar. (*Having observed her, rises.*) Sure I'm not mistaken—it is herself!——Emmeline!

Emm. I am discover'd—who can it be?—perhaps some agent of my guardian's sent to secure me—

[*As she is going, he stands before her.*

Capt. Ar. What, avoid me, Emmeline!—have you forgot—

Emm. Edward! my long-lost only friend!—(*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)—pardon me—my prospects have so long been darken'd, that the least flash of light quite blinds me.

Capt. Ar. You must not weep—I came not to increase your sorrow.

Emm. What I have suffer'd since we parted last —a heated brain—painful confinement—merciless

keepers—and if an interval of reason came, to bring your form before me, and then remember that our love was hopeless—Oh! but now I've found you, and we'll ne'er part again—(EDWARD *turns away from her.*)—why that averted look?—why those tears?—speak!—you are not changed?—I have not forfeited your love?

Capt. Ar. No—it is not that; but I could wish—

Emm. Name it, and I will fly——

Capt. Ar. That, during those lucid moments, I could persuade you to accompany me to your guardian's—to return to an asylum form'd to relieve, to succour, and restore you.

Emm. What! does he conspire against me?—he that hath caused all this?—Sir, I was told the motive for this conduct, but I disdain'd suspicion!—nay—ask not an explanation—I shall not condescend to answer you.

Capt. Ar. You cut me to the soul—what motives can I have but those of pity and humanity?

Emm. Humanity!—is it humanity to harass a mind already shatter'd and impair'd?—to increase rather than remove the fever you have occasion'd?—to combine with enemies in cloistering me in a shameful seclusion, while, false and unfeeling as you are, you *humanely* give your hand to another!—Oh! my poor brain!—why did your sense return, only to make you feel increasing injuries?

Capt. Ar. To another!—hear me, Emmeline—

Emm. No, sir,—'tis now too late—I shall go instantly to your father, and throw myself under his protection—Farewell, sir!

Capt. Ar. (*Holding her.*) Stay—you know not what you do—by heaven you shall not leave me thus—think of our past love—

Emm. I do, sir: I remember, in the hours of happiness and prosperity, we exchanged hearts, and you have now set me an example which I scorn to imi-

tate—my heart is still your own! I shall banish this last conversation from my memory, and think of Edward, only as he was—the friend of Emmeline—the foe to those who wrong'd her—this will be my best solace in retirement, and cheer a mind that has not long to struggle.

Capt. Ar. I cannot part with you; and, to prove no other for a moment can engross my thoughts, I'll henceforth watch you in your malady—weep as you weep, and nurse each smile that waits you—and if, but one day in the year, returning reason should adorn your mind, I will forego all other women's charms to pass that day with Emmeline—Oh! I have suffer'd in my turn, and were you always thus—

Emm. Why still so credulous?—why now believe——

Capt. Ar. I do not! will not! or, if you are the sufferer they describe, there is a charm about your malady so far exceeding all their boasted sense, that t enhances, doubles my affection! (*Embraces her.*) In losing you I knew what I had lost, and I have caused a wound which it shall be the business of my life to heal.

Emm. Shall we be happy then?—I am most grateful—my guardian has deceived you—he has involved my fortune.

Capt. Ar. This I heard, and that, by marriage with his East Indian cousin, the debt was to be cancell'd—but I'll know all hereafter—at present I am lost in joy.

Re-enter VICKERY.

Vic. Madam, the alderman desires to see you in the next room.

Emm. What shall we do?—to separate so soon!—

Capt. Ar. 'Tis hard, my Emmeline, but, to secure our union, you must persuade your uncle to befriend you—

Emm. I know it, and he is so bigotted to my guardian—but since you desire it, shew me the way —(*To* VICKERY.)—Adieu, my generous friend! Should but the father imitate the son, my sufferings will be recompenced at last—Adieu! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Fool that I was to credit what they told me; but they shall answer sorely for their guilt—Here comes the fop who was to be her husband—How the empty coxcomb kisses his hand to her!—I'll humble him—I'll——

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Success, sweet Emmeline, and if Obadiah don't take pity on you, Tom Tanjore will!—if she succeeds, I'll give her such a kiss—Ah, Ned!—how's Fred.?

Capt. Ar. Be more respectful I insist, sir.

Tan. Respectful!—what makes you so proud, Neddy?—Oh, oh! I see—better dressed!—and you think that new coat and waistcoat make you look like a gentleman!—heh?

Capt. Ar. Answer me, sir—what brings you here?

Tan. To see your sweetheart, Ned, and if the Princess Nuncomoree was to know that she preferr'd your tragic scowl to my comic grin——

Capt. Ar. Hear me, sir—I'll tell you a secret—your friend Mr Project is a villain!

Tan. What that's a secret?—why I've known it these ten years.

Capt. Ar. Tell him I say it—but 'tis of no avail—I'll answer for it, he is so void of courage, that he can't persuade himself to fight any man living.

Tan. Now, there you're wrong; for he is so void of character, that he can't persuade any man living to fight him—therefore have the goodness to tell him he's a villain, and retrieve his reputation—my friendship and his depends on the weathercock, and

the moment that points westerly, up blows a breeze that oversets it for ever.

Re-enter VICKERY, *crossing the stage with his hat on.*

Capt. Ar. Vickery, where are you going in such haste?

Vic. I can hardly tell, sir—my master was in such agitation when he gave me his orders, and he particularly desired me not to inform you.

Capt. Ar. Not inform me!—speak this instant, sirrah. [*Laying hold of him.*

Tan. Ay, speak this instant, sirrah.

[*Laying hold of him.*

Vic. Then the truth is, the alderman has lock'd up Miss Emmeline, and sent me for her guardian, to whom she is to be deliver'd and confined for life—there, now you know the fact, and I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Capt Ar. Send for her guardian, and confine her for life!—What's to be done?—While my father is attach'd to this hypocrite, there is no way to extricate or save her.

Tan. Yes, there is one—you seem a fine fighting fellow—Tom Tanjore's another, and as her father once saved me from being confined, while I can cock a pistol, or brandish a cane, I won't see his daughter exposed to a similar predicament—Come along, Ned—we'll trip up Obadiah, and carry her off.

Capt. Ar. What! are you the friend of Emmeline?

Tan. Yes, and your's, because you are hers—come let's have at them—what! do you shirk?

Capt. Ar. I dare not go.

Tan. Dare not!—now this is always the way with your fighting gentlemen—but perhaps it's constitutional, and the poor fellow's conscience is a little

tender—ay, ay, some of us nabobs have very weak nerves.

Capt. Ar. You misconceive—her uncle is my father—he has forbid me his presence, and would you have me lift my arm against a parent?

Tan. No, Ned: but as he is no father of mine, and Emmeline is in danger, there can be no harm in my trying trick, stratagem, or force, to protect her; therefore I'll start alone; and may I go to India or to prison—and one will of course follow the other—if I don't snatch her from Obadiah, and restore her to my dear Ned!

Capt. Ar. The attempt is hopeless; but, be it as it may, I insist on knowing how I can return your kindness?

Tan. Why, there are two ways—the first is, that you patch up your quarrel with Project, in order that you may celebrate your nuptials at his house; and the next is, that, as Emmeline will like you the better for resembling me, you marry her in the fellow coat to that I now wear—it's a pretty Hymeneal colour, isn't it?—so huzza!—now for the onset!——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Alderman's House hung with Pictures, a Portrait of the Alderman in his Gown and full dressed Wig—leaning on a Plough—a round Table—two Chairs, and Wine on the Table.

The Alderman discovered asleep.

Ald. Ar. So there you are, my dear niece, till your guardian comes for you—(*Locks the door, and takes out the key.*)—I'll place the key by me, and—(*Puts*

the key on the round table, and sits down.)—plague take the girl—to wake me out of my afternoon's nap, and the sweetest agricultural dreams—however, she is now as safe as the rats in my granary, and Edward shall marry Cecilia directly—that being settled, I'll renew my pastoral and delicious dreams!

[*Dozes in his chair.*

Enter TANJORE *hastily.*

Tan. Where is she?—I don't see her—she's in this room perhaps—(*Trying to open the stage door.*) the door lock'd!—ha, Obadiah!—how are you, Obadiah?—(*Waking him.*)—what, still in the same dress?—damme, that waistcoat will be the ruin of you.

Ald. Ar. What the devil do you want, sir?

Tan. I want Emmeline, Obadiah—cousin Billy has sent me to conduct her to his house——where is she?—dispatch, and tell your servant to get a coach, for it rains as hard as it can pour. [*Rain heard here.*

Ald. Ar. So it does!—oh! my cabbages will grow as tall and thick as a wilderness——as to Emmeline, Mr Tanjore, I shall deliver her to no person but her guardian himself.

Tan. Won't you?—then I'll give you a toast—come, fill—nay, do exactly as if you were at home, Obadiah—Here's success to the next harvest!

Ald. Ar. I rise to drink that—"Success to the next harvest."—Ah, Mr Tanjore, if all farmers were so easily satisfied as I am—but they are always grumbling, railing at the weather—(*Rain stopt.*)—Zounds, the rain stopt!—the cabbages will be burnt to a cinder.

Tan. (*Aside, taking up the key.*) What's here? no doubt the key of the prison house—'sdeath! why did I wake him? however, if I get him off his favourite topic, he'll soon go to sleep again—Come, Obadiah! one more bumper, Obadiah!—and now I'll tell you a long story.

Ald. Ar. Will you?—au! au! [*Yawning.*

Tan. A very long story, Obadiah——In the East or West Indies, or somewhere thereabouts, there was a fine young fellow drinking wine with a grunting old alderman—alderman, I beg pardon—I mean Bramin—well! after a glass or two, the Bramin yawn'd—then dozed—then closed his eyes, and at last fell fast asleep, (*Alderman sleeps, and* TANJORE *rises.*) then this fine young fellow took a key off the table, and stealing to the prison door, unlock'd it, and led forth one of the loveliest——

[*As he is opening the door,* VICKERY *enters hastily.*

Tan. What's the matter, sir?

Vic. Mr Project is below, sir.

[VICKERY *takes up the bottle and glasses, and proceeds to wake the Alderman.*

Tan. Then let him stay there—Zounds! what are you at?

Vic. Going to wake my master, sir—There is a physician in Mr Project's carriage, to whom Miss Emmeline is to be deliver'd, and as he is in a hurry——

Tan. Don't touch him—I'll wake him, or the devil or his own conscience will wake him——begone, sirrah, or—(*Exit* VICKERY *with bottle and glasses.*)—pheugh!—what's to be done now?—if I can't get this guardian out of the house without seeing the alderman, murder will be the consequence; for, sooner than give her up, curse me if I don't shoot Billy, choak Obadiah, and poison the doctor!—pheugh!—(*Walking about in agitation.*)

Pro. (*Without.*) He's in this room, is he?—very well, I shall see him——

Tan. See him! no you shan't—if I can prevent their meeting at this moment, I may secure Emmeline's escape, and—how can I hide the old farmer?—I'll stand before him, and spread my coat—no—curse these short skirts—what can I devise?—Project at the door! the poor girl's fate depending on the event—I have it.—(*Turns up the round table, which*

completely covers the Alderman.)—There—now he's as snug as if he was at Aldgate-farm.

Enter PROJECT *with his hat on.*

Pro. What, cousin! how came you here?—well! how's the wind?

Tan. Southerly, Billy—by the heat, southerly—don't wear your hat in the room though—(*Pulls it off.*)—it's like a citizen left off business—pheugh!—

Pro. Why, where's the alderman?—he has sent for me about Emmeline.

Tan. The Alderman's not at home—he's just gone to his farm. to sow turnips, plant potatoes, and cut cabbages—if you want him, follow him—go—go, Billy.

Pro. Pooh!—I dare say he's in the next room—(*Alderman snores.*)—I hear him—at the old work!—asleep and snoring.

Tan. No, it's not him—it's some of his live stock.

Pro. Not him!—I'll swear to both the tune and the instrument, so come out, alderman—nay; stand by—I must see him—so wake and come out, alderman—(*Opens stage door, and leads on* EMMELINE.) Emmeline! ha! have I at last recover'd you? Come, madam—without wasting time by recapitulating your past misconduct, answer me this question—Will you return to your asylum, or accept the hand of this gentleman?

Tan. Accept the hand of the gentleman, to be sure—take it, Emmeline, and we'll go get a parson directly—there—now you can escape. [*Aside.*

Emm. No, sir: I will no longer fly to artifice and subterfuge for safety—I have too long been passive and submissive, and my cause is not so weak but I may boldly bring it to decision—Call in my uncle, and when he hears our charges face to face, then let him say who is most fit to be confined!—Emme-

line for the errors of the head, or her guardian for the vices of the heart!

Tan. Well spoken, my heroine—I'll give him a volley myself presently.

Pro. Call in your uncle!—he will not believe you—besides where is your evidence—who will stand up?

Tan. I will—I'm always ready to shew a good face in a good cause; and the cause and the face are the two best that ever came before a court—I love your ward, and may I double the Cape only to get once more doubled in a jail—jail did I say?—oh ay:—that was a nickname for one of my palaces—it was a castle so surrounded with walls, bastions—in short, it was so superb, Billy, that I wish you were in it at this moment with all my heart.

Pro. You love her, do you?—then the business is settled at once—there—I join your hands.

Emm. No, sir; I insist my uncle may be call'd—he thinks you honest, me deranged, and I'd convince him—(PROJECT *smiles.*)—what! is't a cause for triumph?—is malady to be derided, not lamented?—weak, thoughtless man!—be thankful that your own poor reason is not lost, and pray that it may sooth, and not insult misfortune.

Pro. You mistake, Emmeline—I smiled to think you could convince your uncle, when I and my wife can turn him round our fingers just as we please—Hark'ye, coz—come here—nearer the table—if you take part against me at this moment, I'm ruin'd.

Tan. Are you?—I've a great mind to twitch Obadiah, and wake him. [*Aside.*

Pro. The fact is, I've embezzled her fortune, and if you marry her, there'll be no overhauling of accounts—I'll make you amends by assigning over to you the alderman's farm.

Tan. Oh! that Obadiah heard this! (*Here the Alderman puts his head over the table,* TANJORE *nods*

to him—Alderman remains conceal'd.) Oh, ho!—— So Billy, you confined Emmeline because you had involved her fortune! (*Very loudly.*)

Pro. Softly—if you speak so loud, the alderman will hear you—it is as you say, her health is quite restored, but I have so embark'd her fortune in my schemes——

Tan. Say no more, make me over Aldgate-farm, and she shall be a nabob's wife to-morrow. Yonder's pen and ink, we'll sign directly; and now, Billy, I think I shall repay you for all your kindness.

[*Goes up the stage.*

Pro. You will! you will! oh my dear, dear coz! you've secured me my best speculation—so, madam, the tables are turn'd, you see.

Emm. He too desert me! my firmness then forsakes me! my uncle still prejudiced; Edward about to be lost for ever, what hope have I but in my guardian's humanity?—Oh, sir! behold me once again imploring your protection.

Tan. (*Coming down the stage with pen, ink, and paper.*) Here coz, let's sign—why, Obadiah thinks he has a long lease, don't he?

Pro. Oh the poor clodpole!—he knows as much about security as he does about a farm! and, as he is wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages, I'll kindly give you the means of turning him out at a moment's warning: here—now for my best speculation! (*Pulls down the table to write upon it. Alderman leans across the table, and stares* PROJECT *full in the face.* PROJECT *pushes down the chair he was going to sit upon, and stands aghast.*)

Ald. Ar. (*With his arms on the table.*) Oh you consummate scoundrel!—this is your speculation, is it?

Tan. Why, Billy, the tables are turn'd indeed!

Pro. They are—did the alderman hear?

Ald. Ar. He did; the alderman heard that the

farm was to be let over his head, that he was wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages; and what's more, the alderman heard of this poor girl's persecution. Niece, give me your hand; henceforth I'll be a friend, a comforter, a father to you.

Pro. Cousin, I wish I was in your Indian palace.

Tan. Don't be afraid, you'll be there sooner than you expect.

Ald. Ar. Sir, I desire you'll quit my house directly—stop though—(*Takes* PROJECT *aside*)—in three hours time repay me and this lady all the money you have schemed us out of, or——You think I don't understand farming, Mr Project; but this I know, that when stray cattle are found eating up other people's property, they are secured; and the King's Bench shall be your pound, you interloper.

Pro. Cousin, stay and try to compose him,—then follow me, and—ah!—now my only hope is a westerly wind! [*Exit.*

Emm. Generous young man! I perceive why you took part against me—Uncle, you know not half his kindness.

Ald. Ar. I do though—the sly rogue cock'd his eye to me behind the table, and I suppose whisk'd it up on purpose—well!—come with me to my lawyer's—Oh the scheming scoundrel! he has made such dupes of us, Emmeline, that I'd give up farming to find any body that has trick'd him.—I tell you what, Mr Tanjore, don't give him any of the treasures of the East.

Tan. No, that I won't; for, so far from having the treasures of the East to give, I expect my tailor will send me to the King's Bench every moment:—you take the joke, Obadiah, don't you?

Ald. Ar. I do! Oh the poor clodpole!—come—I'm glad you've outschemed him.

Tan. So am I: and when speculators and mono-

polists, from sordid, selfish motives, distress their fellow creatures, and bring odium on their country, may they be caught in their own snare, and, like Project, have the tables turn'd upon them!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An elegant Room in the King's Bench.

Enter PROJECT *and* PROMPTLY.

Pro. Ay, ay: this room will do very well for the little time I shall stay: get it ready, and in the mean time I'll return, and finish my conversation with Sir George. Why, you have very good company here in the King's Bench. Oh! I beg pardon—College, I think you call it.

Prom. Yes, college is the polite name for prison, sir: pray, won't you pull off your boots?

Pro. No, as I shall soon get my discharge, I remain booted and spurr'd ready to ride away, you see—though Sir George has been telling me, that a fox-hunter, who has been a prisoner here these ten years, has been so sure of getting out every moment, that he has been booted and spurr'd the whole time: however, I've written to my cousin Tanjore, told him the alderman has arrested me; and there's no doubt but he'll come instantly and pay the debt—so get the room ready.

Prom. Yes, sir: but about the chum.

Pro. The chum!—what's that?

Prom. Your companion, sir: every room in the King's Bench has two tenants; and unless you buy the other gentleman——

Pro. (*Giving him money.*) There then, I buy the other gentleman: there's for the chum; and now, when Mr Tanjore comes, call me—(*Looks round the room.*) um! hah! handsome room, good furniture; and, if all fails, perhaps this is as good a place for speculation as any other. [*Exit.*

Enter MEANWELL, *shewing in* TANJORE.

Mean. Nay, look up, sir: Mr Promptly, here's a prisoner just arrived, who is so melancholy, that I've brought him to your gay apartments to raise his spirits. Were you never in jail before, sir?

Tan. Yes; in India, sir—heigho!

Prom. Come, look around you, and be cheerful: why, what are you? and who arrested you?

Tan. I'm a nabob, and my tailor arrested me for thirty pounds, (*Looks up.*) heh! how? egad! this is not like the Indian palace: pray, sir, inform me, are all the rooms like this?

Mean. No; I wish they were; mine is a wretched one; but, having been all my life at sea, I know nothing about the town: the last tenant of this room was a blacklegs.

Prom. And the present one is a swindler, I fancy, for he came here in a coach and four.

Tan. Came to jail in a coach and four! ah! I see how it is: 'tis here as elsewhere—the fraudulent debtor rolls in luxury, the unfortunate one starves; and while a gallant seaman is in one room freezing without fire or food, a dashing money-lender is in the next, quaffing champagne, and drinking "confusion to his creditors!"—but no matter: they hang

themselves, or the law hangs them; for the devil will have his own.

Prom. Ay, ay, we have but three or four of them.

Tan. So much the better: but, as I shall certainly be out in a few minutes——what do you smile at?—I've sent to my cousin Project; and I'm sure he won't suffer me to be confined for the paltry sum of thirty pounds—no, no: my getting out is a certainty; and, as I wish to see this coach-and-four gentleman, before I go, I'll, with your leave, sit down here till he comes.

Prom. With all my heart—I'm glad we leave you in better spirits. [*Exit with* MEANWELL.

Tan. (*Solus.*) Being alone, I get nervous again. This, now, is the end of dissipation! of losing large sums at Bubble's club, and wasting others on houses, horses, carriages—and where was the gratification?—when I used to dash through the streets in my phaeton, every body was envying, sneering——nobody seemed pleased—Nobody! yes, hang it, the bailiffs used to smile; they used to think it a fine sight, and nod, and wink, as much as to say——"Ah, master! those horses' heads will be turned towards our lock-up houses at last."—Oh! I hope Billy won't forsake me!

Re-enter PROJECT. TANJORE *is sitting with his back to him.*

Pro. I'm quite uneasy at Tanjore's not coming—What are a few thousands to a man of his fortune? (*Sits down, with his back turned to* TANJORE.)——I hope he won't desert me—Heigho!

Tan. Heigho!

Pro. This is the chum, I suppose—he don't know I've bought him. (*Aside.*)

Tan. Here's the swindler, I imagine; he seems as miserable as myself; I'll condole with him. (*Aside.*)

—Pray, sir, what first induced you to keep a coach and four?

Pro. Zounds! what's that to you, sir? I have bought you, and——(*Here they both look round, and meet face to face.*) What do I see? my dear, dear cousin!—

Tan. Is't possible? Oh, my kind, kind, kind Billy!—(*They embrace, and then rise.*)

Pro. I thought he wouldn't forsake me at this moment.

Tan. I said I should be out to a certainty.

Pro. Well, here we are, coz.

Tan. Yes, here we are, coz.

Pro. I knew I should have the pleasure of seeing you here to-day.

Tan. Did you? it was a pleasure I didn't know of myself: but I shan't stay now the sooner we get out the better, I say. Come along, Billy

Pro. Ay; come along, nabob——(*They go to the stage door, and stop.*) Have you paid the debt and costs though?

Tan. No; but you have, and that's the same thing, you know—Come.

Pro. Come! You forget, coz: how can a man that's in limbo, as they call it, come, and——

Tan. What!

Pro. How can I, that am a prisoner in the college here——

Tan. Are you a prisoner?

Pro. To be sure I am: I'm not like you: I can't walk in and out.

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Pro. What's the matter with you?

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Pro. What the devil do you laugh at? Why don't you go and discharge the debt?

Tan. I can't, I can't; (*Still laughing.*) because I'm in limbo too! I'm a prisoner myself! so give

me your hand—Here we are to a certainty!—Lord! it's nothing when you're used to it; and if you'd been in an Indian college as long as I was—Zounds! what have I said?

Pro. How's that? what did you say? imprisoned in India!

Tan. Well; it's in vain to conceal it; the truth must come out at last. So, the fact is, cousin, the ships are arrived; they have brought over the rich Mr Tanjore, with bullion, pearls, and diamonds; but, I'm sorry to say, in their hurry, they left all my treasure behind.

Pro. Then curse me if one of my speculations have succeeded. I'll give up scheming; I'll—Answer me, sir: How dare you waste a gentleman's fortune, when you knew you could never repay him?

Tan. And how came you to waste a lady's fortune, when you knew you could never repay her?

Pro. But you talked of your riches, sir—said my house could never hold them—

Tan. Well; and haven't I kept my word? Look ye, sir: when I left this country, ruined by you and the club, you refused even to shake hands with me at parting. I'm indebted to you for your hospitality; and for that I thank you—down to the very ground. You made me welcome in your apartments; I beg you'll be at no ceremony in mine: Sit down, Billy.

Pro. If I could only get free, and leave him—— What do I see? the alderman! no doubt, his regard for my wife has induced him to come and settle my affairs.—

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Ah! my old generous friend! I thought you'd forgive me; I knew you'd procure a discharge.

Ald Ar. You thought right; I have procured the discharge.

Tan. Why, Obadiah, are you too in limbo? What the devil brings you here?—(*Looks at his dress.*)—Ah, ah! didn't I say that waistcoat would be the ruin of you?

Pro. Mr Nabob, I leave you to the misery you deserve—Never mind though; while you stay in the college here, you needn't pay your debts; and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head—So good b'ye, chum.

Tan. What! have you brought his discharge, Obadiah, and——

Ald. Ar. No; but I've brought yours; here it is, my boy: I heard you were pounded, and I came as eagerly to get you out as if you'd been part of my own live stock. Come along though; I want you to go directly and find my son Jack: he's either at his own chambers or Bubble's club: you must find him, and tell him I want Emmeline's marriage-settlement drawn directly.

Tan. Emmeline's marriage-settlement! with whom, sir?

Ald Ar. Hark'ye; come here. (*Takes* TANJORE *aside.*) Lady Project has at last consented to an assignation; her passion for the pastoral virtues of her sweet shepherd, as she calls me, has induced her to meet me tête-a-tête in her dressing-room; now, in an hour's time—Oh! I knew my person and the Nova Scotia mutton would make an impression at last! therefore, at her intercession, (*Turning to* PROJECT.) I've determined that Emmeline shall marry her old suitor, Sir Frederick; he was her father's choice, and, as Edward has offended me, he shall be mine.

Pro. Say you so? then I've an iron in the fire yet. (*Aside.*)

Tan. What are you at, Obadiah? Lady Stingy will make as great a dupe of you as her husband has:

she is a woman of design; one of those half-and-half ladies whose reputation depends on keeping open house; and entertainment, or no entertainment, makes or mars her reputation—Don't you remember her fainting in my arms?

Ald. Ar. I do; but her grandmother was close at hand. Yes, I am the idol of her heart; and she is to receive me in her dressing-room, that sacred temple that not even her husband ever entered—Good day, Mr Project; I've already quitted Aldgate farm, and taken a snug, profitable one near Islington, where you'll always be welcome to——the rotten sheep and blighted cabbages!—Come, nabob.

Tan. We'll talk further about this Lady Project. —Chum, good b'ye! while you stay in the college, you needn't pay your debts, you know; and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, particularly when the wind is high and westerly—hem!—Come along, Obadiah.

[*Exit with Alderman.*

Pro. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Bravo! if Sir Frederick marries Emmeline, he takes her with the fortune in its entangled state, and, consequently, I shall be discharged——(*Enter a Servant, who gives him a Letter.*)—From my wife! (*Reads.*)

"My dear husband,

"I've only time to say, that if you hear of an assignation between me and the alderman, be convinced it is to secure the marriage between Emmeline and Sir Frederick, and thus restore you to

Your affectionate wife,

KATHARINE PROJECT."

Kind wife, and kind Sir Frederick! I'll go and communicate the good news to Sir George——Oh! this is a safe speculation, and not like the Indian one!—Fool! blockhead that I was, to take that broken-down prodigal for the rich Mr Tanjore! However,

this is a different scheme—yes, yes; it depends on my wife's prudence, and, heaven be praised! not on ships, water, nabobs, or westerly winds! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

BUBBLE'S *Club.* *A Flat with two Doors.*

Enter, from one door, JACK ARABLE *and a Servant.*

Jack Ar. Curse my bad luck, or rather curse my bad management, to be at Epsom only ten minutes, and lose all the Spanish!—I thought to make an excellent hedge; when, plague on't, I found I had betted the long odds both ways!—then to borrow thirty of the man at the coffee-house, and take a dash here at Bubble's; to lose that too! and then be bothered by one's clerk about law-business—Well, sir, what—

Serv. The special pleader has sent you these declarations, sir.

Jack Ar. Why, is it term-time?

Serv. Term began four days ago, sir.

Jack Ar. And I on a race-ground the whole time! come, that's fair, very fair. (*Sits.*) I don't think my education so finished as I thought; for, if it was, I never could be so ignorant as to bet the long odds both ways. I wonder who wins; for, when I complain of my losses, every body else says they have lost too! hang me if ever I saw a man that had won in my life.

Enter TANJORE, *from the other Door.*

Tan. Done it at last! Huzza! here's retribution, Jack, retribution!

Jack Ar. Why, what is this? Who are you, sir?

Tan. The luckiest dog in Europe, Jack! Your father Obadiah sent me to look after you here at Bubble's; and, not seeing you, I put my hand in my pocket, where I found five guineas my sister had lent me. "I'll have a touch," says I; "this faro bank dished me formerly, now I'll try to dish them." —Down went the five guineas on your namesake, the knave of clubs, Jack——the knave in my favour! I cocked it——once more in my favour!——cocked it again, till it had won so often, that I thought the ships were arrived, and I was a nabob in reality!

Jack Ar. And what's all this to me? what do I care for your luck?

Tan. (*Putting rouleaus, guineas, and bank-notes, on the table.*) Here they are! look, you rogue, look! How I feel for the poor devil that lost them! I always pity the unlucky ones; don't you, Jack?

Jack Ar. Zounds, sir! I am an unlucky one; that was my poney, and that was my bank note.

Tan. Was it? then take it again, and go and put it on the knave; I'm serious, Jack; take it, and—— By the Ganges! that's a neat nisi prius dress. What! you prefer a scarlet coat to a black one?

Jack Ar. Ay, and cards to briefs; so give me the Spanish, and let me be off.

Enter CAPTAIN ARABLE, *hastily.*

Capt. Ar. Stay, and grant a brother's last request: nay, I must and will be heard: By my father's orders, are you not going to draw a settlement between Emmeline and Sir Frederick?

Jack Ar. Me going to draw a settlement! no; I'm going to cock the knave; and, as to father, he can't blame me, because he once play'd himself, you know. I'll tell you how it was, sir: (*To* TANJORE.) He was sent for, as magistrate, to put down a hazard-table—in he came with the constables—pushed down the groom-porter—seized the caster—laid hold

of the dice-box—when, lo! as if there was magic in the wood, he cast his eyes at the guineas on the table, and avarice so completely got the better of justice, that he halloed out, "Seven's the main—at all in the ring, my jolly boys!"

Tan. Well! and they cheated him, gave him loaded dice?

Jack Ar. No; that wasn't worth while; they saw what a flat he was, so picked his pocket at once!—famous, heh?——Adieu, brother; farewell, benefactor!—Here's the Spanish once more!

[*Exit, looking at the bank note.*

Tan. (*To Captain.*) Don't stop him, Ned; let him go, I say; if he's out of the way, the settlement can't be drawn: I gave him the money on purpose.

Capt. Ar. This is but temporary consolation: while the alderman's absurd vanity attaches him to Lady Project, there is no hope of saving Emmeline—and to lose her, after all the conflicts we have suffered! to see her given to another, at the moment when I thought her mine for ever! then perhaps to see her mind, but late restored, again involved——by heaven! that thought will madden mine!

Tan. So it ought, if you will talk of your own sufferings and forget her's—Poor girl! did you tell her?

Capt. Ar. I did, and when she heard she was to wed Sir Frederick, there was a wild emotion in her countenance portending that her fever would return—she said, "they'd rob her of all hope, and once more steal her senses; yet they should not, I would not let them, would I?" then with a sigh she left me—Oh, my friend! I am not used to sink beneath misfortune, but this last scene has quite unmann'd me.

Tan. More shame for you; it only animates me; misfortunes always rouse me; and if ever you should be in prison at Madras, the gaolers there will tell

you so. I've already exposed the husband; now I'll try to manage the wife; she loves money; here's plenty, so I'll go directly and bribe her.

Capt. Ar. That will be hopeless, nothing but exciting the alderman's jealousy.

Tan. I'll try that too—Obadiah half suspects me at present, so wait for your brother, and come together to Lady Project's, and, by the time you arrive, if all isn't to your wishes, may the monsoon deluge me! may Tippoo torture me! may the Marattas ———but this is no time for fine speeches———follow me to Lady Project's,—(*Going, returns.*)—— D'ye hear, Ned, bring your wedding coat along with you, for damme, but you shall be Emmeline's husband this very night! [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE III.

Enter LADY PROJECT *with a Paper in her Hand, follow'd by a Servant.*

Lady Pro. When the alderman comes, shew him up stairs. (*Exit Servant.*) I have honoured him with this tête-a-tête in my dressing room, to secure the marriage; and he sha'n't leave the room, till he signs this agreement, which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds to give Emmeline to Sir Frederick. Thus, by œconomy———

Serv. (*Without.*) Sir, you mustn't pass.—This is my lady's dressing room.

Tan. (*Without.*) I tell you, I will come up. Stand by, sirrah. (TANJORE *enters.*) So, Kitty! here's the nabob.

Lady Pro. Heavens! where do you come from, sir?

Tan. From the college, coz; where I left Billy

so certain of getting out, that he was ready booted and spurr'd.

Lady Pro. Sir, I insist you leave the room—I'm engaged—besides I should be sorry to use hard words; but your conduct has been so little short of that of a swindler——

Tan. Coz, why so? though I didn't get money in India, I've got it in England—look here!

[*Shewing bank notes.*

Lady Pro. Hundreds, I declare! Who gave you these notes? some swindling knave, I suppose.

Tan. It was a knave, but not a swindling one, upon my honour. Look here, and here! enough to give ten wedding dinners, and buy all the shawls, china, and chintzes in Europe.—Don't the sight charm you?

Lady Pro. It does; and when a man has money, it don't signify whether he got it in India or England. My dear cousin, my house and table were always open to you; and if I knew how to oblige you——

Tan. There is a way, Kitty—as you still govern the alderman, persuade him to let Edward marry Emmeline—do, and half these are yours. (*Putting rouleaus in her hand.*) There,—and I wish from my soul that all who have luck at the gaming table may dispose of their winnings in so benevolent a manner.

Lady Pro. Impossible!—The only mode of settling my husband's affairs, is by Sir Frederick's marrying Emmeline; and therefore, as my pride will not suffer him to remain in prison, and the living there is too expensive, I shall make the alderman sign this agreement, which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds——

Tan. Make him sign this agreement—make him renew Emmeline's malady—break his son's heart—separate—curse it! what's the use of winning, when

money will not purchase even momentary gratification? Now do, Kitty: there's a dear, liberal, generous girl. Think how they love each other: think—here are more rouleaus, here———

[*A knocking at the door.*

Lady Pro. Bless me! if this should be the alderman? (*Looks out.*) It is! come to keep an assignation, and find another man in my dressing room! Go, sir, get out of the way directly—step into the next room—hide yourself———

Tan. I say, Kitty, don't you remember when Obadiah caught you fainting in my arms?

Lady Pro. I do; and that's an additional motive for concealing yourself.—Now pray retire. (TANJORE *nods assent.*) Thanks, my kind cousin. (TANJORE *pauses.)* Why, what's the matter with you? What makes you put your hand to your head? Are you ill?———

Tan. Softly: it's my old complaint— a giddiness —a vertigo—I'm going—hold me, or I shall tumble —Oh, I'm sick, I'm———

LADY PROJECT *holds out her arm to support him.* TANJORE *rests himself upon it, and the Alderman enters.*

Ald. Ar. Where is my life, my love?———Holloa! what the devil's all this?

Tan. Only the tables turn'd again, you see, Obadiah, you see—(*Comes away from* LADY PROJECT.) Cousin, I'm better.

Ald. Ar. Why, where's her grandmother? Oh! this is beyond her husband's speculation!

Tan. (*Aside to Alderman.*) If you want further proof, look at those rouleaus which she took as a bribe; then read that agreement; then—

Ald. Ar. My eyes are open'd: I was partly convinced before I came; but now I give all my love to the wind—pheugh!—there, it's gone! and the

alderman's himself again! (*Enter a Servant.*) Step over the way to Sir Frederick's, and tell him to come here directly, and bring Emmeline and Cecilia along with him. (*Servant exit.*) I left them there in company with the real nabob, the rich Mr Tanjore, who seems as fond of your sister as I am of my new farm; and takes as much notice of her person as you have done of my waistcoat.——It's a match, isn't it?

Tan. I hope so. It's an old attachment. He's a worthy fellow, and next to being a nabob myself, I should like to be brother to one.

Enter SIR FREDERICK, EMMELINE, *and* CECILIA.

Lady Pro. Ay; now, alderman, you can give Emmeline to her husband.

Ald. Ar. So I can, and so I will. Emmeline, give me your hand—nay, don't think to avoid me. I insist you marry the man I have in my eye.

Sir Fred. (*Advancing to take* EMMELINE'S *hand.*) Alderman, you are all kindness.

Emm. Let me entreat you, sir, hear me—

Ald. Ar. I'll hear nobody. I wouldn't hear the Board of Agriculture if they were going to adjudge me a prize. I tell you, take the man I chuse for your husband—(*Enter Captain and* JACK ARABLE.) there; (*Giving* EMMELINE *to* EDWARD.) now don't interrupt me, for the clouds are chuck full of water, and there's been lately so much bad weather, that sunshine will be welcome to us all.

Tan. Emmeline, I give you joy. Ned, your hand. Fred., yours. Obadiah, I shall like you and your waistcoat as long as I live. Kitty, yours. And now let me advise you to order your coach and four, drive to the college, and try to raise the wind—a westerly one if possible.

Lady Pro. Come, Sir Frederick; I believe we'd better retire: only I beg leave to observe, that, if any

body defames my character, I shall prosecute them, notwithstanding the expences of the law. I'll have my reputation justified if it costs me five pounds. Come, sir.

Tan. Ay; that's about the value of it. Go, Fred., go—go. (*Lady and* SIR FREDERICK *exeunt.*) I say, Kitty, my love to your grandmother.

Ald. Ar. Edward, forget and forgive, my boy. Though Project has hurt Emmeline's fortune, there's enough left to make you live happy—if not, take a landed estate near mine, and I'll shew you how to make a fortune by farming, you rogue.

Jack. (*To* TANJORE.) Yes; I cock'd the knave, but I lost all the Spanish—Hang it! I'm half tired of gambling, and if I won ten thousand a year, I don't think I could tell how to spend it.

Tan. Couldn't you? then take a wife, Jack, and she'll tell you how to spend it—enter into the school of matrimony, Mr Bachelor of Arts, and there finish your education.—Cecily here has set you an example: haven't you?

Cec. I have, from two motives; first, because Mr Henry Tanjore has long won my affections; and, secondly, because he means to give affluence to his namesake. My dear brother, you may now return to India, and live in a palace in reality; for a third of my husband's rupees and pagodas are at your disposal.

Jack Ar. Are they? that's fair, very fair.

Emm. (*To* TANJORE.) And is there none to share your treasures?—is there no fair one worthy a heart so warm and so benevolent?

Tan. (*Shaking his head.*) Hereafter perhaps it may find one like Emmeline's—Till then, I shall pursue a plan, which, had Project follow'd, he had now been happy—that is, not to waste a fortune in dissipation, and try to retrieve it by false and unjust speculation.

If we must scheme, let us try Projects here,
When they have merit, where's our cause for fear?
If they have not, good humour props our cause;
So make us Nabobs by your kind applause.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

DELINQUENT;

OR,

SEEING COMPANY.

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Delinquent,	*Mr Kemble.*
Sir Edward Specious,	*Mr Brunton.*
Major Tornado,	*Mr Munden.*
Old Doric,	*Mr Fawcett.*
Young Doric,	*Mr Lewis.*
Dorville,	*Mr Claremont.*
Tradelove,	*Mr Atkins.*
Wine Merchant,	*Mr King.*
Upholsterer,	*Mr Beverly.*
Landlord,	*Mr Waddy.*
Old Nicholas,	*Mr Liston.*
Tom Tackle,	*Mr Emery.*
Waiter,	*Mr Harley.*
Servant to Sir Edward,	*Mr Field.*
Servant to Young Doric,	*Mr Abbot.*
Olivia,	*Mrs H. Johnstone.*
Miss Stoic,	*Mrs Dibdin.*
Mrs Aubrey,	*Mrs Gibbs.*

Scene.—*A Sea-port Town.*

THE

DELINQUENT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Outside of Hermitage—Spikes, &c.

Enter SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS.

Sir Edw. So; this is the house; and, that no time may be lost—*(Rings the bell.)* Faith! 'tis a strange awful sort of habitation; but no matter; were it a town impregnable, in such a cause, I would assault it.

Enter NICHOLAS, *an old tottering Gardener.*

Come, shew me to Miss Stoic.

Nich. My mistress! mercy on me! do you know who she is?

Sir Edw. To be sure; she's a woman.

Nich. And you are—

Sir Edw. A man.

Nich. The more the pity! Good day!

Sir Edw. What the devil! am I pitied for being a man?

Nich. Certainly—my mistress pities all mankind; that is, they are so hateful to her, that she has forsworn the world, and lives alone in that hermitage.

Sir Edw. Alone! why, what are you?

Nich. Me! pooh! I'm nothing!

Sir Edw. No! but nothing as you are, I fancy there never was a female hermitage without something like you—But, don't be alarm'd—I visit the old lady for the sake of a young one, the lovely Miss Olivia.

Nich. Miss Olivia!

Sir Edw. Ay: I met her last night at a friend's house,—and, hearing she was the adopted child of your mistress, Miss Stoic's brother—

Nich. She is;—of the gallant Major Tornado, who, blessings on him! arrived here two days ago.

Sir Edw. Major Tornado! tell me—was he lately at Naples?

Nich. I can't say: but it is not unlikely, for he came over land from India.

Sir Edw. From India! 'tis the same—I met him there, on my travels, three months ago; and a more active, animated—But a hermitage! Major Tornado two whole days in a hermitage; with no companion but this Petrarch in petticoats—Zounds! is he alive?

Nich. Hardly! the quiet of a country life is almost death to him; and whilst his sister is constantly praising the charms of retirement, he is secretly cursing them. But here he comes, to describe, in person, his dislike to rural felicity.

[*Exit into the House*

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Sir Edw. Major Tornado! I rejoice to see you.

Major. Sir Edward! my dear fellow! how long have you been in England? the sight of a civilized being is pleasant any where; but in the country, amidst trees that never move, prospects that never alter, and brutes that never utter—Where do you live? Where are you going? don't shirk—for, like a drowning man, I'll cling to you, till we both sink together.

Sir Edw. You are very good; but I don't mean to sink. The country has, for me, a thousand charms; and, for civilized society—answer me—can cows speak scandal, or sheep tell lies of us?

Major. No; I wish they could—any conversation's better than none; for, is it to be expected, that an old soldier, who, for forty years, has been listening to the glorious rattle of the cannon, can now sit down contented with the baaing of lambs and the squeaking of little pigs? No, give me noise, battle, occupation! And, sooner than pass another two days of still life in that hermitage, curse me, but I'll do good to the community by sending challenges to all the apothecaries, and bringing actions against all the attornies.

Sir Edw. 'Tis very strange! Pray, have you tried rural sports?—shooting—fishing—

Major. Shooting! that's very well! as if a man, that has been accustomed to wing game six feet high, can take interest in popping at partridges! and for fishing, I tried that yesterday; and falling fast asleep with the line round my hand, the first bite from a large jack plumped me souse into the water. But, I'll tell you what—I've one resource—I mean to build a neat cottage, on the modern plan.

Sir Edw. On the modern plan?

Major. Ay; that is, a house with dining rooms, drawing rooms, ball-rooms, and stabling for about fifty horses; and, if the workmen will be so merciful, as to take two years to finish it, I shall have all the pleasure, without any of the fatigue; for, at that time, my leave of absence expires, and I'll return to India without once setting foot in it.

Sir Edw. Why, you are in a bad way indeed! Have you no mental resources? Nothing to excite love or friendship, or—

Major. Don't talk of it:—I have an adopted child; but—

Sir Edw. But what?

Major. She's undutiful to me, ungrateful to my sister here, Miss Stoic, and I'm sorry for it. Her story interested me, it cut me to the heart; and though I adopted Olivia without seeing her, yet I pictured to myself a lovely, helpless orphan, bidding me welcome by the name of father—benefactor—But, now, look ye, Sir Edward, if Time don't make his clocks strike months instead of hours, my leave of absence will extend much beyond this world: for I can find no peace or comfort but in war, battle, and general uproar.

Sir Edw. Undutiful and ungrateful, do you say? How? in what manner?

Major. How! why, when her best friend there, my sister, (*Pointing to Hermitage.*) finding her mind untutored, and her manners awkward, wished her to remove from her present negligent governess, Miss Olivia refused to comply forsooth—But I've done with her—As soon as I can find a house to place her in, she shall bid adieu to this neighbourhood for ever; and to me, and my friendship, and—No, hang it, after all, perhaps, if I must have employment, I can't pass time much better than in, now and then, sending a bank note to a poor, abandoned orphan.

Sir Edw. Right, major! do not quite forsake her;

—and, as you're such a stranger here, if I can be of service—My aunt, for instance, has a house a few miles off, and will, I'm sure, be ready to receive her.

Major. Indeed! that's the very thing; for I promised my sister she should be sent away to-night, and I'll go tell her directly. But, I say, who is to conduct her? For, though I've the highest opinion of your character, Sir Edward——

Sir Edw. 'Sdeath, sir! if you doubt that I'm a man of honour—

Major. Oh! no; not at all.—But, begging your pardon, it is possible now-a-days to be a man of very great honour, and yet be a very sad rascal: for seducing the wife or daughter of your friend, and afterwards shooting him in a duel, don't in the least deprive you of the fashionable appellation. Yet, seriously, Sir Edward, you rank so high in every good man's praise, that I safely may trust you.

Sir Edw. You may depend on't.—I see you would avoid Olivia.—I will inform her of your wishes.

Major. Do;—directly—while I prepare an attendant (*Going towards the Hermitage.*) Look! what a miserable hole am I going into! My sister has a strong, enlighten'd mind, and can support solitude; but I'm so little of the hermit—Hark ye! come back as fast as you can, and I'll take a peep with you, at all the pretty faces in the public walks; for, though Miss Stoic hates our sex, I'm very fond of hers; and if I find I can't manage time any other way, i'cod I'll take a wife.

Sir Edw. Do.

Major. I will; for, next to war, I know nothing more likely to give a gentleman ample employment.

[*Exit into Hermitage.*

Sir Edw. Bravo, Sir Edward! you have won the prize—and yet shan't lose each good man's praise; for here's the stalking-horse to cloak my guilt; here

is the desperate and convenient friend, that is to answer for his patron's crimes.

Enter the DELINQUENT.

Why what's the matter? what agitates you?

Delin. That which gives joy to you, the sight of England, of your native land—No friendly, kindred smile hails my return; and I, who once was welcomed and loved like you, now, if I'm known, I'm known to be destroyed.

Sir Edw. Be patient, and remember well—'Tis but a year ago since, in a poor Italian inn, I found you almost perishing for want.

Delin. You did; at Lucca—and I repeat what then I told you, much as my life is worth, so much I owe you. (*With sullen pride.*)

Sir Edw. Remember, too, I knew you at first sight; knew you were the man who had so wrong'd and so deceived my father; but, burying in oblivion all past injuries, offer'd to protect you.

Delin. You have; and what are your commands? I see you have in view some daring, desperate service; and I am bound and pledged to undertake it.

Sir Edw. Why, then, in brief: Here, at the neighbouring school, there is a lovely girl; and none can thwart me in my plans but her suspicious governess. You understand—she must be some way silenced, and yet my name kept secret.

Delin. And mine proclaimed——Well, be it so; yet——

Sir Edw. No remonstrance: be it yours—be it yours to execute my wishes. No hesitation, or——

Delin. And do I hesitate? No—Yet think a little, Sir Edward. You can, as yet, look into yourself—can see a spotless and untainted heart: and if, expanding with its pangs, hereafter it would burst its bonds, as mine would now, how will you curse the selfishness of him who joined to screen you from the

world's reproaches, but left you tortured by your own!

Sir Edw. Farewell! I have not leisure for this busy, dull advice. You'll wait for me at home—and mind, though I've the power to overwhelm you, it is my wish to serve and to befriend you. [*Exit.*

Delin. Still, still must I smother in my proud breast all feeling of a man?—Must I, who once was equal to this worldly youth, in power, and wealth, and fame—still must I submit to be menaced and commanded? Better the penalty of my delinquency were death at once, than to endure this daily respite from perdition. (*Going.*) Yet, no; death robs me of the hope of finding that, for which alone I ventured to revisit England: and, could I clasp the long-lost treasure to my heart!——Oh! that tender thought recalls me to my former self; and, when I think of what I was——Distraction! when, when will merciful forgetfulness yield that repose which cruel men, and too severe a destiny, deny me? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room at MRS AUBREY'S.

Enter MRS AUBREY.

Mrs Aub. 'Tis very strange! Olivia not returned! Oh! she little thinks each minute seems an age! And much I wish her generous benefactor would arrive; for I suspect I am her only friend; and friendship such as mine, alas! is but of poor avail.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oliv. Oh, my dear madam! what do you think?

I'm afraid you'll be so angry; for I've lost something; indeed I have—something you've had possession of ever since I first saw you.

Mrs Aub. Speak! what is it, Olivia?

Oliv. My heart—nothing less than my heart. I took it out with me; but, somehow, I dropt it on the sea-shore; and who should pick it up, but such a sweet, rude, delightful—Do you know, when I asked him for it again, he downright refused me; and so I told him to give me another—and he did, very civilly; he gave me his own; and they beat in such unison, that I don't think either of us will be sorry for the change as long as we exist.

Mrs Aub. Heavens! who is it? Not Sir Edward Specious?

Oliv. Oh! no—the confident creature only arrived just time enough to see me insulted by two intoxicated coxcombs: So, flying to my assistance, and forcing them to acknowledge they had both got drunk and forgot themselves; "Get drunk again," says he; "for you can't do better than forget what's so little worth remembering." —— Lord! ma'am, though you don't like Sir Edward, I do verily believe we shall quite quarrel, and pull caps about this gentleman.

Mrs Aub. Olivia, yours is the age of danger; and, judging by your own of others' merits, man has with you no art, the world no vice: but, after seven long years of tenderness and care—now, when I hoped to reap the harvest of my toils—think, should I see it blighted and despoiled by insects, venomous as vile? ——

Oliv. I thought, as 'twas holiday-time, and all my young friends were gone to their respective homes, that I might amuse myself in my turn; and, I'm sure, losing one's heart is very pretty amusement: but, if you think otherwise, I had rather it had broken into a thousand atoms, than that the best of mo-

nitors and friends should, for one instant, think Olivia thoughtless and ungrateful.

Mrs Aub. Oh! but for you——(*Embracing her, and weeping.*) You see my weakness——Should you forsake me——

Oliv. Forsake you! you, who have so watched, and——

Mrs Aub. Have I?

Oliv. And sure I needed it; for all but me, alas! have homes, have parents.

Mrs Aub. Hold, I implore you! 'tis the subject upon which he who adopted you has commanded a fixed and eternal silence.

Enter SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS.

Sir Edw. Ladies, your most obedient—I have the honour to inform you that Major Tornado is arrived from India.

Mrs Aub. Arrived! Where? Oh! let us fly to meet him.

Sir Edw. Nay; I'm sorry to add, that Miss Olivia has offended his sister, and, at her request, she is instantly to be removed.

Mrs Aub. Removed! Oh! slanderous, sordid woman! 'Tis to monopolize her brother's wealth she thus defames the rival that she dreads. I'll confront her with the best of proofs—(*Taking* OLIVIA'S *hand.*) That look of artlessness and truth, opposed to hers of treachery and guile, shall flash conviction on his mind, and innocence shall triumph!—Come.

Sir Edw. You are wrong—leave it to me—I have settled with the major, and she will be sent this very night to a friend's house of mine.

Mrs Aub. Sir, you are very kind; but let 'em banish her to distant climes, I'm also banished; for but with life I'll leave her.

Sir Edw. Stop—one word——(*Taking her aside.*) Are you aware that, of my large estate, this house

forms part? And, as my steward tells me there are arrears of rent——

Mrs Aub. Ha! do you menace?

Sir Edw. Not at all—Between ourselves, I would accommodate——Befriend my suit——be a complying, civil governess, and——

Mrs Aub. Begone! at present, I am mistress of this house—and, not me alone, you mistake your country, if you think there lives one guardian o'an English seminary that would unite with libertines, like you, to blast the hopes of parent and of child—Begone! or I'll proclaim you, sir.

Sir Edw. And who'll believe you? he who, for years, has courted popularity, by public acts of spirit and humanity, can laugh at private malice; and therefore, be prepared for a most powerful and deadly foe. (*Going.*)

Oliv. Detain him! make friends with him! I tremble at his threats!—Sir——

Mrs Aub. There is the door, sir.

Sir Edw. Madam, I comprehend you. (*To* OLIVIA.) And if the major fail to influence this busy friend, still I'll not despair; for the aspiring mind yields not to common obstacles; but, in a contest glorious as the present, is most determined where 'tis most opposed. Farewell, and trust to those who are your real friends.

[*Exit, looking at* MRS AUBREY.

Oliv. Dear madam, why were you so rash?—My heart forebodes——

Mrs Aub. Fear not, but away—Though weakest armed, we have the strongest cause; and the proud courage of the virtuous few can vanquish hosts of braggards such as these. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Outside of Hotel—Sea-Shore—A Yacht.

Enter Landlord and Waiter, from the Hotel.

Land. Come, bustle, bustle! for see what crowds of carriages are pouring down the hill—Look! isn't it a noble sight? chaises, sociables, phaetons, curricles, gigs, whiskies, tandems, taxed carts, and dog-carts!—and all—all flocking from the races at the next town, to make sport for Paul Pigeon and the Pelican.

Wait. Ay; but have they cash to pay for it? for of many that went from this town with full pockets, I'm sure most will come home with empty ones.

Land. And see! here's one already—here's honest Tom Tackle—I warrant they've stript him of the last feather, and——

Enter TOM TACKLE.

Well, Tom, racing is a bad business, isn't it? (TOM *crosses.*) Why, what's the matter? Are you going to buy a rope to hang yourself?

Tom. No; I'm going to buy one of those smart koind of dog-carts yonder; because, now I've got the poney, why, like other pups of fashion, I'll turn coachy, you see.

Land. Got the poney! How?

Tom. Why, by jockeyship, to be sure——Look! (*Shewing a purse full of guineas.*) He! he! he! mother only made me a sort of a simple sailor, to be sure; but then, good soul, she also made me a north-countryman—and I don't think she could have done more for me if she'd made me great Cream of Tartary——And so, you see, though Miss Fidget were

the favourite, and all hollow the best horse, yet somehow I found the blacklegs, as they call 'em, were all for taking the long odds on Master Jacky; so, thinks I, I'd better be for Master Jacky and blacklegs too; and, of course, you know, we won; and accordingly I went up to your lords and baronets, to touch my winnings, when, would you believe it? they talked of settling with me two hundred miles off—at one Tattersal's, at Hyde-Park-Corner. —"But," says I, "gentlemen, I hope ye be joking, for I hate to seem awkward or unfashionable; but, if you're serious, I must really horsewhip you all round the race-course;"—and I just gave a smack or two, and here's the prize-money. He! he! he! I might have known it all along; for we Jack Tars are sure to win it, ay, though the odds be a million to one against us.

Land. So you are; but then, Tom, to be so rude to your superiors——

Tom. Superiors! bless ye, there be no such thing at races, or any kind of gambling. (*Landlord stares.*) No; betting do bring on such a sweet familiarity, and we sporting gentlemen be somehow so all on a footing, that, at the ordinary, when Lord Tiffany proposed a maggot-race, "Done, Tiffy!" cried I—And when Sir William swore he'd win all the hearts in the ball-room, "I'll tell you what, Billy," says I, "I'll make love, for a hundred pounds, to any beauty in the room; and make it play and pay, and crossing and jostling, just as you like;" and then they all laughed, and I laughed too—And, iced! I only wish they had tried me; for, at making love, making punch, and dancing a horn-pipe, Tom against the field, boy!——But now for my carriage! (*Whipping.*)

Land. Stop—you forgot that that's Sir Edward's yacht; and that you, as master of it——

Tom. No—and if Ned, that is, Sir Edward, do

choose a race upon the water, mind if I don't jockey sea-sharks as neatly as I have done land ones.

Voices without. Here—stop—draw up!

Tom. There they are! and here I go! And, I say, should any of the most genteel and tip-toppest o' your customers like a game at Put, or Scratch, or Sneezums, or Pope Joan, why, you'll send for me to mother's cottage——As it's the best way to make a fortune, so I'll push it, while fortune be in the humour——I say, (*Holding up his purse.*) Jack Tar, North Country, and Master Jacky, against the field! He! he! he!

Land. There they are indeed! and, foremost in the rank, two such wealthy-looking gentlemen, stepping out of their own post-chaise and four——Why, during race-time, fortune seems in humour with every body, I think.

Enter YOUNG DORIC, DORVILLE, *and Post-Boy.*

Young Dor. Go, mind the horses, sir. [*Exit Boy.* And mind, I say again, 'tis fortune has undone me.

Dorv. And I say again, you're ruined by seeing company.

Land. Oh! ruined, are they? Now I look at 'em again, I think I never saw two more vulgar, sharper-like—Tom, we've no beds, no—Mum!

[*Exit* TOM *into the Hotel.*

Dorv. There—you see——

Young Dor. Be quiet—I'll bring you through——Landlord, my friend here will want tea and supper, and all that—but, for myself, my food is love—And if you know the dear, divine, Miss Olivia Tornado, whom I saw just now, and sought for on the sea-shore——Where does she live? Who does she visit? At what parties can I meet her?

Dorv. You meet her! here's assurance again!—Why, who'll invite you?

Young Dor. Who? why, the greatest person in

the town—myself—I'll invite myself—and I'm right, —am I not, old Pelican?

Land. Certainly;—for perhaps nobody else will invite you.

Young Dor. How!

Land. Why, look ye, when gentlemen of fortune and respectability visit this town, the town visits them; but when people bring with them neither money nor manners, why, even old Pelican turns his back upon them.

Young Dor. Stop—In your inn is there a handsome ball-room?

Land. To be sure there is.

Young Dor. Then, observe——write a hundred cards in my name—in the name of Jack Doric, of Piccadilly, London—and invite a hundred of your first neighbours to a splendid ball and supper——and look, here are a hundred respectable gentlemen to answer for it. (*Shews a note-case.*)

Land. So there are! Oh, your honour, a thousand pardons.

Young Dor. One for each pound—a hundred will do.

Dorv. 'Sdeath! what madness and effrontery!—Nobody knows you, and, of course, nobody will accept your invitation.

Young Dor. Won't they? My dear fellow, people think so much more of the supper than they do of the person who gives it, that if, by mistake, instead of "Jack Doric's," he were to write "Jack Ketch's compliments," my life on't, there wouldn't be three excuses——And now I'll tell you both a secret—Spunging is a sneaking, hackneied art; and, instead of toiling to get dinners, always try to give them.

Land. Give dinners!

Young Dor. To be sure. Let every body suppose you don't want money, and any body is so ready to lend it to you, that, whilst the poor and crin-

ging spunge borrows half-crowns with difficulty, he who gives sumptuous entertainments confers a favour by accepting hundreds—and, as a proof, (*To Landlord.*) George talked of ruin, and you turned your back—I give a supper, and it's "Oh, your honour, and a thousand pardons!"

Land. Gad! so it is: and I can't help laughing at the world and myself too.

Young Dor. No; and were my motives sordid, each bottle of your wine, to-night, should yield me twenty times your profit: but 'tis from love I act—I would be known and noticed by Olivia's friends—So, come, I'll help you to make out the cards; (*To Landlord.*) and for my friend, you, George, prepare the paragraphs and puffs: for balls are nothing now, till stampt by newspaper report; and every giver of a fete must, like quack doctors, publish lists of names, to shew they've equal custom and repute.

Dorv. Stay—are you aware that, out of £15,000, earned by your late good father, as an architect, this hundred is the last?

Young Dor. I am; and also that my uncle will dissolve our partnership: but, if I fail, I only wrong myself; and, if my plan succeeds, you know my friend shall share in my success. 'Tis my last stake, and, by heaven, I'll make the most of it. So, here! house! waiter! rooms, wine, and supper, for a hundred! [*Exeunt into the Inn.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room inside of the Hermitage. Door in the back Scene.

MISS STOIC *discovered sitting with a Book in her Hand, reading.*

Miss Stoic. Oh, world, world! but that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, life would not yield to age! Well, well! So long misanthropy has chill'd my soul, so long I've shunn'd life's miserable scenes, that sometimes I prefer to read those bards that point its blessings out. Sterne, Congreve, or a modern German play—oh, had I met with social minds like these—but here's my brother; and for a time I must assume the love of solitude and rural peace.

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Well, sir, I hope the hour of reason has arrived, and that you own your error.

Major. I do: you were right, Dorothy, you are always right; but when I abused a country life, I little thought it could afford such pleasures.

Miss Stoic. (*With triumph.*) Oh, the country can afford pleasures then?

Major. Plenty; 'tis the place of all others for an old soldier to retire to; for, I'll tell you—Sir Edward took me to their club, to their Arcadian meeting, and, upon my honour—that is, for the time it

lasted—I don't think I ever saw a more general engagement, or much sharper fighting.

Miss Stoic. Fighting!

Major. Aye: it seems there are three parties in this vale of peace and innocence; 'Squire Dobson's party, Vicar Robson's party, and Apothecary Hobson's party; and, like good quiet neighbours, they have been all in Chancery these twelve years, about the right of fishing in a gudgeon stream; which stream proving to be the same I tumbled into yesterday, one said I might at any time fish and drown myself there with his leave, and another said I should not drown myself there without his leave, till, from words, these rural Yorks and Lancasters got to blows, and then—oh, I was wrong, sister; for I see now there's no difference between camps and country towns, except that, by combating for kingdoms, you sometimes gain promotion; but, by fighting for gudgeons, you don't even get half-pay for your services.

Miss Stoic. For shame! for shame! this is the sex; this is your boasted male society! Had you kept company with such as me——

Major. What, with the ladies! Oh Lord, their parties run ten times higher; for we drank tea with the sheriff's wife, an old red-rose dowager; and her opposite neighbour, a white rose, having lately built a new bow-window to improve her prospect, curse me if Mrs Sheriff didn't order her husband to erect a gallows, and hang a tall highwayman plump in the front of it. It will do, it will do! I am already chuck-full of rural ardour, and to-morrow I shall have more of it: for Sir Edward Specious gives a grand concert to both armies, and has appointed me generalissimo.

Miss Stoic. You!

Major. Aye: I am to marshal out the music, reconnoitre for the singers, and manœuvre the band: and I know what I'm about; for, instead of the rustic

carol, and the shepherd's pipe, they shall have nothing but war's alarms, and wind instruments. And, see, I'm not to spare expence; no, he has given me these two hundred pounds. (*Shewing bank-notes.*)

Miss Stoic. Two hundred pounds!

Mrs Aub. (*Without.*) Let me pass! I must and will see him!

Miss Stoic. Heavens! here's insolence! Mr Aubrey!

Major. What, the bad governess! The—now we shall hear—

Enter MRS AUBREY.

Mrs Aub. Oh, sir, admit Olivia! She is without, imploring to behold, for the first time, her friend, her sole protector.

Miss Stoic. Then there let her stay: I wholly influence my brother's mind, and—

Major. You do, sister; and think you, madam, (*To* MRS AUBREY.) I can wish to see one so untutored and ungrateful?

Mrs Aub. Ungrateful! Oh, your pardon, sir; but the inventor of a slanderous tale is scarce more criminal than he who wantonly believes it; for calumny would perish in its birth, but that a credulous, misjudging world, rush forth to hail and to mature it.

Major. Why, that's very true, indeed.

Mrs Aub. Judge for yourself then, sir, and oft you'll find that from some random and unmeaning cause, vice gains that credit which virtue would for ever lose, but for its own superior triumph.

Major. True again: for whilst our old colonel was never accused of inebriety, though his face was the herald of three bottles a day; yet, because I once in my life quaffed too much port, the whole regiment raised the cry of "mad-dog," and I was nick-named

Major Blackstrap, ever after. So let me investigate——

Mrs Aub. Oh, I will fly—

Miss Stoic. Hold! she treads not on this hallow'd ground! And for you, brother! dare to dispute my word, and on such poor, suspicious evidence as her's!

Mrs Aub. (*With pride.*) Madam!

Miss Stoic. Aye: whence came you? What's your mysterious story? Why conceal——

Mrs Aub. Conceal! 'Tis known that years ago I came as governess to Mrs Lorimer, and on her death was her successor. What more should I reveal?

Miss Stoic. Only why, in frantic grief, you have so often proclaimed yourself a guilty wretch; aye, and at Olivia's sight, have bid her shun you as a pestilence, a fiend—(MRS AUBREY *shews great agitation.*) —Deny it not.

Major. How! Is this true?

Mrs Aub. No—yes: pity me, spare me; but, for protecting her—thus let me kneel and bless you!

Major. What!

Mrs Aub. She has no faults, nor have I one to her. Oh yes, I have—but not as monitress; for, school'd myself in error, I would have rather died a thousand deaths than not have profited by such example, and taught Olivia gratitude and truth.

Major. Enough—you have confirmed my sister's story; guilty yourself, you have corrupted her, and I've for ever lost—Go, leave me!

Miss Stoic. Stay—I insist Olivia is removed to-night.

Major. She shall.

Mrs Aub. Where? not to Sir Edward's! You cannot—will not—(*Major points towards the door.*) What! you persist! Well, let me go:—But, till Olivia shall herself consent to be the sacrifice of art and falsehood, I will, alone, be surety for her honour—

Farewell! once more my blessings wait you; (*Kissing his hand.*) and, did you know the secret motives that direct me—

Major. Relate them now.

Mrs Aub. Never; they would complete Olivia's ruin. And yet I hope the eventful hour will come, when a poor orphan, long from its kindred branches torn, shall, in defiance of the withering storm, still grow and flourish in its native soil. [*Exit.*

Major. Now this I call a very odd woman—a very odd woman indeed! and what with one kind of rural felicity and another, I'm all over in a sort of charming conflagration. Poor girl! poor Olivia! I say, sister, 'tis lucky I never saw her.

Miss Stoic. It is: nor had you seen this artful governess, but for my senseless servant—He knows that none of human form gain entrance in this calm abode.

Enter OLD NICHOLAS, *hastily.*

Nich. Lord, ma'am! I'm so flurried! Here's a servant from one Mr Jack Doric, of Piccadilly, London; and he insists on your company this evening to a ball at the hotel.

Miss Stoic. My company!

Nich. Ay; and yours also, Major—here are the cards.

Miss Stoic. I shall run wild. Brother, go forth yourself, and silence these invaders, whilst I seclude myself in my recess.

Major. Do; retire to your sanctum sanctorum.

[*Exit* MISS STOIC *at a door in back scene.*

I'll lecture them! I'll teach them to disturb this sacred, solitary——Shew me to this servant, sir.

Nich. What for, sir? Sure you don't mean to go?

Major. Go!—any where—every where—and tho' I don't know this Mr Doric, of course he knows me; or, if he don't, 'tis the more civil of him to ask me—

and with his ball, Sir Edward's concert, and the Yorke and Lancasters, I may forget Olivia——No, never—my memory, that helps me where I owe a favour, so fails me at an injury, that I forgive, and can't help glorying in my weakness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Road.

Enter DORVILLE.

Dorv. So—as I thought—none yet have noticed Jack's mad cards of invitation; and I've no hope but one—the letter which, unknown to him, I sent his uncle yesterday, stating his love of study and improvement. Should this regain his worthy partner's friendship, mine will be well rewarded.

Enter YOUNG DORIC.

Young Dor. Joy, joy, my boy! I have again held converse with Olivia, met her this moment with her governess—and, what do you think? they come—both come——

Dorv. What! to the ball?

Young Dor. Ay: they refused at first; but when they saw, amongst my list of visitors, Major Tornado's name, they told me such a long affecting tale of him, his sister, and Sir Edward Specious, that 'twas resolved to meet him at my ball; and if it saves Olivia from the snares of villains, this, my last hundred, shall afford me more pure, substantial joy than all my former thousands yielded.

Dorv. Granted: but suppose the Major don't come, or, what is worse, suppose nobody comes?

Young Dor. Ay: there's the rub.

[*Holds down his head.*

Dorv. What! you begin to be alarmed?

Young Dor. Not for myself, but for Olivia and her friend—their fate depends on my success, and not one answer yet—none nibbling at the bate!—Zounds! is credulity confined to cities! and here, where air increases appetite, shall suppers go uneaten?

Dorv. Pooh! nonsense! in London, you are known.

Young Dor. So I am every where. A common swindler might expect no guests—but, famed Jack Doric! on whose gala nights, all Bond-street, and all Bow-street, are let loose, and who so occupies both town and country talk, that even scandal must give way to my chalked floors, hot suppers, and hot rooms—and, shall not bumpkins bite? Now, when two helpless women rest their hopes——

Enter Servant.

Well, sir, what news? What has detained you?

Serv. Lord, sir, consider—I've had to deliver a hundred cards of invitation, and wait for almost as many answers.

Young Dor. Where are they then? (*Snatches them out of his hand.*) Now be propitious for Olivia's sake: (*Reads the cards.*) "Mrs Squeeze's compliments, comes—Rev. Tim Tantrum's compliments, comes—Doctor and Mrs Tarradiddle's compliments—bring with them their town visitors, Alderman Cram, a Dutch Commissioner, and two gentlemen from the Victualling-Office." Bravo! they bite—and if they come in crowds, why, 'tis the London mode; for, when the gala season once sets in, they flock like geese, and cackle for their supper! Ah, but the Major—What says Olivia's benefactor!

Serv. Oh, sir, he is so eager, and so pleased, that he has gone to the ball-room already.

[*Exit Servant.*

Young Dor. There, George! what say you to my system now? Had I gone cringing to the Major's door, would it have served Olivia?—But, back'd by balls, and such a host of guests, may I not hope to ask him to a wedding supper next! And then, no longer will I send out cards of invitation, with the words "at home;"—but, grown domestic, I shall advertise, that I am "out," the whole year round.

Enter the DELINQUENT.

Delin. Your pardon, sir; but, if your name be Doric—(*To* DORVILLE.)

Young Dor. I, sir—I am that happy gentleman.

Delin. One word in private, then.

[YOUNG DORIC *beckons* DORVILLE *to retire.*

Your name's familiar to my memory,—and, when I read it on the card you sent Sir Edward Specious—

Young Dor. My card! what, you're left out! My dear sir, if I had room, I'd ask all Europe; but at this rate, I shan't get in myself.

Delin. Sir, you mistake—seeing your name, I merely came to ask if you ever heard of one Sir Arthur Courcy,

Young Dor. Oh! is that all?—Courcy?

Delin. Ay; of Rowland Castle, in Northumberland; he who fled for debt.

Young Dor. Debt! no—(*Considering.*)—Yes—didn't my uncle, Mr Doric, rebuild the castle by his orders?

Delin. He did: speak quickly—do you know Sir Arthur's person?

Young Dor. No——

Delin. Sure! are you quite sure?

Young Dor. Quite; or if I did, and his distress proceeded from misfortune, do you suspect that I'd

betray him? No: rather I'd invite him to my ball, and, scorning modern ostentatious show, revive that ancient English hospitality, that cheer'd the wretched, and upheld the poor.

Delin. Would you? I knew him well. (*Shaking* YOUNG DORIC'S *hand violently.*)

Young Dor. Indeed!

Delin. And on some future day perhaps——where, where can he repay those thanks I offer now?

Young Dor. There—(*Taking a card out of his pocket.*) And, for yourself, pray join us at the ball—You'll see, at least, one object worth the seeking—the lovely Miss Tornado.

Delin. Miss Tornado! What! (*Having the pocket-book in his hand, to place the card in it.*)

Young Dor. Ay: attended by her kind, her worthy governess.

Delin. Worthy! (*Trembling, and in his agitation, letting a letter drop from his pocket book, unseen by him.*) You're deceived—she is most guilty—and, not to part her from her lovely charge, by any means however desperate—(YOUNG DORIC *appeals.*) yet, if she's innocent, the deed will drive me mad.—Oh! that I were already so—then might I plead insanity for pardon: for none but madmen would forsake that peace, which virtue yields—preserve it—cling to it—fortified with that, you boast a bulwark may defy the world! [*Exit.*

Young Dor. Now, is this an old complaint, or suddenly brought on from my not asking him to supper? I'll go, and—(*Treads on letter.*) Oh ho! this may explain, perhaps—listen, (*Reads.*) "Where have you been loitering? I have kept Major Tornado out of the way, by employing him to provide singers at a great expence for my concert: and, by the inclosed assignment to you, of Mrs Aubray's house, you may keep her out of the way, by arresting her directly in your own name, for the 40*l.* due

for rent.—Proceed in this, whilst I proceed to bear away her pupil—Edward Specious."—So! a most lively town—and I shall have a good company. What's to be done?

Dor. What indeed!

Young Dor. You've not a guinea to discharge the debt, and my last shilling must discharge the bill—But come—ere this, the ball's begun, and should it cross Sir Edward in his plots, and this poor tenant be released from bondage, let the floor crack with crowds of company—His is the genuine social plan, who cheers the men and makes the women happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Ball.—Anti-Chamber.—Music.

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Major. So!—hard at it again.—The Yorks and Lancasters have been drawn out in regular line of battle, and to decide!—Who should lead down first couple!—They all called for the court calendar, but that not having the honour of knowing any of them, "Molly put the kettle on," cried I, and looking fierce, and handing out a sweet, interesting partner, they all grounded their arms, and tript after me, like so many prisoners of war. But where's Mr Doric, and, who the deuce is he? Nobody seems to know him; but, they say, that's nothing; and, for my part, I like this new-acquaintance system as well as any of them; for if a man only visits friends, egad! he won't be ask'd out twice a year. (*Music repeated.*)

[YOUNG DORIC *is seen receiving the salutations of the company in the recess.*

That's him! ahem! (*Pulling out his chitterlin. &c.*) I mustn't be behind hand, for I'll consult him on Sir Edward's concert—ask him for singers and musicians.

Young Dor. (*Advancing.*) Major Tornado, I'm inform'd. (*Taking his hand.*)

Major. Nothing unpleasant, I hope, has so long detained you?

Young Dor. Detain'd! Oh! no—I staid away on purpose. We never arrive now, 'till an hour after our company, and generally go to another party, and leave them; for you don't come to see me, you know, nor I to see you—but you come—you—pray, why do you come?

Major. Why, be——upon my soul, I can hardly tell you.

Young Dor. No! and therefore, to relieve both host and visitor, why not the plan that I propose? Why not these great confectioners and cooks prepare the company as well as the provisions.

Major. Prepare the company!

Young Dor. Ay; isn't it as easy to make a little lord as a large trifle? a woman of fashion, as a whipt syllabub? or a purse-proud citizen, as calf's-foot jelly? And then, Major, we should have the best of parties on the best of terms; for they'd eat no supper, talk no nonsense, and be taken off with the fragments.

Major. You are the very man I want. Sir, can you help me to conduct a concert?

Young Dor. To be sure I can.

Major. To-morrow, at Sir Edward Specious's house, and, between ourselves, we've not one singer yet: but, as director, I'm empowered to use all these bank-notes, look! to the best advantage. (*Shewing them.*)

Young Dor. And Sir Edward wants singers?

Major. He does indeed.

Young Dor. And that's to pay for them? (*Major nods assent.*) Then, in the next room, there is a lady with the clearest and divinest tones! but, by this letter, which I found, a savage landlord, for a debt of forty pounds, now waits to cage the warbling bird. But pay the rascal with Sir Edward's money, and he himself shall, late or early, own that you have used it to the best advantage.

Major. So he will.—Here, ask the lady to give her notes, and thus I give Sir Edward's—Yet, hold! this savage landlord should not gain his point.

Young Dor. No, he won't: for, hark ye! he arrests her to—(*Whispering and laughing.*)—He! he! and, better still—her name is Aubrey.

Major. Aubrey! what Aubrey?

Young Dor. Oh! he has heard her voice before, but not to such a tune as this—So, whilst you live, see company, Major; for, at the rate of forty pounds a head, you'll soon grow rich by hospitality—and, for Sir Edward, tell him, the next time the school is in arrears, he had best make it help his education, by taking it in lessons,—ha! ha!—You've used his money to the best advantage! (*Smacks him on the back.*) [*Exit.*

Major. What! what Mrs Aubrey? Surely, not Olivia's governess! Yet, now I recollect, my sister said——Bless my soul! there's no end to rural diversion! and, haply, whilst pursuing that, I have forgot the best diversion life affords—that of assisting the unfortunate.—Poor, poor Olivia! Zounds! if I'm duped—(*Going.*)

OLIVIA *appears.*

Oh! here's my partner!—the unknown lady that I danced with.—Psha! I've no spirits now.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oliv. So! I've found you, sir, at last—Upon my

word, a very truant gentleman! to leave your partner staring round the room—Pray, sir, do you mean to dance again?

Major. No, madam; I—

Oliv. No! I wish you had told me so an hour ago; for I've refused a dozen gay, young—but then, perhaps, they'll never think of me again—and, somehow, you—Come,—come,—go with me.

Major. (*Turning away.*) I cannot.

Oliv. Dear! (*Looking in his face.*) How you're altered!—You looked as cheerful and as pleased——

Major. (*Taking her hand.*) Farewell! and, unlike her who occupies my thoughts, may you ne'er meet a parent's or protector's cold neglect!

Oliv. (*Bursting into tears.*) Parents! alas! you've touched upon the string—

Major. In tears! what! they're no more?

Oliv. I know not; but he, who for years supplied to me their loss,—he, who engrossed my blessing and my prayers, has listened to a base, calumnious tale, and cast me on the world, the wretched orphan that he found me.

Major. Orphan!

Oliv. He has! he has;—but his past kindness still rushes on Olivia's memory, and her overflowing heart, (*Falling at his feet.*) thus, thus pours forth its gratitude and love.

Major. (*Trying to raise her.*) Olivia!—come to your protector's arms! (*Embracing her.*)

Oliv. My more than parent—my benefactor!

Major. My blessings on thee!

Enter immediately from the back scene, YOUNG DORIC *and* MRS AUBREY.

Young Dor. And mine! and this wrong'd lady's on you both—and, henceforth, if I can but raise one guinea in the world, I'll give a little party to some friends, just for the chance of a desert like this.

Oliv. (*Flying to* MRS AUBREY.) Oh! Mrs. Aubrey! you, who have shared, and oft outsmiled my sorrows, does this, (*Kissing the Major's hand.*) does this repay you?

Mrs Aub. Most amply; and now, if we are doom'd to part——

Major. Part! shew me who dare propose it. Shew me another villain like Sir Edward——

Young Dor. And I'll pay him with his own bank-notes—Major, the debt's discharged.

Major. Well, well, of him I think not—let us this instant to the Hermitage; for I am sure my sister is as much imposed on as myself; and her secluded life pleads some excuse; but I—I to quarrel, and offend—'tis the air, 'tis the country air—I've caught the breezes of the Yorks and Lancasters, and they have blown me top-side down—But here's my haven and my hope—come, come!

Mrs Aub. (*Curtsying to* YOUNG DORIC.) Sir, I've to thank you for your kindness.

Oliv. (*Curtsying.*) And I once more, sir—

Young Dor. And I'm sure I've to thank you, ladies; for never felt I rapture like the present; (*Ladies and gentlemen cross the stage.*) and since the trade's so pleasant and productive, should I again turn dealer in such merchandize—(*Points to ball-room.*)

Major. Oh! we'll, we'll be your customers.

Young Dor. Indeed! then I'll this moment to my guests, and boldly ask them to a concert next.—To-morrow, Major, we'll oppose Sir Edward; and if you'll join in the direction, his shall conclude in a discordant solo.

Major. Ours in full chorus of harmonious joy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Outside of the Hermitage.

Enter MISS STOIC *and* NICHOLAS *from Hermitage.*

Miss Stoic. Dolt! dotard! to send away Sir Edward Specious' servant—Go—call him back directly.

Nich. Lord, ma'am, what can I do? You abuse me for admitting Mrs Aubrey in the morning, and then the Major brings her home at night.

Miss Stoic. Ay; and Olivia with her; and therefore Sir Edward is the very person I would hear from. Away! [*Exit* NICHOLAS. Olivia's innocence confirm'd, I cannot turn her from my door, but, like my brother, must confess I've been imposed on by a slanderous world!

Re-enter NICHOLAS, *with* SIR EDWARD'S *Servant.*

Serv. From Sir Edward Specious, madam. (*Giving her a letter.*)

Miss Stoic. Now, then! (*Reads.*) "As I must not have the pleasure of seeing you, owing to your solitary life, I write to say, I have been deprived of Miss Olivia's hand and heart by the malignity of her artful governess; but with your kind assistance, I still hope to call her Lady Specious."—With my assistance! Oh! I understand—and he shan't want an opportunity—I'll send an answer in an hour, and,

till then, let calm philosophy compose his mind; (*Exit Servant.*) for, as the antient bard expresses it, " Man's but a vapour, and full of woes—just cuts a caper, and down he goes."

Enter, hastily, from the House, MAJOR TORNADO.

Major. Help, sister! help to relieve the garrison, or it will surrender at discretion; for there's Olivia has been storming it with such a volley of interrogatories.

Miss Stoic. What interrogatories?

Major. Why, poor girl! such as, Why I adopted her without seeing her—why I concealed from her her parents' names—and I can't stand it—I can march up, like a hero, to the mouth of a lighted cannon, but the voice of a supplicating woman!—Do you know, because I named Lord Danvers with unusual feeling, she snatched his picture from me.

Miss Stoic. Lord Danvers' picture!

Major. Ay: and I can't get it back again; but I hope—Zounds! I don't know what I hope.—Sister, befriend me, tell her at once my sacred promise to Lord Danvers.

Miss Stoic. Your sacred promise!

Major. Ay: to her former benefactor—to that gallant friend, who, wounded in his country's cause, and dying upon India's plains, implored me to protect his infant charge—" Take her," he cried, " and, to secure her from her parents' power, swear never to reveal their names, but call her by your own!" I pressed his hand in token of compliance; he told me more of the disastrous tale, and, blessing me, expired—Impart thus much, and pity for us both will teach her to be silent.

Miss Stoic. And if pity don't, philosophy will; for she shall copy my superior mind, and smile at this world's vain pursuits.—Brother, 'tis done. (*Going.*)

Major. Thanks, thanks!—Be careful though, hint

not Lord Danvers was her grandfather, but say that he adopted her, like me, from motives of humanity.

Miss Stoic. Think you I'll help her to unfold the names of parents who so wrong'd her? No; I have hitherto myself neglected her, and therefore shall atone by tender, sisterly, and philanthropic care.

Major. What a pair of treasures! (*Kissing her hand.*) [*Exit* MISS STOIC. Bless my soul! I'm so agitated, and so happy—I'll build my cottage this moment—I'll turn country gentleman for life, and, with dear Olivia, a husband for her like Mr Doric, a young family, a pack of hounds—Yorks, Lancasters, and a large farm in my own hands, I'll bring rural tactics to such perfection, that retired brother-officers shall say, Gibraltar besieged is dull to my modern cottage.

Old Dor. (*Without.*) Very glad to see you indeed, old boy—and that's the house of the old hermitess, is it?

Major. How now! old hermitess! More agitation! ho! ho! (*Retires.*)

Enter OLD DORIC *and* TRADELOVE.

Trad. Your hand again, old school-fellow! What, so you came here for amusement, I suppose?

Old Dor. Quite the contrary—came on business—call'd suddenly from London to Somersetshire—met Bob Smalltalk at Bristol—know Bob Smalltalk of your town?—Got into gossip—told me of all your new building-jobs—new town-hall, bridge, family-seats—so, being only forty miles off, rode post-haste on speculation; and, except horse bolting after fox-chase, and pitching me from one county to another——

Trad. Indeed!—why, 'slife! were you much hurt?

Old Dor. No; quite the contrary. And, now I'm here, mean to take one George Dorville by sur-

prise; and, over a bottle, thank him for the account of Jack's reformation. (*Producing a letter.*) Hark ye, another Inigo Jones—going to town to turn active partner—and would sooner—but bad company—— mistook, and went to west end of town; when, notorious now, fashionable people all come into the city.

Trad. What! to pay money into their bankers' hands?

Old Dor. Quite the contrary; to borrow money of their bankers—and where one smart equipage jogs down St James's-street, twenty rattle up Ludgate-hill—But time's precious; must make interest 'gainst my rival architects—so, mum!—first canvass Nick's old sweetheart here.

Major. (*Behind.*) Nick's old sweetheart!

Old Dor. And mine also, ha! ha! We were the honest men long searched for in the dark by old Diogenes the second.

Major. (*Advancing.*) Sir, answer me—Who the devil do you call old Diogenes the second?

Old Dor. What's that to you, sir?

Major. Every thing, sir: and I insist you own this lady's hatred to the world proceeded solely from her hatred to its vices. (*Pointing to the Hermitage.*)

Old Dor. No: quite the contrary.

Major. What!

Old Dor. Why, don't I know? Didn't she write red-hot love-verses in the newspapers, under the signature of Laura Seraphina; and didn't my friend, Ned Nick, the attorney, answer them by the name of Rolando Furioso? And didn't the press groan for months with "Feelings amaranthine! chains adamantine! and bleeding hearts panting?"

Major. What then, sir?

Old Dor. Why, then didn't Furioso, that is, Nick the lawyer, work himself into such a real pas-

sion for his unknown Seraphina, that is, Dorothy, the spinster,—that, after chasing the incognita through sylvan vallies, and through flowery meads, he at last found her in the dark alcoves of Crutched Friars; and, alas! instead of the roseate youth, and dazzling smiles the glowing poet fancied, he saw such wrinkles, and such wizen looks, that, to console his heart's despair, he——

Major. He what, sir?

Old Dor. Why, he charged her six shillings and eight-pence for every stanza, and sent Seraphina a bill of costs as long as his own face! and then I went between 'em, as their modern, mutual friend—and being, as you see, a sort of lady's man, she forced me to reject her too, and then, like all philosophers, she left the world, because the world left her; but I can make her think it still a paradise—and the reward I ask—hark ye! (*Pulling Major towards him.*) is to be architect to her old fiery, bully-loving brother.

Major. What old fiery, bully-loving——

Old Dor. Why, he from India; and he must comply; for the poor nabob's Seraphina's pigeon.

Major. Very likely. (*Putting on his hat fiercely.*) But he's not your's—a fiery, bully-loving——dare you, to my face, repeat that?

Old Dor. No; quite the contrary. (*In great alarm.*)

Major. 'Tis well; and I'll this moment to my sister; not to distress, but to amuse her with your vanity; for if she ever deign'd even to look—pooh! stick to your trade—raise houses upon terra firma, and don't build castles in the air; for, though not bullying, as you suppose, I prize my sister's honour as my own, and carry arms for you and Furioso.

[*Exit into Hermitage.*

Old Dor. What! reflect on my profession! stop—come back!

Trad. Nay, now, 'tis but a paltry cottage, and you are losing better jobs. Come, I have one in view for you myself.

Old Dor. Indeed!

Trad. Ay; with a man of real consequence. I cannot exactly recollect his name,—he gave a sumptuous ball last night, and all are pushing for his custom. I've got it for myself already, and now, I'll kindly speak a word for you.

Old Dor. Will you? that's noble! lead on—and, for yon swaggerer's base reflections—zounds! let him be told, 'tisn't the occupation makes the man, it is the man makes the occupation. And, in this great commercial land, an honest tradesman, who can pay his way, may strut with any nabob in the world. So, if you think I am afraid—pooh! quite the contrary. (*Putting on his hat.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS'S *House.*

Enter the DELINQUENT.

Delin. 'Sdeath! I grow weary of his villainy; it is not further to be borne; for, whilst thus constantly employed in covering his detested crimes, perhaps the object that I seek calls loudly for protection; and, desperate as I am, would I not rather succour than oppress, even my deadliest foe? but one, who's twined around my heart—Oh! let me burst my ignominious chains, and fly from this disgraceful——

Enter SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS *hastily.*

Sir Edw. So;—this is fortunate!—partake, partake my triumph! for, spite of all their paltry arts, the faithless fair is in my power.

Delin. Indeed! (*Surlily.*)

Sir Edw. Ay: the lady she resides with means to-night to take her to a concert,—and, mark—not only on the road, will leave her to your care—

Delin. Mine!

Sir Edw. Ay: but so confine this hated governess by stratagem and art, that bear her pupil but on board my yacht,—

Delin. Never!

Sir Edw. How! dare you?—

Delin. I dare—when first, abroad, I answered for your faults, they were the offspring of gay, giddy youth; and still the noble name of gentleman was not quite lost in your pursuits; but when, to gratify licentious passion, you'd doom one virtuous woman to confinement, and force another to despair and infamy, you wrong, without redress, that sex, which man but lives to love and to protect.

Sir Edw. Wretch! traitor! must I remind you who you are?

Delin. No; tell me who I was.

Sir Edw. I will; for it will gall you to reflect, that you, the proud Sir Arthur Courcy, of Northumberland, famed for his landed and commercial rank, implored my father to become his bail, and meanly left him to discharge the debt.

Delin. Ha!

Sir Edw. [*Holding* DELIN.] And after that, when this Sir Arthur's bankruptcy ensued, dared he appear to his commission? no; he fled the kingdom—and now, as outlaw—ay, as outlaw, may be tried for crimes most flagrant and felonious.

Delin. Peace! or, by heaven!——

Sir Edw. Nay, more,—this outlaw spread such desolation round, that many a peasant's cheerful home was changed to drear imprisonment; and his own family beside———

Delin. [*Breaking from him.*] Nay take my life, for every word's a dagger to that heart, that still could prove its motives were not evil; but that it boldly has involved itself, not skulked, like you, beneath another's name.

Sir Edw. 'Tis well, sir; but there was a time when you'd have owned yourself obliged—

Delin. Knelt! proud Sir Arthur would have knelt, and risen prouder from the grateful posture; but when you trample on a worm, remember it has feelings—haply tender as your own.

Sir Edw. Well, well, perhaps I was too warm; forget what's past, and some more desperate agent shall be found.

Delin. What! you're resolved!

Sir Edw. I am! and, had you granted this my last request, it might have led e'en to reversing of your outlawry; for all those bonds my father purchased, from revenge, had been returned into your hands, and, freedom thus restored, you might indeed regain the noble height from whence you fell.

Delin. What! freedom?

Sir Edw. Ay: and expect, besides, another bright reward: the lovely prize but once on board the vessel, we'll sail directly for Northumberland.

Delin. Northumberland!

Sir Edw. Yes; to that very spot, where, beyond doubt, the tender treasure that you seek now claims the pity you so wish to prove.

Delin. [*Having shewn much joy during the preceding speech.*] Will you? I am no longer master of myself—nature, resistless nature, mounts within my soul, and, like a whirlwind, hurries me to action.—The time,—the place—

Sir Edw. There—this letter will explain (*Giving him letter.*) no more—away!

Delin. Ah: to my native shore,—to liberty, to life! (*Rushes out.*)

Sir Edw. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Where is the master of my yacht?

Serv. Tom Tackle, sir? Oh! he's below in the hall, sir.

Sir Edw. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*

Pride—love—revenge!—all, all will triumph now! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Outside of the Hotel.

Enter DORVILLE *from the Hotel.*

Dorv. Not yet returned! Surely no creditor has come from town and suddenly arrested him. Plague on't! if there has—now, at the moment when this letter from his uncle gives hopes of lasting happiness and wealth. Well, well, I'll seek and shew him—Oh, he's here; and, as I feared—by heaven! two bailiffs with him!

Enter YOUNG DORIC, *followed by two Persons.*

So, you're at last rewarded as you ought.

Young Dor. Yes, I am, exactly; for this gentleman, an active, enterprising upholsterer, (*Upholsterer bows very low.*) has almost forced me to take a ready-furnished villa of his about a mile off. And this gentleman, a smart advertising wine-merchant, (*Wine-merchant bows also.*) actually insists on stocking it

with his own best Port and Madeira; and 'tis no fault of mine, for, as I said before, upon my honour, gentlemen, I doubt very much whether I can pay you.

Wine Merch. Oh, we know who we're trusting!—One who is visited by all the town.

Uphol. So noticed, so respected—and by such solid and substantial—Do, pray indulge us; say 'tis a bargain, and we'll fly to execute your orders.

Young Dor. Well: since I must indulge you—fly, fly, my fine fellows!

Uphol. Enough:—And we shall ever feel so much indebted to your kindness. (*Bowing both very low.*)

Young Dor. (*Returning the bow.*) Not more than I shall feel indebted to you, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Wine-Merchant and Upholsterer.*

And for the fair, industrious tradesman's sake, I am glad that you are match'd; for 'tis such pushing and high-priced extortioners that injure credit, and make swindling flourish.

Dorv. It is; but they are right in their surmises now; for, by this friendly letter from your partner—

Young Dor. My uncle! What, from honest old Toby! and to you! Oh, let me read!—"Dear Mr Dorville, in answer to your pleasing account of Jack's reformation, close study of architecture, and being now on the road to London, to take part as active partner"—Oh, you dear, friendly, lying, correspondent!—"I heartily thank you, and as I cou'dn't say more, if I were to write volumes, Your's, Toby Doric. P. S. Hope Jack will be in town to-night, being suddenly called on a building job to Bristol." So, by this letter, I am now in London—and I am here, surrounded by a whole town, all dressing for my concert.

Dorv. I know; but if I write that you're detained, from over study and fatigue—

Young Dor. Do: write this instant; for, backed by

him, Olivia may be mine! And then commence your book of travels—you'll knock up old Munchausen.

[*Exit* DORVILLE *into Inn.*

Oh! ever credulous and complying uncle! let me but coax you to a trifling settlement, only a paltry twenty thousand to begin with—Oh! [*Kissing the letter.*

Enter OLD DORIC *and* TRADELOVE.

YOUNG DORIC'S *back is towards them.*

Trad. That's the great man—and, at the concert that he gives to-night—this famed Von Rapidotz, so puffed for months in all the London papers—

Old Dor. What! that great Russian fiddler! he in England! Go. and if no building job, get him to ask me to his concert.

Trad. Mum!—(*Going up to* YOUNG DORIC.) Sir, my friend here is an architect.

Young Dor. (*Not turning round.*) Pooh! Pooh! I haven't time. (*Turning up towards the Hotel.*)

Old Dor. Stop——let me try. Sir, my name is Doric, of the Minories.

Young Dor. What! (*Much agitated, but not turning.*)

Old Dor. Doric and nephew, that's the firm—and if you want a Blenheim, Wooburn, or a Castle Howard, Jack is quite capable, quite. (*With difficulty moves* YOUNG DORIC *round, who is trying to get away, and they meet face to face.*) Death and fury! quite the contrary.

Young Dor. What, nunky! my dear sir!—(*Going to embrace him.*)

Old Dor. Keep off, and answer me. Is this your style of studying architecture? And will these balls and concerts, and Von Rapidotz, get you one customer or friend, you profligate?

Young Dor. To be sure; for don't great parties lead to great connections?

Old Dor. No; for when, at your request, I gave my gala in the Minories, those I left out all quizzed me, as "Beau Bricklayer;" and for my guests—some laughed at, none knew me, and many swore I was a damned bad waiter.

Young Dor. And where's the wonder? when, instead of chalking the floor, you painted it; and so late in the afternoon, that the wet oil tript up all the dancers; and, when songs commenced, didn't you claim your privilege, as master of the house, and roar "Lullaby," and the "Beautiful Maid," till you were left clapping and encoring yourself?

Old Dor. And if I did, wasn't I, for a whole week after, almost poisoned and starved; for my old housekeeper wouldn't allow me a bit of fresh meat, till I had fairly eat up every scrap and fragment——But we're no longer partners——no; a lawyer shall this instant draw up articles of dissolution; and I'll not only never quit you till you sign them, but so expose you in the town——

Young Dor. Expose me, sir! Expose a gentleman!

Old Dor. Ay, there it is—Though born to trade, your father bred you as a gentleman: and, to my mind, we are all gentlemen and ladies now; for, whilst each maid *out-grecians* and *out-attitudes* her mistress, my milkman's daughter, Miss Gloriana Georgiana Chalky, daily rubs out her father's scores, by learning scores from Monsieur Kickpailini—And so, expect me with the articles.

Young Dor. Stay, sir—one word. You used to love me as a son; and if I should gain trade by these assemblies——

Old Dor. Why, then——Pooh! 'tis impossible!

Young Dor. Nay; join the concert—hear but this

famous Russian play——and if he don't tickle them like trout——.

Old Dor. What, he'll——(*Smiling.*)

Re-enter DORVILLE *from the Hotel, with the Letter.*

Dorv. Here—here's another batch of lies!—here's another tickler for old Toby!

Old Dor. Hem!—(*Putting on his hat.*) Quite the contrary. [*Exit.*

Dorv. Why, zounds! what brought him here?

Young Dor. And, zounds! what brought you here, just at the moment?—But I'll be after him, and——No, dam'me! I am wanted at the concert—so, follow him, and make amends—Speak of my villa, and my stock of wines—prove that the town quite likes to be deceived—say I am in love—say——

Dorv. Fear not—I know the prize that you contend for.

Young Dor. Aye; I say 'tis not rank, or riches, or renown; but more than all combined; for 'tis fair woman, and connubial bliss:

And if it ends but in a valued wife—
Say I'm at home, and architect for life.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber leading to Concert-Room.

Enter YOUNG DORIC, *meeting the Major.*

Major. Where's this Von Rapidotz, so long extolled in every public print? Why, he has so cut up Sir Edward's concert, that there's more fiddlers than company.

Young Dor. And I'm overflowing—But Miss Olivia, major——

Major. Oh, the dear girl! my sister's grown so fond of her society, that she can't bear her from her sight, and therefore brings her in a chaise herself—and now, if you would know, beside, the person that Olivia's fond of, come here——I'll whisper in your ear.

Young Dor. 'Slife! whom, sir?

Major. Doric—Jack Doric—I told her you should know the secret, and I am glad, with all my heart; for you've so true a taste for rural sports, that poets well may paint the blessings of a country life, if all, like you, thus made the welkin ring with song, with dancing, and with revelry.

Young Dor. Sir, you amaze—transport—

Major. I know; and therefore I will tell you more. —Prove you are no adventurous, fortune-hunting—Your pardon—but as we're total strangers, and as Olivia has suffered by man's perfidy so long, pray,

(*Taking his hand.*) pray excuse me; but were you guardian of so sweet a flower, you would do much to shelter it from danger.

Young Dor. And, as her lover, I could kiss the hand that raised, that nourished, and would thus defend it. Be satisfied—I will not think of an alliance, till you're convinced that I deserve it.

Major. Enough—and now, once more advance we to the rural warriors. Mind though, my sister must consent; for 'tis my pride to follow her advice, in spite of Rollo Furioso. (*Going, returns.*) I hope—I trust you'll be Olivia's husband,—you were her friend when I forgot that name; and if your motives be not worthy——

Young Dor. Look, sir, is this the countenance—

Major. No; you've those open, fascinating smiles, that would enliven e'en recruiting officers; ay, or make lawyers chuckle in vacation.——And so, I charge you, let me quickly give the two best parties an old man can witness—a wedding and a christening dinner, boy. [*Exit.*

Young Dor. Ay; or a young man's either—for they're substantial food—Oh! rapturous thought! Olivia may be mine! But how? unless my uncle will relent, I'm the adventurous fortune-hunting——

Enter DORVILLE.

Well, George, what luck? Did you o'ertake—

Dorv. I did: I found him at the lawyer's, and he's so anxious to dissolve the partnership, that they are actually preparing the articles.

Young Dor. What! there's no hope!

Dorv. None—but the chance of this night's concert. He can do nothing till to-morrow.

Young Dor. Right—and if Olivia would arrive—

Old Dor. (*Without.*) I will—I will come up, I tell you.

Young Dor. So, there ends the battle, at a knock-down blow—Try, try again—I'll stand apart.

[*Retires up stage.*

Enter OLD DORIC, *with paper in his hand.*

Old Dor. So—all in grand style, I see—friends, fiddlers, footmen,—crowds, coronets, constables, pick-pockets, peace-officers—and, tell me, sir, was I insulted by my nephew's orders?

Dorv. Insulted, sir! by whom?

Old Dor. By his constables—his staff-officers from London; for, taking me for an Old Bailey acquaintance, they cock'd their eyes, and bawl'd aloud, "Vy, Dicky, you ben't expected."—"No," says I, "nor Toby either; but I warrant we're both of us as good as many of the company"—and so I forced my way,—and so, sir, show me to the concert-room, for Jack shall sign these articles directly.

Dorv. Nay, sir, consider—you will be his ruin.

Old Dor. Well, let him thank himself—he knows he was my favourite, and, now, when building is the first profession,——aye, you may stare, sir—but, are not all men measured by their houses? Stand they not long or short in public estimation, according to the size of their apartments? And don't great rooms make painters, dentists, and e'en surgeons great? for who will follow genius to a garret? None—so, lead the way, and quick! dispatch! for if, as partner, I pay half the piper—i'cod! I'll hear some piping for my money. [*Exit with* DORVILLE.

Young Dor. Wheugh! beat! beat for ever! and, at the very crisis, when, with his friendly aid, I might have shouted victory! Well, well, I cannot blame him—(*Music within.*) Ah! there's Von Rapidotz—Pooh! his famed flourishes are useless now. (*More music, and cries of "Bravo! Bravissimo!" within.*) Hark! with what shouts they hail his first attempt

I'll rouse! I'll profit by the sound: for music, that can bend the knotted oak, may soften e'en old Toby's heart.

Re-enter OLD DORIC, *with the Articles.*

Old Dor. Sign, sign directly, or we smash together—Oh! you're indeed an active partner. I thought at most it would have cost five pounds; but here to have the first appearance of a player, whose price, in Russia, is two hundred ducats——

Young Dor. Who says so, sir?

Old Dor. Who? every public print: and 'tis no wonder, for the whole room was in an ecstacy, almost before he moved his elbows—Ay, and when, by chance, he dropt his diamond pin, young, old, lame, splenetic, all tumbled, neck and heels, to have the glory of replacing it.

Young Dor. (*With exultation.*) Indeed!

Old Dor. And one, a travelling gentleman, who often had been charmed with him abroad, swore instinct was his music-master, for that his father was a poor Cossack.

Young Dor. That's capital! for I'm his father!

Old Dor. You!

Young Dor. I made, I named—I praised—him, as you heard: and famed Von Rapidotz is Jack's own child.

Old Dor. What! (*With astonishment.*)

Young Dor. Mum! he's a poor emigrant from Switserland, who, having nothing to support himself, his children, and his wife, but some wild talent in the art of music, applied, in vain, to get employment—in vain, because he wanted name and reputation—I gave him every thing—I puff'd him as a prodigy, and all good-naturedly, so, take my word, that,—ha! ha! ha! whilst one hears him, where he never played, others huzza before they hear at all.

Old Dor. (*Smiling.*) Zounds! you most impudent——

Young Dor. Why, where's the harm, when thus they're in such ecstacy? (*Pointing to the room.*) He came here, express, to tell me, he had glorious offers now, and speak his own and his loved partner's joy—And, should it aid my partner—should it but lead to trade and to connection, I may regain an old friend's love, which, on my life, I covet from my heart; for, while yon senseless shouts afford no bliss, his approbation will secure my own.

Old Dor. It will—it will—(*Tearing the articles.*)

Young Dor. What! you are jesting.

Old Dor. No; quite (*Tearing on*) quite the contrary. (*Embracing* YOUNG DORIC.) Dam'me! I'll give another gala myself, and at this villa Dorville spoke of; and ask a certain person, called Olivia—and, name what settlement you please; don't stand upon a thousand pounds or two—a concert and a supper will soon settle that.

Young Dor. Thanks—thanks! and for my villa, consider it, at least, as half your own.

Old Dor. Half! we're partners, Jack—and, as I long to see it, and there's that old fiery, bully-loving Major, now brandishing his cane about the concert-room—come, I'll be off.

Young Dor. Do; and my chariot, which now waits to take home visitors, shall instantly convey you—and, when the concert's over, we'll have a quiet supper by ourselves, and drink success to harmony, Von Rapidotz, and trade—Come!——

Enter DORVILLE, *with a Servant, from Concert-Room.*

Dorv. Stay, sir—one word.

Young Dor. I can't—I must attend my uncle.

Dorv. What! to sign articles of dissolution?

Young Dor. No: quite the contrary.

[*Exit arm in arm with* OLD DORIC.

Dorv. Bravo! that's excellent—and, William,

since the Major cannot guess why Miss Tornado is detained so long, go see if she be coming.

Will. Lord, sir, there are such crowds of carriages and people, that 'tis impossible to see, or hear, or——

Dorv. No matter; he is so vexed at her delay, that I desire you'll obey him. [*Exit* WILLIAM.

Re-enter YOUNG DORIC, *laughing.*

What! what adventure now?

Young Dor. Oh! the best yet—the night's so dark, and there is such confusion 'mongst the carriages, that my stunn'd uncle, in his fright and bustle, seeing the door of a brown chariot open, coolly whips in, and, thinking it is mine, orders the coachman to drive home directly.

Dorv. 'Slife! and whose chariot was it?

Young Dor. I know no more than he does; but this I know, the servants were so drunk, that they mistook him for their master; for they all bow'd, and drove him off in style—and, let them land him where they will, be it a palace, or a private gentleman's, he'll swear it is his partner's villa, and call for half of every thing he likes. But come—ere this Olivia is arrived.

Dorv. No; and I guess the cause—she is detained by this Miss Stoic;—and, now I recollect—what colour is the Major's chariot?—don't it resemble your's?

Young Dor. It does; and, should they drive him to the Hermitage?—Mum! we'll ask directly—and, as 'tis clear she'd part me from Olivia, may honest Toby take her house for mine! for he's so hasty, and so obstinate, that, should they charge him to decamp, I shou'dn't wonder if he charged her too, and boldly march'd the hermit to the round-house.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Inside of the Hermitage.

Enter NICHOLAS, *drunk, with a Tankard.*

Nich. So! success to solitude! for the Major's gone to the concert, and Mistress and Miss Olivia are gone—and Mrs Aubrey;—no, she's not gone, because she's locked up in that sanctum sanctorum there. I believe somehow, I'm gone. (*Loud knocking.*) Now, for a guinea, that's the Major in his chariot. (*Going towards door.*) They say that too much ale, (*Pointing towards tankard,*) makes one see double; but, faith, for my part, I can't see at all—yes, I can; (*Looking out,*) I see, 'tis the Major.

Enter OLD DORIC.

Oh! your honour! (*Bowing and reeling.*)

Old Dor. What! you're as sober as the rest. Why, zounds! they reel'd Jack's chariot thro' the air: but, pheugh! (*Puffing himself.*) I'm safe at home at last—and, as I live, (*Looking round,*) our villa is a pretty partnership concern—so snug—so tasty. Supper, sirrah! (*Very loud and authoritatively.*)

Nich. Supper! Why, Major!——

Old Dor. Major! begone! [*Exit* NICHOLAS. —The coachman call'd me Major too: but 'tis their drunken folly.—And, now as senior Co. to pop on the best chamber, and best bed. (*Going to the door,*) Why this door's lock'd—and, as it seems, inside. (*Looks through the key-hole,*) What! a white petticoat! Oh, Jack! now, is this fair and equal by your partner? But I'll be quits with you, for, as

I'm first, and this, perchance, may prove the key, (*Taking it from the wall,*) I'll have my share. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter MRS AUBREY.

Madam, (*Bowing,*) you're welcome to our villa. (*Smiling, and putting up his chitterlin.*)

Mrs Aub. Your villa! no poor evasion, sir—Where is the owner of this miscalled Hermitage? who lured me to that secret room, and then, unknown to me, secured the door.

Old Dor. Hermitage! (*Alarmed, and looking about.*)

Mrs Aub. Aye, where is the artful Miss Stoic? But, to my joy, Major Tornado comes—and in so right a cause——

Old Dor. Major! what, that old fiery, bully-loving —(*Looks out*) Oh! oh! talk of the right cause, dam'me, I'm in the wrong box, and that rascal, Jack, has shoved me in the lion's den, without a partner to share half the mauling.

Miss Stoic. (*Without.*) Nay, brother, 'twas your sottish servant's fault.

Major. (*Without.*) S'blood! sister, I'll play the devil.

Old Dor. There! he'll play the devil! Not that I am afraid of a whole troop of Majors.

Major. (*Without.*) Granted.

Old Dor. Oh, Lord; he's here!

[*Exit hastily into door in back scene.*

Enter MAJOR TORNADO *and* MISS STOIC.

Major. Granted—'tis no fault of your's, sister; and Olivia is by this time safe at the concert; but, much as I'm prepared for rural sports, to miss her, and to miss my chariot; and, after walking home thro' rain and dirt, to find my servants all laid flat with that Arcadian leveller called ale——

Mrs Aub. Where is Olivia, sir?

Miss Stoic. (*Aside, and much agitated.*) How!

Major. Why, more rustic bliss! Mrs Aubrey! the chaise was fractured in a crystal stream——

Mrs Aub. I'll not believe it—no; why was I made a prisoner, madam? why thus confined?—

Miss Stoic. Confined! brother, 'tis well philosophy has steel'd my mind.

Mrs Aub. Philosophy! oh! when its source is virtue and strong sense, no system is more noble; but made the veil for worldly and ambitious views, 'tis a perverted term, and tho' it preach in saint-like language, it means, or leads to danger and destruction.

Major. Nay, when the world's so guilty, is there no merit in avoiding it?

Mrs Aub. No; for if it be as misanthropes describe, let them remain, and help to correct its guilt, nor cowardly forsake what true philosophy might vanquish; but 'tis in vain—I see she triumphs, where I hoped to please; and since my heart forebodes new danger to Olivia, alone, once more I'll succour and protect her.

Miss Stoic. Protect! brother, they're leagued to rob me of your friendship; and this false story of confinement well corresponds with their associate's tale of love, respect, and Seraphina.

Major. Associate! he! that old builder, who shall find I am the real Rollo Furioso. (*Shaking his stick.*) Madam, my sister's honour—(*Noise within of something falling*)—Why, what's that noise, and in your sanctum sanctorum? Oh, ho! (*Going hastily towards the door.*)

Miss Stoic. Hold! dare not approach that hallowed ground. (*Holding Major.*)

Major. Zounds! I will murder—(*Breaking from her, and getting near the door;* OLD DORIC *rushes out.*)

Old Dor. Don't—I ask pardon—and if you think I can defend that lady—(*Pointing to* Miss Stoic.) Quite the contrary. [*Exit.*

Miss Stoic. Sir, I insist——(*Going.*)

Major. Sister, one word—confess—impart where I can find Olivia; and if I can forget——

Miss Stoic. Go, ask the real culprits—ask of Sir Edward and his vile dependant, and for forgetting—I shall remember and resent for ever. [*Exit.*

Mrs Aub. Ask of Sir Edward! Oh! mercy!

Major. Come, best of friends; and, ruled by you, we will preserve Olivia still. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Cavern—an opening in the back Scene, and Yacht seen.

Enter Tom Tackle, *with three Sailors.*

Tom. Come along, my lads; for though this Mr Delinquent has brought the young lady safe into this cavern here, whilst we get the boat ready to receive her, yet, why shou'd she sigh, and hang upon him, and entreat him to take her away again? Look ye! I'll bet a seventy-four to a Thames wherry, he means foul play to Sir Edward—so, come, boys! first for the boat, then for our prize; and then we've done our duty by a noble, gallant master. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia, *following* Delinquent *from Cavern.*

Delin. Away! your eyes are basilisks.

Oliv. Oh! think—think how I was lured into your power—by apt contrivance, when the carriage broke,

you flew to my relief, and I, believing you'd befriend and pity——

Delin. Pity! for you! I need it for myself: for prove that reason holds, and the whole earth contains no bosom so unfeeling.

Oliv. 'Tis this that gives me hope—I'm sure you are no willing agent—(*Falls at his feet.*) and see—see at your feet one who, an hour ago, cherished the fond hope of being united to him she loved—now, sad reverse! alone, and guarded by a desperate crew, waiting to meet a worse than pirate's fury——

Delin. Forbear! it strikes me to my brain—my heart!

Oliv. (*Clinging to him.*) And if she calls for those who mourn her loss, none, none shall answer her but winds and waves, and thus cut off—thus torn from every friend—

Delin. Friend! who are your friends? my curses on 'em! for, had they watch'd you as they ought, you had been safe, and I——that's comfort still—I'm not more criminal than he, who, trusting to this fiend-like sister's power——

Oliv. How! Major Tornado!

Delin. Ay; your own father—who first forsakes you on a slanderous tale, and then conceding to Sir Edward's plots, unites, like me, with villains to destroy you.

Oliv. What! class the virtuous with such infamy!

Delin. No; link the author of such evil——

Oliv. Hear me! though direst vengeance be the sure result, I will not have his name, who gave me more than life, compared one instant with a wretched hireling, whom, much as I contemn, I more despise myself for having stoop'd to parley with such baseness.

Delin. Hireling! live I to—take my defiance then. (*Seizes her hand, and suddenly draws back.*) Gracious powers! does my sight fail, or—it is—(*Read-*

ing.) Lord Danvers' picture! (*Pointing to the picture hanging round* OLIVIA's *neck.*)

Oliv. Ay: and know, the man that you call villain, is but my father by adoption; for when the brave Lord Danvers fell, he charged him to protect his loved Olivia, and named her as his own; because, forsaken by her natural parents, they lost that right her generous benefactor claim'd.

Delin. (*Looking at her closely, and raising the hair over her forehead.*) Nearer—still nearer! Oh heaven! that strong, resembling look! your hand— (*Nearly fainting.*)

Oliv. Mercy! this strange, mysterious—

Delin. Soft! not a word—steal gently, or they'll hear—now, swift as lightening.—(*Trying to force her off with rapidity.*)

Enter TOM TACKLE, *and Sailors meeting them.*

Tom. So—we have caught you, sir—and you, false lady—part them this instant. (*Forces* OLIVIA *from* DELINQUENT, *and, with another sailor, stands between her and* DELINQUENT.)

Delin. Never! for wild and savage as I'm proved, e'en the tiger springs to guard its young; and nature arms a parent with such nerves, that if one moment she'll forget past wrongs, I'm gifted with a giant's strength, and thus rush on, to clasp my long-lost daughter to my heart. (*Forcing past* TOM *and Sailors, and embracing her.*)

Oliv. Father! forget! Oh! let me bend—(*Going to kneel.*)

Delin. To heaven! you had a father there. (*Pointing to heaven.*)

Tom. What!—she—you!—speak!——your own daughter?

Delin. Ay: and for her I sought my native land; for her I sunk to slavery and shame—and you, who boast an English sailor's name, and often conquer

by humanity, will you still fight in a seducer's cause? or, struggling for a father's rights, give him the means to recompence his child for crimes that make her shudder at his sight.

Tom. Oh! now I do understand, force has been used—and since Sir Edward is so main fond of public praise, we sailors will instruct him how to gain it—not by betraying, but protecting women—and for this paltry vessel, and the command,—that for 'em both!—better to serve before the mast, and die, as our brave comrades have, abroad, than sink a name which they have raised to such immortal glory.—Come, you've no time to lose—come to my mother's cottage, and I'll tell Sir Edward.

Delin. Do; tell him to imitate your bright example.—Oh! my Olivia! hereafter you shall know all that I dare reveal—but much as I've endured, this—(*Kissing her hand.*) this repays me!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Cottage and Villa outside. Practicable Window in Cottage.

Enter TOM TACKLE, *from the Cottage.*

Tom. Mess! I can't stand it—for, fond as I am of sea, yet, what with mother's sobbing, and this poor

father and daughter sobbing, I've had such doses of saltwater—and then this master I so loved, this false Sir Edward!—dang it! I know not how to steer, but this I know, he's waiting to be told she's safe on board, and should he find them in that cottage—Well, well, I'll do my best, and if I've luck enough to make this poor Delinquent swim, and bring my master to the port of honour, I shall bless fortune more than if I'd won Newmarket losings through the year.

Enter SIR EDWARD, *hastily.*

Sir Edw. So—I have found you, sir;—and by your long delay, I fear to ask—speak! is Olivia safe?

Tom. Quite—quite safe, your honour.

Sir Edw. What, my friend bore her to the ship?

Tom. He did—she's the nicest, the loveliest—but, begging your pardon, sir, the North's a long way off, and 'tis so much more real and genteel to marry in one's parish church, that, with your leave, I'll step to Parson Poppit's house—

Sir Edw. Hold, sir—instant conduct me to my prize.

Tom. What, to the vessel?

Sir Edw. Ay, to partake and glory in my triumph—Come.

Tom. To be sure, sir—I know my duty to a noble, tender-hearted master. (*Sarcastically.*) But since your friend has kindly kept his word, those bonds you promised in return (*With anxiety,*) are they about you, sir?

Sir Edw. No—they are not, sir.

Tom. That's lucky, very lucky; for, as I never had the means to free a messmate on my own account, let me on yours: give me your keys, I'll follow you on board: and, talk of glory and of triumph, I'd rather save one drowning friend, than sink a

hundred foes—though I can do that too whenever they insist on such a movement.

Sir Edw. Freedom to him!—who more than ever must conceal—never; but the reward I promised *you*, the purse that was to save your honour—here, take it.

Tom. What! save my honour at the loss of honesty! Come, come, sir, I'm not penny wise and pound foolish either; and for the sake o' justice (*Throwing the purse down.*) let it cast anchor there; for it will do more good in any hands than his who thus misuses what his friend so needs: I'll seek reward elsewhere. (*Going towards the Cottage.*)

Sir Edw. Stay, sir—you stir not. (*Following him, and stopping short on looking through the Cottage window.*) Heavens! that form! it is—Olivia in the arms of this detested wretch! and you to shelter—Confusion! let me pass, and since his fate is in my hands, thus I'll baffle and o'erwhelm them.

Tom. You cannot—will not!—he is—

Sir Edw. Her lover, villain!

Tom. No—her father!

Sir Edw. Father!

Tom. Aye, there's the treasure he so long'd to find; and think on how and where they met—think who reduced him to ensnare his own lost, doating daughter, and look, behold—(SIR EDWARD *turns away.*) what! I thought, I knew it, and I can feel for you as much as them; for I had rather fight the navy of the world, than face a friend so shipwreck'd and forlorn.

Sir Edw. (*After a pause.*) On what—on what have they resolved?

Tom. To sail to Italy, or share imprisonment. (SIR EDWARD *crosses hastily.*) Where, where be'st going, sir?

Sir Edw. Distract not, torture not with questions; follow me.

Tom. What, to atone?

Sir Edw. Atone! a common tale would not have check'd my design; but to persist in plunging in despair parent and child, long parted and thus found, demands that daring and ferocious spirit, which still, thank heaven, your coward master needs. Come, and receive the promised deeds.

Tom. Ay, and the purse too; for 'tis the present of a noble master now, and I am flatter'd by accepting it.

Enter MAJOR TORNADO, *behind.*

But, I say, hint not Sir Arthur Courcy is in England, or that 'twas he who forced away his daughter, because this Major and his hermit sister, these two field officers, ye see—

Sir Edw. I know, but let me hasten to repair my own heart-rending wrongs.

Tom. Do; and Sir Arthur will repair this old hero in his leading-strings; and so, sir, here go two men of honour! [*Exeunt.*

Major. (*Advancing.*) Arrived in England! he! her father prove to be the wretch!—Well, after this I have no hope of agitation, an earthquake couldn't move me; and I who pledged my sacred honour to Lord Danvers, ever to guard her from this worst of foes—I—they're right—quite right—I am indeed in leading-strings; but I will burst at once to manhood, and shew this base Sir Arthur Courcy —(*As he is going.*)—

Enter OLD DORIC.

Old Dor. Sir Arthur Courcy! what, of Rowland castle?

Major. Ay, once owner of that stately pile.

Old Dor. Stately indeed! for I was architect: I built, I alter'd, I improved; and while each town and

road-book pay me compliments, icod, they little think that's all I'm paid.

Major. What, not paid?

Old Dor. No: and when Sir Edward Specious wish'd to buy up my debt, says I, "the art of dunning, like the art of trade, consists in sticking close; and whilst a polish'd creditor, like you, might wait and wait, till doomsday, even attornies say, pay that old pestering Toby first, or we shall have no peace: and then you're call'd a gentleman, and get their thanks; I'm dubb'd a savage, but I get my money."

Major. You are the creditor I want: hark ye, he is in England now, somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Old Dor. The neighbourhood?

Major. And his wrong'd child, Olivia, whom I sought, she, she is in his power; but you can save her by confining him, and for the debt, I'll pay it ten times o'er; but I will part her from a wretch, whom pity, honour, and revenge—Come, this will do, I have the old heroic feel.

Old Dor. So have I: and whilst you are seeking him, I'll get the proper real officer, and, betwixt law and war—Say, shall I find you at the hermitage?

Major. No! I've had enough of hermitages; you'll find me yonder at the inn, where, worn with terror and anxiety, poor Mrs Aubrey now must hear, that 'tis this outlaw has ensnared Olivia, and by my credulous and restless—Look ye, if time should ever hang heavy upon your hands, find out some honest mode to fill it up, and not like me—Zounds! even now I'm wasting it—dispatch, restore her to my power, and the whole world combined—yes, Tornado is himself again. [*Exit strutting.*

Old Dor. Yourself! that's against you; for, in my mind, you'd better be any body else, and so perhaps had I, for I came here to see Jack yonder in his real villa, and hear the rogue's excuses, and now I'm go-

ing to confine the father of the girl he'd marry: Come, come, before I cross him in his love, let me first see I've not made a fool; let me be sure my partner's gain'd no customers, for a be his, that he 'scrivade and his bouncing; I'll take Sir Luther by the hand, and, as the father of my nephew's wife, tap all who tap him on the shoulder, ta! ha!—This is no bankruptcy I ope—no, no, this augurs property and trade.

[*As he is going to knock at the door of Vain, enter from it Upholsterer and Wine Merchant hastily.*]

Uphol. Come along, we've sold him he's paunch out, and now we'll take another van to match this swindling prodigate: come, quick, quick.

Old Dor. Swindling! what swindling?

Uphol. Why, this young fashionable Mr Dorvil; and if, like us, you are a creditor, 'tis fair to give you notice, he hasn't changed his expences!

Old Dor. No!

Uphol. No! but his partner has, one Toby Dorvil, who expects great building contracts from his influence! he, he shall pop the paper, and we are upon the search! mum! he is put for all.

[*Exit with Wine Merchant.*

Old Dor. No, but he will be in a swindling, no when he works upon his own account, 'tis by the job, and not the day, as quick as he can do it.

Enter from the house YOUNG DORVIL, *with papers in his hand.*

Young Dor. [*In a melancholy tone.*] Partner! Partner! won't you take your share!

Old Dor. No, you are welcome to the whole concern.

Young Dor. What not so halves in these small memorandums, partner! And 'tis no fault of mine; the mayor, a sculptor by profession, so wish'd to make Van Rapkin's bust; and the two wives of

leading alderman so struggled for my company and his, that here's a contract for the new town-hall, another for the bridge; and, since the profit's all my own, I will go sum up my account: debtor for parties, a few paltry pounds: per contra creditor, for trade, enough to make me partner to Olivia.

Old Dor. May I believe you, Jack?

Young Dor. Why, if you don't you're very singular, for with all else I'm quite Sir Oracle, except when I confess that I am poor; then they would rather trust me than my word; and even there they're safe; for, bless the corporation! here's a receipt in full of all demands; and for the building part, (*Taking his arm.*) we are the two main pillars of the art: I the Corinthian, you the Gothic order.

Old Dor. I Gothic—I—(*Smiling.*) Jack, you're no fool, and, start quack doctor, orator, or conjuror, I'll back your tricks, and be your partner still; but now for your betroth'd, of whom I've much to tell you as we walk.

Young Dor. Have you? away then; and I long to hear of the wrong carriage, and wrong house; ha! ha! it is a merry world; and there are fools that love it for its folly: we are the wise, who, revelling in its sports, get trade, get laugh——

Old Dor. Good cheer——

Young Dor. And social love! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest, and distant View of the Sea.

Enter OLIVIA *and the* DELINQUENT.

Oliv. Nay, father, I'm resolved.

Del. 'Tis well: to part were more than nature

sure could bear; but still to share an exile and an outlaw's fate, and, galling thought! to sacrifice at least one valued friend, the kind Mrs Aubrey—and for him who aggravates his guilt, by thus ensnaring and involving you!

Oliv. No, no, the friends I leave are prosperous and free; and what if guilty? you are still my father; and I, your daughter, should more guilty prove, if in affliction I'd another thought but that of aiding and consoling you—Come.—Oh, if hereafter I should claim a recompence, 'tis to be told more of my mother than that Lord Danvers——

Delin. What more, Olivia! Have a care! the fever'd brain has ever one peculiar chord, which, touch'd, convulses it to madness.

Oliv. Well, well, 'tis past—lead on—(*Noise without.*) Hark! we're prevented.

Delin. (*Looking out.*) We are, and by Lord Danvers' friend; by him, no matter what his motive, who has so wrong'd and so neglected (OLIVIA *appeals.*) Nay, since at all hazards I have gain'd my treasure, I'm not so void of fortitude and pride, but, at all hazards, to maintain it.

Enter MAJOR TORNADO *hastily.*

Oliv. (*Flying to him.*) Oh! if you ever prized Olivia's peace, let me pass free.

Major. Rash girl! (*Taking hold of her.*) Thus, thus, I part you from a man, who, beggar'd by extravagance, sought safety for himself abroad, and left a virtuous, a lovely wife, to———

Delin. Hear me: was this Lord Danvers' story?

Major. It was, and, had he survived his wounds a few moments more, I should have known——

Delin. That 'twas my fate to marry with his daughter: I, who, in wealth, in honour, and fair fame rank' high enough e'en to gratify his ambition—I mad

her mine, and in a few short years this virtuous, lovely, (for she was both) yet young, unthinking wife, ruin'd an easy husband's ample fortune, and overwhelmed him with bankruptcy, with beggary—but I forget—there is her daughter, and though you dare to criminate her father, he scorns to shock her with her mother's errors.

Major. Paltry evasion! when ruin and when bankruptcy ensued, did she suggest to you degrading flight?

Delin. No—stung with shame and with remorse, wild with my own and other's wrongs, and past prosperity still nursing pride, I had not courage to oppose the charge, but fled an outlaw, and commenced a slave. To the horror of my state, I soon learn'd that my unhappy wife, still plunged in fashion's vortex, had so gall'd her father's pride, he took Olivia from her care, and whilst Lord Danvers sought in India for repose, your mother pined and died.

Oliv. Died!

Delin. Ay, and with her all the recollection of her faults; for though Lord Danvers and his friend have deem'd it manly to resent, I felt it nobler to forgive. And love for her, who still was faithful in her love, is all, Olivia, all that now survives. (*Embracing* OLIVIA.)

Oliv. Forgive her! oh, bless you! bless you! (*Embracing him.*)

Major. I can't stand this, I am again at my credulity; but I will rouse: so, sir, hear me. Are you the feeling father you profess?

Delin. Ah! sir——

Major. Is exile a loved daughter's reward? or will her sharing lessen your affliction?

Delin. (*Shewing compunction*) Oh, my child! my child!

Major. And, since your doom is lasting exile or

bondage, prove, prove you have no narrow, selfish thought, and welcome it alone; be great, (DELINQUENT *shews more compunction.*) be——what! you submit, you'll yield her to her friends?

Delin. Yield! (*Looking at* OLIVIA, *and struggling with himself.*) The torturing thought long struggled in my mind, but now it bursts, and I can proudly say, I am a feeling father: where is that friend who watch'd, who cherished, and has stored her mind with such transcendent charms, that 'tis past bearing to resign them: but 'tis decreed, she the best merits such a bright reward, and to her only will I yield it.

Major. What! what! Mrs Aubrey! look, she approaches, (DELINQUENT *trembles, and turns towards* OLIVIA.) and with joy I see her, for when she heard you were Sir Edward's agent, she shewed such agony, such——but this repays her. [*Exit.*

Oliv. Father! for pity—

Delin. Olivia! I am firm; farewell, and in a happier world—(*Weeping and falling on her shoulder.*)

Enter MAJOR *with* MRS AUBREY.

(*She is much agitated, and tries in vain to look towards* DELINQUENT—*the Major takes her hand.*)

Delin. Now then (*Advancing rapidly with* OLIVIA —MRS AUBREY *is turned from him.*) Madam, accept a grateful father's thanks, and, as the best return for all your tender and maternal love——

Mrs Aub. (*Turning round, and throwing herself at his feet.*) Plead, plead for me, Olivia: tell him that, struck with penitence and shame, I hoped the virtues of a duteous daughter might best atone the errors of his wife: and, to instill into her mind precepts my parents taught me to despise, I spread the report of my death, and as your monitor enjoyed those rights which as a mother I so justly lost: but

now my task's performed, and grieve not at our parting, child, for, blessed with such a father's love, you may defy adversity and exile.

Oliv. Mother!—Speak, father! speak!

Delin. I would, but tears prevent me. (*Embracing her.*)

Major. Now what a pretty figure do I cut! and, what with believing false evidence, and disbelieving true, I hope I shall never sit on a court martial; if I do, it won't be over in a hurry: but this I'm fix'd upon, you never quit your native land, while Indian gold or English valour can defend you.

Delin. Sir, 'tis in vain; besides Sir Edward, I've such mortal foes——

Major. So you have; there's that old architect.

Enter YOUNG DORIC *hastily.*

Young Dor. Pheugh! I'm out of breath, I've run so fast to be beforehand and forestall my partner and this sailor——Sir Arthur, you're restored to liberty; Sir Edward has released his debt, Doric and Co. have done the same, and, should there still remain one who'd enforce the outlawry, I and the Major here will give a ball, will pay the savage with his own bank notes, or, if that fails, hark'ye, (*Taking the* MAJOR *aside*) 'tis but to open the wrong chariot door, and Rollo-like, we'll shove him in a hermitage.

Mrs Aub. Restored to freedom! Olivia, unite with me again in thanking him.

Oliv. I do,—with heartfelt gratitude and joy.

Delin. Sir, you remember, that when last we met——

Young Dor. I do, Sir Arthur (*In a melancholy tone.*) I remember I left you out of my party, but if I luckily should get a wife, and a more roomy mansion, speak—(*Aside to* MAJOR *again.*) and I'll ask you to the wedding supper.

Major. He'll ask me to the wedding supper! What say you, Olivia? But here's the man.

Enter OLD DORIC *and* TOM TACKLE.

So, sir, are you quite hostile still?

Old Dor. No, quite the contrary: I come with this brave tar to offer freedom to Sir Arthur, and chains to that dear tricking rogue. Sir, (*Advancing and bowing to* SIR ARTHUR) we are only builders to be sure; but fashion being stamp'd more by long purses than long pedigrees, we from the city are the true beau-monde; and if you would but mix your noble house with mine—(SIR ARTHUR *smiles.*) You will? Jack, sign and seal, (YOUNG DORIC *kisses* OLIVIA'S *hand.*) and by your zeal, mind that the new firm prospers like the old one!—mind you're no sleeping partner, boy!

Major. (*Shaking* OLD DORIC *by the hand.*) I'll build another Rowland Castle, on purpose to employ this same unrivall'd architect; and in Northumberland, on purpose to restore Sir Arthur to his native rank; and all I ask is to be joined as partner in the firm; for draw for life on my benevolence, I'll pay your drafts, and thank you for accepting them.

Old Dor. (*Bowing*) Oh, gallant, penetrating Major—but you (*To* TOM TACKLE,) why don't you speak?

Tom. Because you won't let me: one walks before me, and t'other talks before me; but this I will say, here be the promised bonds, Sir Arthur, and I do hope that my unhappy master——

Delin. Shall be forgiven for his servant's sake. Major, henceforth we're brothers—and you, the chosen husband of Olivia, make home the haven of your hopes, nor at the loss of fortune, time, and fame, seek peace in crowds, or friends in fashion's blaze.

Young Dor. Right:—for 'tis in fashion as in gal-

vanism, there may be now and then some twitches of feeling, but 'tis always cold at the heart—and in one place alone will I give galas more—here!

Doric and Company, if you unite,
Hope to see company to-morrow night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN,

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gossamer,	*Mr Lewis.*
Bonus,	*Mr Munden.*
Mortimer,	*Mr Holman.*
Sambo,	*Mr Fawcett.*
Delville,	*Mr Whitfield.*
Costly,	*Mr Townsend.*
Charles Mortimer (*a Child*)	*Miss Gilbert.*
Farmer Blackbrook,	*Mr Thompson.*
Gregory,	*Mr Abbott.*
Waiter,	*Mr Simmons.*
Mrs Mortimer,	*Mrs Pope.*
Emily,	*Miss Mansel.*
Dorothy,	*Mrs Gibbs.*
Miss Gloomly,	*Mrs Mattocks.*

SCENE—Richmond and the Neighbourhood.

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A modern Inn on a grand Scale—Porticos, &c.

Enter COSTLY *from the Wing, and* WAITER *from the Inn.*

Wait. Welcome home, sir—welcome from Barnet races.

Cost. Thank'ye, Tom, thank'ye: look!—here they are, you rogue—(*Shewing money.*)—five hundred by the sweepstakes!

Wait. What, the favourite won I suppose, sir?

Cost. No—lost!—lost on purpose:—hark'ye, Tom—as there are false dice at hazard, so there are false jockies on the turf—we knowing ones can load both when we like—heh, you take, Tom?

Wait. I do, sir; and I wonder who'd take you for

a landlord:—instead of being master of the new hotel, one would suppose you one of the first men in the county.

Cost. And so I am one of the first men in the county—isn't that the largest house, and don't it contain the best card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and ball-room in the county?—and, if you come to that, who in the county keeps so many servants and carriages, or gives such dinners and suppers, as I do?

Wait. True, sir; and if they talk of hospitality—

Cost. Ay; if they talk of hospitality—do any of them make so much of their visitors as I do?

Wait. No; that they don't, I swear, and that's what puzzles me—whilst our house is always crammed with customers, the Red Lion over the way is deserted!—and yet old Boniface only charges half the price that you do.

Cost. That's it—that's the very reason—your best customer is your rich cockney; and he always stops at the dearest inn—always—for he fancies nothing good that's not expensive, and judges of the quality of an article by the quantity he pays for it.—For instance now; turtle!—do you imagine half the citizens who eat turtle like it?—no; but it must be good, because it is so d——d expensive!—(*Mimicking Aldermen.*)—therefore, let Boniface charge as high as I do——

Wait. I understand, sir:—but that would be very difficult.

Cost. Difficult!—impossible—but it can't be helpt—in towns like Richmond, where the season is short, the bills must be long, so—hush, here's company—now to business—(*Putting himself in order.*)

Enter DELVILLE, MRS MORTIMER, *and* CHARLES.

Cost. This way, madam, this way!—Tom, shew the Golden Fleece.

Mrs Mort. No, no; there's no occasion—this

young gentleman has been prescribed change of air by his physicians, and if you could recommend us lodgings, sir——

Del. My dearest cousin, leave every thing to me —walk into the hotel—take some refreshment, and Sambo shall look through the town, and find lodgings for you.—Come, come—you can trust the black, I'm sure.

Mrs Mort. Trust him! ay, with my life!—Poor Sambo! how amply has he profited by the education you have given him!

Del. He has indeed:—brought from his own country at six years old, and train'd up 'midst all the follies and dissipation of London, though his head has been enlighten'd, his heart remains uncorrupted.

Enter SAMBO. *His Dress—a white Jacket, Silver Shoulder-knot, white Waistcoat, glazed round Hat, Gold Band, Cockade, Boots, and Leather Breeches.*

Del. Sambo.

Sam. Sir!

Del. See what lodgings there are in Richmond, and bring word to me and Mrs Mortimer at the hotel.

Sam. (*Alarmed.*) Lodgings, sir!

Del. Ay, sir; we want some directly.

Sam. *We* want some!

Del. Yes; don't you comprehend, sir?—Now, cousin, pray, pray be persuaded.

Mrs Mort. Well, since you will have it so—Come, Charles—oh, Mr Delville! when, when shall I repay you for all your kindness and attention?—(*Exit with* CHARLES, COSTLY, *and* WAITER, *at the Hotel.* DELVILLE *is following;* SAMBO *stops him.*)

Sam. Sir, I hope you'll forgive me—I hope you won't be angry with me, sir—but—but—

Del. But what, sir?

Sam. Perhaps you don't recollect that Mrs Mortimer is a married woman, sir?

Del. A married woman!—and what then?

Sam. Then she has a husband, sir—a husband who once saved my life!—saved me when drowning; and you were pleased to thank him, and say he had conferr'd so great an obligation——

Del. I know I did, sir:—and still—what then?

Sam. Then, with submission, sir, is this the way to repay it?

Del. Silence!—how often have I told you not to touch on this subject?—if a beautiful woman will throw herself in my way; if, as soon as her husband goes to Gibraltar, she will continually invite me to her house—consult me in all her affairs—accept money from me——

Sam. Accept money from you, sir!

Del. Ay: at this moment, don't Mrs Mortimer owe me above five hundred pounds? and, after all these proofs, do you suppose she has no other motive for coming out of town with me, than her child's health?—Oh, I see it all—and, as it's impossible to persuade her not to love me, I'll e'en be kind, and give her love for love.

Sam. Don't—don't be rash, sir: and as to persuading her not to love you—leave that to me—I'll do it directly.

Del. You do it, sir!

Sam. Yes, sir; I'll tell her how you pursue your studies in the Temple!—that you leave me to do all the law business, and while I'm copying out pleadings in one room, you're writing love verses in another. —I'll tell her of a certain opera dancer, and remind her, though your good qualities are beyond naming, yet, where women are concerned, you're so thoughtless, and so desperate, that—Oh, I'm often rude enough to wish there was'nt a gown or petticoat in the world!

Del. Psha!—go where I ordered you, sir; and for the future no impertinence, Sambo:—cease to interfere in matters that don't concern you.

Sam. Nay, but this, sir——

Del. How! do you demur?—recollect who you are.

Sam. I do—I am your slave.

Del. No—not my slave—I gave you liberty.

Sam. You did, sir; and that made me your slave. —Gratitude has bound me faster to you than all the chains of Africa! 'Tis now fifteen years since you brought me to England; during which time you have fostered me, educated me, and treated me more as a brother than a servant!—and now, when I warn you of your danger, you call it impertinence!—Ah, sir!—rather say 'tis selfishness; for my fate is so involved with yours, that if your heart bleeds, Sambo's will break, I'm sure.

Re-enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir; the lady—Mrs Mortimer is asking for you.

Del. There! I've been neglecting her, and listening to your African philosophy:—go, sir—begone directly—nay—no reply—go see for the lodgings directly.—(SAMBO *exit.*)—Plague on the fellow's conscientious language!—he has made me half a coward, and I begin to feel——

Wait. Sir—won't you go to the lady?

Del. True, true:—I am too far embark'd—shew me to her; and as the man says in the play—"Let me run into the danger to avoid the apprehension!"

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street in Richmond.

Enter Miss Gloomly *and* Dorothy.

Miss Gloom. How! it can't be, Dorothy—Mrs Mortimer and Mr Delville eloped together?

Dor. Even so, ma'am:—as sure as you're the first of sentimental writers, an elopement!—I saw them stop at Costly's inn, and get out of the same post-chaise; and here!—here'll be fine work when Mr Mortimer comes home:—first there'll be a duel—then there'll be a divorce—then he'll be single again: and then—ah, ma'am! I see you can't help smiling at the thought of Mr Mortimer's being once more a bachelor.

Miss Gloom. I smile! fie! for shame, Dorothy.

Dor. Nay; say what you please, ma'am; but though the faithless man rejected you, and married your niece, yet, as your own Artemesia says, "his name is never utter'd, but you feel the most tumultuous animation!"

Miss Gloom. Animation!—agitation, child—will you for ever misquote me?—but I own my virgin weakness, Dorothy, and acknowledge I shouldn't break my heart if Mr Mortimer were once more an insulated being.

Dor. Then why not write and inform him?—

Miss Gloom. To confess the truth, I have written to him—two months ago I sent him a letter to Gibraltar, acquainting him with his wife's conduct toward Mr Delville, and, as he was soon to return to England, advising him to hasten his departure—To be sure I was rather early in my intelligence, but I

knew nothing would so soon bring him to my presence as a little harmless scandal about his wife.

Dor. Scandal indeed!—it's no longer scandal now I am sure: and Mr Mortimer will be all gratitude and love, and——

Miss Gloom. I hope he may: but if he a second time disappoint me, I know how to be amply revenged:—I can marry his uncle, the rich stock-broker, whenever I please:—but of that another time—now how to bring about the divorce? how to get evidence?

Dor. Evidence!—Oh, if you want a witness, suppose I sift Sambo—Mr Delville's black?

Miss Gloom. Do—find him out directly, and in case he's not communicative—here—bribe him—— (*Gives* DOROTHY *a purse.*)—I'll wait for you at home; and mind you're attentive.

Dor. Attentive! ah, ma'am!—I only wish Mrs Mortimer had minded your advice as I have done!—if she, like me, had passed whole days in reading your moral and entertaining productions—

Miss Gloom. Entertaining!—why the girl's mad! I never wrote any thing entertaining in my life.

Dor. Didn't you, ma'am?

Miss Gloom. No—all my works are calculated to excite sighs, and tears, and terror, and distress—in short, to make people unhappy—and I hold laughter to be of so low and immoral a tendency, that, in the thirty-six volumes I have published, I defy you to produce a single joke.

Dor. Well! that's true enough: and they certainly do make one unhappy.

Miss Gloom. Oh, they do, do they?—then that's the real fine writing—but see!—the black's coming this way—I'll leave you together; and if you succeed in your cross-examination, you shall not only be handsomely fee'd, but I'll read you a manuscript of so distressing a nature, that your features shall never be vulgarized by a smile again! [*Exit.*

Enter SAMBO (*Looking about.*)

Dor. Ah, Sambo—how d'ye do, Sambo!—why, what are you looking for?

Sam. I was looking for lodgings, Mrs Dorothy.

Dor. Lodgings!—um—what, for your master and Mrs Mortimer, I suppose—(SAMBO *looks astonished:*) nay, I know all about it—I know they've eloped together—and, hark'ye, Sambo—my mistress is so anxious about a divorce——

Sam. A divorce!—oh, oh; what, that's her object?

Dor. Her object, sir?

Sam. Ay: is it for that she persuaded Mrs Mortimer's father to disinherit her, and Mr Mortimer's uncle to desert him?—and when poverty drove him abroad, and separated him from his wife, was it for that she shut her doors against her?

Dor. No matter—serve her right, sir—how dare she marry Mr Mortimer, when she knew my mistress was in love with him? But the divorce, Sambo—let's talk about the divorce—In the first place, Miss Gloomly wants your evidence——

Sam. My evidence!

Dor. Ay: and in the second, to unlock the secret pleasantly, she has sent you these golden keys—(*Shewing purse full of guineas*)—here—take them; and now, Sambo.—(*Forces it into his hand.*)

Sam. (*Throwing the purse down.*) S'life!—does she think I'll betray my master?

Dor. Hey-day!—why not, sir?—when was your master so liberal?—did he ever make you a present of any thing so valuable?

Sam. I don't know—he made me a present of myself!—and, poor as you may think the gift, I'll not sell it for all the gold in the universe.

Dor. Not sell it!—if you come to that, it isn't the first time, I'll answer for it—no, Mr Negro—let me

remind you, that people of your complexion are often bought and sold.

Sam. And so are people of yours. Black men are not the only men that are bought and sold. Every body has their price; particularly chamber-maids: they are always knock'd down to the best bidder. But I didn't come to quarrel—so good day, Mrs Dorothy.

Dor. What! and you won't take the purse?——(SAMBO *shakes his head.*)—Dolt! blockhead!—I see you know nothing of the value of money.

Sam. Faith! not much—I spent my whole fortune one morning; for, though my ancestors all came from the gold coast, my patrimony could only purchase me a French-horn——so once more good day, Mrs Dorothy.

Dor. Mighty well, sir: but remember your evidence may be forced from you—take care a lawyer's not employed.

Sam. Do you take care a lawyer's not employ'd—I have studied the practice—in fact, I'm a sort of student of the Temple, and let me advise your mistress not to waste her money that way—bid her lay it out in French-horns, or any other instruments of harmony—but never let her buy discord, or corrupt fidelity with it, I entreat you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

View of Richmond, the River, Bridge, Hill, &c.

Enter EMILY.

Emi. Lord! Lord! who'd have thought of being laugh'd out of one's affection?—Had Mr Gossamer

been a serious, melancholy swain, I should have been on my guard; but he made love to me in joke, and I couldn't help returning it in earnest!—and here!—my guardian has sent me to his country-house, to keep me out of his way—but I don't care—Mr Gossamer is a man after my own heart, and he has promised to write to me!—and I've sent Gregory to the post-office; and if there be but a letter——

Enter GREGORY.

Emi. Well: what news, Gregory?—has my dear Mr Gossamer kept his word?—Come now—quick, Gregory—quick.—(*Laying hold of him.*)

Greg. Lord! what a madcap you are, miss!—no wonder at your loving such a Merry-Andrew gentleman as Mr Gossamer—but here it is!—here's the letter.

Emi. (*Snatching it from him.*) So it is!—in his own dear facetious hand—now for it: (*Reads.*)

"My dear Emily,

"Since you were sent into the country, I ventured to make one more application to your guardian, and he actually order'd his servants to turn me out of doors—consequently, I determined to have some sport with him; and I've the pleasure to inform you, I began hoaxing him yesterday."—

I'm glad of that!—a'n't you, Gregory?

Greg. Yes: that I be, miss—though, hang me if I know what hoaxing means?

Emi. Don't you?—why it's all the fashion!—to hoax a person is to make a butt, a fool, a laughing-stock of them—and Mr Gossamer is so celebrated in the art, that—but Lord! where was I? (*Reads on.*) "I shall soon follow this letter; and in the meantime, recollect the world is full of vexation and disappointment, and therefore copy my motto, and Laugh when you can!

GEORGE GOSSAMER."

There now! only think of my guardian's refusing his consent! and if I marry without it, I lose all my fortune; and Mr Gossamer is a lord's younger brother, and they've never any money, and—heigho! —come, Gregory, I may as well return to my prison.

Enter DELVILLE.

Del. Miss Emily, an old friend and school-fellow of yours—Mrs Mortimer—

Emi. Mrs Mortimer, sir?

Del. Is now at the hotel, and seeing you from the window, sent me to——

Emi. I'll wait upon her directly—Come, Gregory, now I may consult her about my love affair; and, indeed, I hope Mr Gossamer will make haste and get my guardian's consent—for I wish to be married —that I do;—nobody knows how I wish to be married—dear me! nobody knows how much I long to be married!—Sir, good day.

(*Curtsies to* DELVILLE, *and exit with* GREGORY.)

Del. So, whilst she and Mrs Mortimer converse together, I will myself see for apartments, and come what will we never part again—heh! who's here—as I live, my old college friend—the laughter-loving Gossamer!

Enter GOSSAMER.

Del. What, George!

Goss. What, Ned!—Ned Delville!

(*Shaking hands.*)

Del. Why, I haven't seen you these hundred years —but I've heard of you—ah, George! George!—I'm told you're as great a boy, and play as many monkey tricks as ever!

Goss. Then you're told right, Ned—I leave you and other wiseacres to follow serious, grave pursuits —for me, I'm fool enough to study mirth and mer-

riment; and as long as I'm a man I hope I shall be a boy!

Del. Well, well!—I see there's no reforming you—so tell me what brings you to Richmond, George?

Goss. A fine girl and thirty thousand pounds! I love them both with all my heart and soul.

Del. And do they love you?

Goss. To distraction!—both ready to jump into my arms!—only the guardian, he's a little troublesome—but you know the old way—play with him like a trout—tickle him into consent.

Del. Take care, George: for how often at Westminster and at Oxford, whilst planning to trick others, have I seen you trick'd yourself?

Goss. Never: since I took to the glorious profession, never had the worst of it.

Del. No? why, don't you remember the boyish trick I play'd you at the Sun Inn? Didn't I lure you into the attorney's bed-chamber, and coax you to let off squibs and crackers, in order to get you into a law-suit?

Goss. You did—you did—and when the ceremony was perform'd, didn't I run out of the room, lock you in, and leave you to pay all the costs and damages?—I say, there I hoax'd you, Ned!—Then again, the bet about the hogshead of claret?

Del. Psha!—nonsense—that was many years ago: I defy you to succeed now.

Goss. Don't—don't defy me, Ned.

Del. Why, s'life! have you the impudence to suppose you could make a butt of me now?

Goss. Of you or any man living: and if you chuse to bet me another hogshead of claret!—but you won't—you've bought experience—the burnt child, you know—heh! Ned.

Del. Zounds! I've a great mind to accept your offer, on purpose to make you pay for your presumption.

Goss. Do: I'd take it as a favour, Ned—Do let me once more make a laughing-stock of you? Do bet me a hogshead of claret, that before to-morrow morning I don't play you as fair a trick—

Del. Before to-morrow morning? Well—since you provoke me—it's a bet.

Goss. (*Embracing him.*) My dear fellow, thus and thus let me return you thanks!—I'll go to work directly—I'll go drink one bottle of Costly's claret, the better to secure whole dozens of yours!—I'll—but hold—hold—where am I to find you?

Del. At the hotel.

Goss. That's enough!—and remember now—no quibbling—if it's as fair a trick as the others, you'll acknowledge the wager's mine.

Del. Agreed! and by making you smart for your folly, I hope I shall shame you out of a conduct devoid of all feeling, sense, and morality!

Goss. Morality!—nay, now—what system is more moral than mine?

Del. What! why that of rationality—of sentiment.

Goss. Sentiment! psha!—where one rascal is preach'd or lectured out of his vices, thousands are laugh'd and ridiculed out of them: and because I'm cheerful, don't fancy I want feeling!—no; I've as much sensibility as graver men; but the world is full enough of misery, and rather than add to it, I often dress sorrow in smiles, I promise you—so be on your guard—remember the attorney—and laugh—laugh when you can, my boy! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another View of COSTLY'S *Inn.*

Enter COSTLY *and Waiter.*

Wait. (*Meeting* COSTLY.) Oh, sir! you're wanted, sir!— Alderman Plethora has been calling for you this half hour.

Cost. Alderman Plethora!

Wait. Yes, sir: he complains of bad treatment---he says his physicians ordered him to sleep in the country, and accordingly he came to your house to be snug and quiet——

Cost. Well! and was'nt he snug and quiet?

Wait. No, sir: he says the maid put him in a chamber over the billiard-room, and under the ball-room, so that he slept between two fires. Then you are wanted by the club---by the Sons of Friendship, sir---they complain of their wine---they say it's execrable.

Cost. My wine execrable?

Wait. Ay, they wonder such stuff can be sold by a landlord of your consequence---and they desire you'll taste this bottle of port yourself.

(*Waiter has a bottle in his hand.*)

Cost. I taste it!---do they want to poison me?---Damn me if I'd drink a glass of it for the profit of the whole pipe: no, no---give my compliments to

the Alderman and the Sons of Friendship---but, hush! somebody's coming---this way. (*Retires.*)

Enter DELVILLE, *from the Wing.*

Del. S'death! that he should arrive at such a time as this? (*Looks out*)---'Tis he! 'tis Mortimer himself!---and should he meet his wife, all, all will be undone----perhaps he'll force her from me----perhaps persuade her to relent, and lure her to his arms ---Distraction! that must never be---she's now in my possession, and shall I risk the loss of her?---Landlord---a word with you---you don't wish to interrupt an amour, do you?

Cost. An amour, sir?

Del. Ay: if a lady and gentleman had eloped together, and were pursued by a brother or a husband, you wouldn't stop their progress, would you?

Cost. Not I, sir: always send them forward for the good of the road: and none pay better than your runaway lovers---that is, going down --coming back they lose their appetites, and call for nothing to eat or drink.

Del. Understand me then: the lady is in that detached part of your inn; and, in the first place, I wish nobody to come near the room; and, in the next, to have a chaise and four ready at the gate.

Cost. I take! it shall be done.

Del. Then, Mortimer, I defy you!---(*Aside*) and now, how am I to repay?

Cost. Repay!---Oh, don't you trouble yourself about that; I'll put it in the bill---whenever I oblige a customer, or a customer disobliges me, I always put it in the bill!---so mum---you go to the lady.

Del. I will: and mind now---reward yourself handsomely, I charge you.

Cost. Never fear---you shall have charge for charge, I warrant. (DELVILLE *exit into inn.*) Now observe, Tom; observe---(*Taking Waiter aside.*)

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. So! I can walk no further; bodily fatigue I can encounter cheerfully, but not the ceaseless labour of the heart—'tis here! 'tis here! I am exhausted! and though so near my journey's end, I fear I have not strength to reach it!---This inn may afford me a conveyance: I'll enquire.—Sir, (*To* COSTLY, *who takes no notice of him*)---sir, may I ask-——

Cost. Keep off: don't you see I'm busy?

Mort. I beg pardon: I thought you belong'd to this house.

Cost. I belong to this house! that's a very good joke---this house belongs to me---but, like other great people, I don't give dinners and suppers without expecting to get something by them;---and (*Putting his hand to his pocket*)—you take, don't you?

Mort. I do: I understand you well: but, when I tell you these feet have borne me a long and tedious journey of two hundred miles, and that I only ask a resting-place in some stage coach or return'd chaise——

Cost. Return'd chaise!—psha! (*Turns from him with contempt*)—Now mind, Tom, what I've told you, and I'll go give orders to the other servants. (*As he is going into inn,* SAMBO *comes out*)---Ah, Blacky, how d'ye do, Blacky?

Sam. Thank ye, Mr Landlord—thank ye.—(*Sees* MORTIMER.) Bless me! who is that gentleman?

Cost. Gentleman indeed! it's some poor devil who wants a return'd chaise.

Sam. And won't you let him have one?

Cost. No; he has no money.

Sam. Hasn't he! then I have—Oh! Mr Mortimer, don't you recollect me?

Mort. Sambo! faithful Sambo!

Sam. You once saved my life, sir, and may I lose it if ever I'm ungrateful—A return'd chaise!—Go---get

him all the chaises and horses in the inn; and though he has no money, Mr Landlord, I think, with submission, your profits might, once in a way, allow you to find a resting-place for a poor and weary soldier. —(COSTLY *and Waiter exeunt.*)—Well, and how have you been, sir?---and what brings you so unexpectedly from Gibraltar?

Mort. (*Producing a letter.*) This letter:---hear me—it calls your master villain—it charges him with such accomplish'd infamy——but since you know the truth or falsehood of the charge, read, and at once confirm or dissipate my fears.

Sam. This letter!—pray who is it from, sir?

Mort. From Miss Gloomly: and though I know her to be artful and censorious, yet would she dare commit her name——but read, and if you can, good fellow, relieve a doating husband from agonies too great to be endur'd.

Sam. (*Reading.*) "Sir, I think it my duty once more to apprize you of the growing impropriety of your wife's conduct towards Mr Delville.—They are become the talk of the town; and as you are soon to leave Gibraltar, let me advise you to hasten your departure; and if on your arrival you will call at my house, you shall hear more from your

Constant friend,
DIANA GLOOMLY."

Mort. There!—What say you, Sambo?—Is Delville the most deprav'd, and I the most accurs'd—— (SAMBO, *who has been trembling all the time, lets the letter fall.*)—Ha! what alarms you?—why do you tremble thus?

Sam. I—I tremble, sir!—bless you!—I—I don't tremble, sir.

Mort. No?—why, you shake, man.

Sam. It's an ague—nothing but an ague!—I brought it with me from the West Indies, and—and hadn't I better go order the chaise?

Mort. How! do you prevaricate?—then your master shall himself inform me!—Where is he?—in that inn, sir?

Sam. No—yes—but, but——

Mort. But what, sir?

Sam. Why—why, there's somebody with him—

Mort. (*Laying hold of him.*) Who is it?—speak directly, sir——

Sam. Not Mrs Mortimer, sir—upon my honour, not Mrs Mortimer, sir—and he's innocent, and she's innocent, and we're all innocent!—besides, if he were with her, 'twould be solely out of friendship for you—only to keep off other lovers—to——

Mort. Stand by—I will be satisfied—I'll see Mr Delville.

Enter GOSSAMER, *drunk, and meeting* MORTIMER.

Goss. You see Mr Delville!—save yourself the trouble—my business is much more important than yours, and even I can't see him.—(*Hiccups*)—D—n this landlord and his wine—I'm poison'd—poison'd, to a certainty.

Mort. (*Breaking from* SAMBO, *who holds him.*) Away! I'll know the worst.

Goss. (*Stopping him.*) Stop—I'll tell you a secret. Delville—our friend, Delville, has betted me a hogshead of claret I don't make a laughing-stock of him—now the business is half done—I've found out such a hoax for him—hark ye—(*Whispers* MORTIMER) he has elop'd with a married woman.

Mort. What?

Goss. He has carried off Mrs Mortimer—they are now in the hotel: and, in my mind, our friend's a d——d rascal for his pains—What right has he to make a gentleman unhappy?—to bring tears into the eyes of an honourable husband?—that's not my plan, I assure you—I always make people laugh

(*Observes* MORTIMER'S *agitation*)—no—not always —for my jokes don't seem to take now, I perceive.

Sam. (*Pulling* GOSSAMER'S *coat.*) No; for a good reason, sir: because——

Goss. Because you're the tragic muse—Avaunt, thou sable goddess!—and, sir, if you chuse to join with me, we'll—(MORTIMER *weeps, and takes out his handkerchief*)—Oh, oh!—some intimate friend, I suppose—What, you know Mr Mortimer?—pray, sir—no offence, I presume—was he very fond of his wife?

Mort. Fond! oh, he had no hope beyond her.

Goss. Poor gentleman!—I wish I was near him, to comfort him!—but courage! take courage, sir: perhaps it's not yet too late to save her—and I've a cursed comical head of my own, I can tell you—I have! and if, by one of my facetious stratagems, I can make a butt of Delville, win a hogshead of claret, and restore Mrs Mortimer to her husband, why then——come, I'm sure you'll laugh at my jokes then, won't you, sir?

Mort. Nay, nay, 'tis all in vain.

Goss. Not a bit—I'm now going to Emily, but I'll return instantly, and hoax him certainly!—and in the mean time keep clear of the tragic muse, and laugh—laugh when you can!

Mort. Stay, sir—but one question more, and the die is cast for ever—Did you see them together?

Goss. To be sure I did—not half an hour ago, I saw him on his knees to her; and now, because they're *tête-à-tête*, nobody must come near him—but courage, I say!—I'll save her—I'll restore her to her husband!—and if I do not, blame my head---- (*Putting his hand to his heart*)----not my heart!---- (*Putting his hand to his head*)----damn this wine---- (*Hiccups*)—poison'd, poison'd, to a certainty!

[*Exit.*

Mort. (*After a pause.*) Well, well---I'll resent it like a man.

Sam. Resent it!—don't, sir, for my sake—if my master must suffer, let the law punish him.

Mort. What will the law afford me?---a pecuniary atonement!—and when I've lost the only treasure that I covet, will millions purchase me a moment's peace?—no—though he sees I couldn't guard her honour, he'll find I've courage to assert my own---I'll go and——yet, hold—let me consider——

Sam. Ay, do, sir: consider for ever, rather than hurt my dear master.

Mort. My boy!---my only child!---should it be my lot to fall, what will become of him?---his mother is no longer fit to educate him, and therefore let me claim Miss Gloomly's promise, made to her brother on his death-bed---yes: that shall be my first employment, then expect me, Delville!---Sambo, you'll find me at yonder inn.

Sam. Nay, sir: but suppose you were just to see Mrs Mortimer——

Mort. See her! what! to be despis'd, insulted, triumphed over?---no---no---I will not condescend to let her know my sufferings.

Sam. Well; but if I see her, mayn't I mention—

Mort. No, sir, do not name me-—and yet---- (*Pulling her picture from his breast*)---since she's another's, and I'm no longer privileged to wear it, give her back her picture---Ah! 'twas my companion in many a cheerless hour—I passed whole days in gazing on its charms; and even now, I tremble as I look, and tears of pity and of love fall as I part with it!---(*Weeping, and kissing the picture.*)

Sam. Do—pray, sir, let me tell her all this.

Mort. No:---but you may say, in memory of our past affections, I'll keep the bitter secret to myself—I'll not proclaim her errors to the world:—tell her, I may condemn, but I will not expose her! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Hotel—Folding Doors in the back Scene.

Enter MRS MORTIMER *hastily.*

Mrs Mort. Can this be Mr Delville?—can he believe what he affirms?—I encourage his addresses! I give proof of love!---Oh! he knows as little of my heart as I have known of his---but I begin to understand him now—the friend breaks forth into the lover! and amongst the various hardships of our sex, I might have known men cannot be our friends—they talk of friendship, but their thoughts are love!

Enter SAMBO.

Speak, Sambo---you---you can vindicate my innocence---have I, even in the slightest degree, once taught you to believe I loved your master?

Sam. Don't—don't ask me, ma'am---I'm no judge.

Mrs Mort. How! do you conspire against me?---Oh Heavens! on what grounds am I accused?—is it because, at his own request, I suffered him to accompany me and my son to this place---surely, as my relation and friend from early life, there was no great impropriety or proof of love in that?---is it, then, because he persuaded me to accept money from him?---alas! imperious necessity compell'd me, and but for his timely assistance, I and my poor child must have been reduced to misery and want!

Sam. Indeed, madam!

Mrs Mort. Yes: Mr Mortimer, out of his small pay as lieutenant, could remit nothing for our sup-

port; and his family and my own had driven me to distress---to despair---but, thank Heaven!---not to dishonour!—(*Kneels.*)----No, Mortimer!---if, since the day we parted, I've been untrue to you, in action, word, or thought, may I meet the greatest punishment on earth—your anger, your disdain!

Sam. "Dear Yanko say, and true he say!"—(*Singing and dancing.*)---Then it's all a mistake---all a big, odious, scandalous lie---Bless my soul!—how could the report have originated?

Mrs Mort. No doubt in the conceit of a coxcomb—in your master's vanity.

Sam. And in Miss Gloomly's slander; and, begging your pardon, madam, in your own thoughtlessness—don't be angry—but the world judges by appearances, and when I'm married, I shall request of Mrs Sambo——

Mrs Mort. Then the world judges falsely—Virtue is artless, free, and unsuspicious---'tis only vice that glosses o'er its crimes; and to the truly innocent, the censure or applause of gossip tongues is equally indifferent!---But I will go and——

Sam. Go!---I say---where will you go to?

Mrs Mort. Alas! I know not.

Sam. Don't you?---then I'll tell you---you'll go to your husband.

Mrs Mort. My husband!---oh, the very thought revives me---the sight of him is all I hope and pray for---but ah!---he is far off.

Sam. Far off, is he?---hem!---look---who gave me this picture?

Mrs Mort. That! why, 'tis the same I gave Mortimer——

Sam. I know it: and it's the same he gave me—now, not five minutes ago—and he press'd it to his heart, and kissed it! and now, if you'll go with me, he'll press and kiss something else.

Mrs Mort. How! what mean you?

Sam. Mean!—that you don't suppose he'll prefer paint and ivory to the pure flesh and blood of the original?—Come along—he's over the way—at the opposite inn; and if my master could feel as I do—if, like me, he knew the pleasure of bringing a fond couple together, I'm sure he'd never have the heart to part them.

Enter DELVILLE.

Del. Heh!—where are you going, sir?

Sam. Going, sir!—I was going to deliver this lady to her husband; and I was saying, sir, that if a man knew the pleasure of bringing a fond pair together——

Del. *(Pulling* SAMBO *from her.)* Be gone—leave the room this instant, sir—and, d'ye hear, for your life, don't let us be interrupted.

Sam. Not interrupted, sir!

Del. No—she has made a dupe of me, and I'm resolv'd to be reveng'd.

Sam. Reveng'd!

Del. Ay: cann't you guess my meaning?—Hark ye!—she and Mortimer shall never meet again.

Sam. Not meet!—what! you'd detain her?—you'd—*(Catches hold of* DELVILLE *by one hand, and points to* MRS MORTIMER *with the other.)*—Look at her, sir—she is now innocent!—her husband, after a year's absence, is waiting to embrace her!—her and his only child!—look, I say, sir; and then tell me, if, even in my uncivilized country, a being can be found savage enough to part them?

Del. How! again this insolence!—have a care, or I may find means to send you back to that uncultivated country.

Sam. Do:—send me where you like—let me toil, fret, and be treated like a slave—only don't let me see the master of my heart descend to actions which will embitter his life and my own for ever!

Del. Look ye, sirrah—you but increase my desperation; and if you do not instantly leave the room, force—force shall be employed.

Sam. Well, I'll save you the trouble, sir—since my remonstrances have fail'd, I am not the proper person to contend further—What shall I do?—suppose I apply to Mr Mortimer—no—no—murder will be the consequence—suppose—gad! I have it—lucky, lucky thought. I'll go—I'll go.

Mrs Mort. Stay—don't leave me, Sambo.

Sam. Don't be afraid, ma'am—my master will soon be put in good humour:—at all events, I'll wait within hearing; for though I know my obedience as a servant, I'll shew him I hav'n't forgot my duty as a man! [*Exit.*

(DELVILLE *locks the door.*)

Mrs Mort. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Del. (*Much agitated, and laying hold of her hand.*) Hear me, madam:—you've rais'd a flame I cannot now extinguish, and should it prove most fatal to us both, you have to answer for the consequences—better than life I love you, and but with life I'll part with you.

Mrs Mort. How! not part with me?

Del. No—Love, uncontroulable love, urges me to the glorious enterprise! and let Mortimer call me to the field, or make me pay the forfeit of the law, in either case my life and fortune shall answer the event.

Mrs Mort. Your fortune! ay, thus it ever is: the poor wretch who steals a purse the law condemns to death; but the exalted robber, who purloins a wife, and cowardly assassinates a husband's peace, pays a small penalty, which, in the modish circle of his friends, adds to his fashion, and establishes his fame!—but mine's a different case.

Del. Of that I think not; and be the penalty or

beggary or death, I'll think my happiness too cheaply bought!—(*Here he lays hold of her, and she breaks from him.*)—Nay; hope not to escape—the doors are all secured.

Mrs Mort. Secured! unlock them then, or I'll expose you, sir!—I'll call for help.

Del. That too is useless: the whole house is in my interest; and thus in my power—thus deserted by the world——

Mrs Mort. (*Kneeling to him.*) Oh! for mercy, Mr Delville—you once called yourself my friend!

Del. That time is past: at present I'm not quite master of my reason; and, if you wish to save me or yourself, accompany me abroad—leave Mortimer for ever.

Mrs Mort. (*Rising.*) No; I'd rather die a thousand deaths than raise one blush in a lov'd husband's cheek.

Del. (*Laying hold of her forcibly.*) Then I will force you——

Goss. (*Without.*) Help! murder! thieves!

Del. S'death! what interruption's this?

Goss. (*Without.*) Murder! the door! open the door, Delville.—(GOSSAMER *kicks open the door in back scene and enters; his hair is disordered, his waistcoat open, and he holds a handkerchief to his side, spotted with blood; in his other hand a pistol.*)—Support me! lead me to a chair! oh! oh! oh!—(DELVILLE *and* MRS MORTIMER *place him in a chair.*)

Mrs Mort. Mercy! what's the matter, sir?

Goss. Ask no questions. A surgeon—get a surgeon directly. I'm wounded, and in your cause, Delville—look—I'm not joking now, Ned. (*Tries to shew his wound, but, feeling pain, suddenly puts his handkerchief to his side again.*)

Del. Poor fellow!—how he bleeds!—Why, where did this happen, George?

Goss. Down stairs—with the club—with the Sons

of Friendship, Ned—I thought to pass a quiet day in their harmonious society; but dinner was hardly on table, when one amicable gentleman knocked another down—on which—ugh!—*(Feels pain, and puts his hand to his side.)*

Del. S'life! and did you take part in their dispute?

Goss. What could I do? one must be sociable, you know; and I kept cool, till I heard you call'd a scoundrel and a seducer!—then, Ned, I gave the lie: and then the president, who, out of pure friendship, carries loaded pistols in his pocket, forc'd one into my hand—another into my antagonist's; and we fir'd, till—ugh! stop this red sea—some lint—some styptic—or I faint—I die!

Mrs Mort. In my room there's a medicine-chest—I'll get it directly.

Del. Hold, madam: you must not stir!

Goss. Not stir! what, you are one of the Sons of Friendship, are you, Ned?—However, I won't die for any of you—so—I'll get it—I'll—*(Raises himself up, but, exhausted by the effort, falls back in the chair.)*

Del. Zounds! was there ever any thing so unfortunate? well, well—compose yourself, George—I'll get what you require, and return instantly—instantly, madam:—*(Looking and frowning at* MRS MORTIMER*)*—so hope nothing from my absence.

[*Exit at stage door.*

Goss. Is he gone, ma'am?

Mrs Mort. He is, and will soon bring you assistance: and you won't—you won't die, sir.

Goss. Yes: I shall—I shall die, ma'am; but—*(Changing his voice and countenance)*—it will be with laughing—ha! ha!—There I had you, Mr Delville.

Mrs Mort. What! don't you bleed, sir?

Goss. Yes, freely of claret, but not a drop of

blood! and I can afford it; for I've won a whole hogshead by the frolic!—But we're losing time—go to that door—Sambo, who told me of your situation, is waiting to conduct you to your husband—go, and for the fright I've occasion'd you, pray pardon me: I wish to laugh, but never at the expence of distress like yours.

Mr Mort. Sir, I'm all gratitude.

Goss. Nay, nay: I'm amply paid, and—Zounds! here's the butt again—here's Delville!—I must let the red sea flow on—*(Sits in the chair as before.)*—Mum! look out for Sambo.

Re-enter DELVILLE, *with a phial and lint.*

Del. So—now I think on't, this may be one of his tricks.—Come, shew me your wound, George?

Goss. Softly-- kneel down, and you'll have a better view.—*(*DELVILLE *kneels.)*—Now's your time—*(Aside to* MRS MORTIMER.—*Here* GOSSAMER *covers* DELVILLE'S *face with his waistcoat;* SAMBO *appears at a door in back scene, beckoning to* MRS MORTIMER, *and she walks tremblingly towards him.)*—Do you see any thing now?—*(Still covering his face, and* MRS MORTIMER *getting nearer door.)*

Del. No; nothing, sir.

(Here MRS MORTIMER *exit with* SAMBO, *clasping her hands, all gratitude to* GOSSAMER; *who, seeing she is gone, jumps up, puts his handkerchief in his pocket, and buttons his waistcoat.)*

Goss. Then do you see any thing now?—huzza!—there's a hoax for you!

Del. Confusion! where's Mrs Mortimer?

Goss. Where's my hogshead of claret?—Why, Ned! this beats the attorney!

Del. S'death and shame! I'll pursue her—I'll overtake and bring her back again.

Goss. (Holding him.) What! and trouble me to make you a butt again?—She is by this time safe

with her husband!—and now, Ned—now isn't mine a moral system?—A sentimental fellow would have shot you for your bad conduct—but I laugh you out of it: I let you live and reform! and if you will but copy the example of your honest negro, you'll enjoy that cheerfulness a good conscience can alone secure you.

Del. Psha! I have done with you—from this moment, farewell!—and, were you not beneath my resentment, you should hear from me.

Goss. And sha'n't I hear from you?—won't you send me the claret, Ned? won't you act like a man of honour?

Del. You talk of honour! you! a needy, fashionable——

Goss. There! there's more of the old cant again: because I'm fashionable, I cann't be honourable?—Oh, Ned! Ned! get rid of all your vulgar prejudices, and wherever you find virtue and merit, whether in the rich or the poor, the peer or the peasant, learn to respect and admire them: so, good night; and if you pursue Mrs Mortimer again, be sure I'll let the red sea flow again——"Oh! I'm dying! dying!—there—don't you see any thing now?"—(*Mimicking.*)—ha! ha! dam'me, there's a hoax for you!

[*Exeunt separately.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street in RICHMOND.

Enter MISS GLOOMLY *and* DOROTHY.

Miss Gloom. Amazement! Mortimer arrived, and not yet sue for a divorce?

Dor. No, madam: not half an hour ago I met him coming out of the Red Lion, and though he thank'd you for your letter, and acknowledged the truth of its contents——

Miss Gloom. What! though he is convinced of his wife's falsehood?

Dor. Ay, madam: though he is satisfied she has elop'd with Mr Delville, yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr Mortimer won't hear of a divorce.

Miss Gloom. Brute! idiot! and did he send no message, Dorothy?

Dor. None, madam: and when I ask'd him if this was treatment for the author of Artemesia, the Victim of Sensibility, and the Confusions of the Soul—

Miss Gloom. Effusions, girl! how often must I correct you?—Effusions of the Soul, besides elegies, sonnets, and other pathetic and moral publications! —Well! and what did he say then, Dorothy?

Dor. Nothing, ma'am: he turned upon his heel and left me.

Miss Gloom. Did he?—In addition to my other wrongs, did he treat my writings with contempt? Then I'll be reveng'd—Delville has ruin'd him in

love, and I'll ruin him in fortune!—I'll marry his uncle directly.

Dor. What, marry the rich stock-broker, ma'am?

Miss Gloom. Yes: I'll break through my awful vow of celibacy, and accept the long-proffer'd hand of Mr Bonus—go, while I'm in the humour Dorothy—go, find him, and be the herald of approaching love!

Dor. Oh; this will put Mr Mortimer for ever in your power—I'll go find the little citizen directly.

Miss Gloom. Citizen, Dorothy?

Dor. Nay, don't be angry, ma'am! but you must acknowledge, though Mr Bonus professes to be a complete country 'squire, yet, in fact, he is as arrant a cockney as ever heard Bow bells!

Miss Gloom. Nonsense, girl! isn't Mr Bonus always abusing the thick fogs of Cheapside, and praising the pure breezes of Surry?

Dor. Yes: and, when in Surry, where does he enjoy those pure breezes—where, but in card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and ball-rooms?—Except in the road to his villa, does he ever see a green tree; or, what's worse, though he has liv'd ten years at the bottom of Richmond-hill, has he once been on the top of it?—No, no—he is one of those who lead a London life in the country:—and see! here he comes, warm from the Stock Exchange! Now, now you may disclose the welcome tidings yourself, madam.

Miss Gloom. I disclose!——oh fie, fie, Dorothy! Have you no pity for a tender spinster? Have you no mercy on my maiden blushes?—No: be you my herald, whilst I'll go home and prepare for his reception: but observe, Dorothy, I will accept him only on condition that he never forgives, or even sees Mortimer, but at my express desire: tell him this, and then, as Artemesia says—who, by the by, is in her thirtieth edition—tell him,

To-morrow's sun gives Dian to his arms,
For rage has triumph'd over love's alarms!

[*Exit.*

Enter BONUS *and* COSTLY.—DOROTHY *retires up the Stage.*

Bon. Now, why, Costly—why will you be asking questions about stocks and the Stock Exchange, when you know I come out of town to be quiet and rusticate, and, in short, to pass my time in a pastoral, shepherd-like manner?

Cost. Well, but I want to buy some long annuities, Mr Bonus.

Bon. Psha! we're not in 'Change Alley—not in that feverish, shop-keeping place, London, now:—no, we're in the country: and now for rural intelligence—first, the assembly—what sort of a ball had you last Monday?

Cost. Cramm'd—overflowing, sir:—and so hot, that several ladies fainted.

Bon. There now! and I not amongst them!—I all the time snuffing the smoky air of London:—plague on it!—and cards—Had you many card-tables, Costly?

Cost. Above a dozen, sir:—and the quadrille party didn't break up till six in the morning.

Bon. There again! not till six in the morning?—Now, do all I can, there's no keeping these delightful hours in the city!—and Miss Gloomly—that cruel unrelenting maiden——was Miss Gloomly amongst them?

Dor. (*Advancing and courtseying.*) Nay, if you knew all, Mr Bonus, you wouldn't call her cruel, I'm sure.

Bon. Not cruel, Dorothy!—why, hasn't she for ten long years been the omnium of my affections?—haven't I doated on her for her love of retirement?

—adored her for her unexampled chastity?—But where is she?—will she take a rural walk with me?—will she go shopping, or to the library, or to the box-office of the theatre?

Dor. Theatre!—ah! you're a happy man, Mr Bonus—she'll not only accompany you to the theatre, but to church!

Bon. A church!

Dor. To relieve you at once from your suspense, she relents!

Bon. Relents, Dorothy?

Dor. Yes: partly in consideration of your long attachment, but chiefly at my instigation, she consents to become Mrs Bonus whenever you please.

Bon. Become Mrs Bonus!—ti di di, ti di—(*Pulling out his chitterlin, drawing up his head, &c.*)—Am I at last the chosen shepherd?—ti di di di!

Dor. Stop: there is a condition annex'd—your nephew Mortimer is arrived, and has behaved so ill to my mistress, that she insists you never receive him without her permission?

Bon. Granted—he had before offended me by marrying a woman without stock; but now, Costly, we'll have such a wedding—such a *fête champêtre!*—I'll invite the whole county; and may I buy in at ninety, and sell out at fifty, if I ever enter the bills of mortality again.

Dor. That's right, sir: and also give up your summer excursions to Margate:—for my part, I can't bear the sea.

Bon. No more can I: but when I go to Margate, it's for the sake of the rattling, the dancing, and the card-playing!—and what with being in the rooms all the morning, and in the libraries all the evening, curse me if I think I ever saw the sea!

Cost. Go to Margate and not see the sea!——ha! ha!

Bon. No: if a man want salt-water, can't he have

it in London? isn't there sea-bathing in the Thames, you blockhead?—But shew the way, Dorothy—shew me to your divine mistress: and when we're married, how the cards of invitation will fly about!—"Mr and Mrs Jenkins's compliments!"—and "Mr and Mrs Bonus's compliments!"——nothing but routes, balls, and galas:—oh! who would live in London, when such are the joys of the country!—Lead to Diana!—"Guardian angels," &c.

[*Exit singing*—DOROTHY *and* COSTLY *following*.

SCENE II.

A View near Richmond.

Enter MRS MORTIMER, EMILY, *and* CHARLES.

Emi. Avoid, forsake you!—why, Mr Gossamer assured me you had escap'd from that wretch Delville, and were now safe under Mortimer's protection.

Mrs Mort. And so I hoped to be: but when I arriv'd at the inn, where Sambo expected to find him, he was gone!—and, would you believe it, Emily?—all the consolation that a long-lov'd husband left me was this letter:—read, read, and pity me.

Emi. (*Reads.*)

"Madam,

"The circumstances under which I found you with Mr Delville, and the acknowledgment of your guilt made by honest Sambo, has so confirm'd the charges in Miss Gloomly's letter, that you must be sensible we can never meet again."

What, she has slander'd and defam'd you?

Mrs Mort. She has: she wrote to him at Gibraltar:—but go on.

Emi. (*Reads.*)

"And as the sight of our child would only heighten my affliction, and you are no longer in a situation to educate him, let Miss Gloomly fulfil her promise made to your father on his death-bed—'Should Mortimer and his wife be reduced to distress or separation, I solemnly pledge myself to become a parent to their child:'—these were her words, and that hour is now arriv'd!—I would say more, but 'tis impossible.

HENRY MORTIMER."

Here's blindness and credulity!—and Miss Gloomly—this censorious, slanderous—but it's always the case—out of ten scandalous stories, nine are sure to be invented by old maids.

Mrs Mort. And Sambo too!—he to take a part against me!—but I suppose he dar'd not vindicate my character, for fear of criminating his master's—Then should Delville imprison Mortimer for the debt I owe him, or should a duel be the result——

Emi. Nay, don't make it worse than it is—let's go directly in search of Mortimer.

Mrs Mort. Alas! I know not where to find him—and, therefore, to shew I'm not the disobedient wife he thinks me—to give the strongest proof of duty and affection, I'll instantly obey his orders—I'll deliver my boy to his new parent—I'll part with this, the only comfort that is left me.

(*Kissing* CHARLES.

Emi. How! part with him?

Mrs Mort. Ay, Emily: is it not enough to separate me from himself, but he must also tear me from his image!—Ungenerous Mortimer!—but, when we do meet, he shall at least acknowledge I can remember him, though he has forgotten me.

Emi. Nobly resolv'd—and, in the mean time, if Mortimer can be found——

Enter GOSSAMER.

Goss. Mortimer found!—that's out of the question—he's elop'd—he's run away now, and the claret and the red sea flow'd for nothing!—but that's for future thought—Bonus's marriage! there's the first object.

Emi. My guardian's marriage!

Goss. Yes; he has consented: and Miss Gloomly—the crying philosopher—she has consented—but mum!—the most material thing is wanting—I haven't consented.

Emi. (*To* MRS MORTIMER.) Now, my life on't, she marries him on purpose to make you and Mortimer bankrupts in fortune as well as in love.

Goss. That's it—that's the condition in the settlement—Mortimer and his family are never to get a shilling!—and you, Emily—she is such an enemy of yours, that you are never to get a husband.—Dorothy told me the whole business—but, as I said before, George Gossamer hasn't consented.

Emi. Psha! what signifies your not consenting?

Goss. What! every thing—hark ye!—hasn't Miss Gloomly depriv'd this lady of her husband, by writing a most slanderous letter?

Emi. She has.

Goss. Very well: then if I deprive her of her husband by writing another slanderous letter, won't it be a fair retort, and prove that the laughing philosopher is a match for the crying one?

Emi. It will: but you don't understand scandal well enough——

Goss. Don't I?—can't I write old Bonus word, "that there are certain reasons for a certain marriage—and that at a certain little cottage, there's a

certain little chubby, rosy, sturdy"——hem!—oh—leave me alone for hoaxing the old maid!——and now, Emily—now for the little vulgar citizen.——(*Going.*)

Emi. Vulgar citizen!—nay, Mr Gossamer; please to recollect I was born and educated in the city—

Goss. Well, and suppose you were, Emily?

Emi. Then say what you like, sir; but I'm sure there are a great many fashionable people who live the other side Temple-Bar.

Goss. True: so there are; for the Fleet, the Poultry-Compter, and most of the spunging-houses are on the other side of Temple-Bar!——but now to dip my pen in scandal—now to fight Miss Gloomly with her own weapons—and, that victory secure, depend on't, I'll find Mortimer, and laugh him out of his suspicions.

Mrs Mort. Generous man! I wish I knew how to repay your kindness.

Goss. Do you?—it's easily done: the next time we meet, let me see the smile on my countenance reflected on yours; for so far from wishing to have the joke to myself, believe me, I'm never grave but when my friends are so.—So adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs Mort. Pray Heaven he may succeed, for this marriage will undo us all!—but yonder I see Miss Gloomly entering her house—Come, Charles, let us lose no time in executing your father's wishes.——Sweet boy! and shall we meet no more?—am I in a little hour to lose both child and husband?

Emi. Don't, don't despair:——I'll go and make every inquiry after Mortimer, and when I find him, I'll so lecture him——

Mrs Mort. Nay, do not blame him—he is deceiv'd, my friend—and, though the cause of my unhappiness, I still must feel for his—yes, Emily, spite of his cruelty—though he for ever shuns me—yet shall my

constancy be so exemplary, that I will rather welcome poverty or death, than wound his honour, or disgrace my child. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at MISS GLOOMLY'S—*Glass Doors leading to a Garden—an Arm Chair turn'd half round—a Settee, and a large Table.*

Enter MRS MORTIMER, CHARLES, *and a Servant.*

Serv. Madam, I'll deliver your message to Miss Gloomly immediately. [*Exit into garden.*

Mrs Mort. Well, Charles, do you know that we must part?—do you know that you are to live here, now?

Charles. Live here, ma'?

Mrs Mort. Alas! 'tis your father's orders—he thinks me unworthy of so dear a charge, and Miss Gloomly is bound by a solemn vow to be a mother to you.

Charles. How! Miss Gloomly my mother?

Mrs Mort. Ay: 'twas her brother's dying request—she is pledg'd to adopt you; and that tender appellation, which hitherto alone belonged to me, must now be transferr'd to my enemy.

Charles. What! and must I call her mother then?

Mrs Mort. Your father wills it so; and, spite of his unkindness, we must have no wish or thought that is not his.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Miss Gloomly says she is much surprised at your visit, and, I'm sorry to add, declines the pleasure of seeing you.

Mrs Mort. How! can she——

Serv. That was her message, ma'am!

Mrs Mort. Unfeeling, persecuting woman! does she thus fulfil her promise—and to such a benefactor?—my father left her all that he possess'd; and though he died in anger with his daughter, yet for this little one, who never wrong'd him, he charg'd her to adopt him when requir'd—and is this her gratitude?—I'll not believe it!—I'll hear her refusal from her own mouth!—Shew me to her—nay, I insist.—(*Going.*)

Charles. What! sha'n't I go with you, ma'?

Mrs Mort. No, my child; your state of health will little bear fatigue.

Charles. Dear! I'm so sorry, and so weary—indeed and indeed I may call Miss Gloomly mother, but I shall never love her half so well as I do you.

Mrs Mort. Sweet boy! sit there, and be composed.—(*Kisses him.*)——Don't be unhappy, Charles; for though the world deserts us, whilst I have hands to labour, spirits to assist, and pride to encourage me, you sha'n't want protection or support, I promise you.—(*Places* CHARLES *in the arm chair, and exit with servant.*)

Enter GOSSAMER.

(CHARLES *falls asleep in the chair, which being turn'd round, he remains unseen.*)

Goss. So, through Dorothy's interest, here I am! and if I don't break off this detestable marriage, the Mortimers lose their fortune, Emily loses her husband, and I lose thirty thousand pounds—but here it is—(*Producing a letter*)—here's slander for slander, Miss Gloomly; and I defy all the old maids in Europe to stuff more scandal into one epistle—I'll drop it in the little stock-broker's way, and if I can but get him *tête-à-tête*—here he comes, and only Dorothy with him!—now for it—(*Drops the letter.*)—

there it is!—and I'll bet any gentleman a hogshead of claret, that the Sons of Friendship didn't make a greater laughing-stock of Delville, than this letter will of the crying philosopher!—but mum—I must observe. (*Retires up the stage.*

Enter BONUS *and* DOROTHY.

Bon. I tremble as I tread on this chaste ground!—but go and announce me—say the fond shepherd is come to give her his hand, his heart, his fortune!

Dor. I will: but remember the condition—you are to disinherit Mr Mortimer——

Bon. Granted—any thing—every thing—only let me be lord and master of the saint-like Miss Gloomly! (DOROTHY *exit.*) Ah! this it is to marry out of London—to select a sweet innocent country maiden, who is as much a pattern of rural simplicity as myself!—(*Kicks against the letter.*)—What's here?—(*Takes it up.*)—A letter directed to Miss Gloomly! and open!—All her correspondents must be people of sense and morality!—I've a great mind to take a peep at it!—I will!—for I'm sure it will instruct and improve me.—(*Reads.*)

"My divine Dian!—my angelic Miss Gloomly!"

Oh, from a female I suppose?—(*Reads on.*)

"I have just received your letter, informing me of your fatal marriage with an old waddling stock-broker, call'd Bonus!"

Upon my word, whoever you are, I'm very much oblig'd to you. (*Reads on.*)

"and if the postscript hadn't convinc'd me that our former intimacy was to continue, I'd have blown him, you, and myself into a thousand atoms!—My soul's in a conflagration!"

And so is mine, I'm sure. (*Reads on.*)

"But that satisfies me; and though Fortune crosses us, and Hymen parts us, yet Venus, Cupid, and another little boy, will for ever bind us in adamantine chains!"

Venus, Cupid, and another little boy!—mercy on me!—who can write such.—(*Looks at the letter.*)—"George Gossamer."—Bless my soul!—Why, can Miss Gloomly be acquainted with such a——surely she could never admit him under this immaculate roof.—(*Here* GOSSAMER *steals towards stage door, and tries to open it*—BONUS *sees him, and* GOSSAMER *assumes much embarrassment.*)—Heaven defend me!—why there he is, and trying to steal off unperceiv'd!—Very well, Mr Gossamer—I see you, sir—I see you.

Goss. No, you don't! you don't see me. (*Trying to escape,* BONUS *lays hold of him.*)

Bon. Hark ye, sir;—pheugh!—I'm as hot as if I were in the Stock Exchange!—in one word—what brought you here, sir?

Goss. (*Still assuming embarrassment.*) Not the divine Dian, sir—upon my honour, not the divine Dian.

Bon. There! he denies it, and that only doubles my suspicions!—and this letter, sir—to whom did you write this letter?—and how dare you call me an old waddling stock-broker?

Goss. That letter, sir!—I didn't write—that is, I did write, but—but——

Bon. But what, sir?

Goss. It's a joke—only a joke, upon my soul, sir.

Bon. D—n me if I think it is a joke—and were I not convinced that Miss Gloomly was as innocent and chaste as—(GOSSAMER *laughs, and pretends to conceal it by putting his hand before his mouth.*)—Why, what do you grin at, you chuckling?—Is she not all maiden purity—all rural simplicity?—all—

(GOSSAMER *laughs, and pretends to conceal it again.*) —Oh ho! then the divine Dian shall herself give me an explanation!—I'll go and——

Goss. (*Stopping him.*) Don't—stay where you are. ——Zounds! if they meet, all's ruin'd—(*Aside.*)

Bon. Stand off—I'll bring her to confront you; and if I find you have belied her—if your insinuations about Venus, Cupid, and another little boy, prove false and slanderous, your life—your life—(*Here, in his rage, he runs against the arm chair, and* CHARLES *tumbles out of it.*)—Now who the devil's this?

Goss. Mum!—it's Cupid.

Bon. (*Laying hold of* CHARLES.) Speak directly, you young——what do you do here?

Char. Oh Lord! don't hurt me—I'm waiting for my mother.

Bon. And who is your mother?

Char. Who?----why-———oh, I recollect—-Miss Gloomly is my mother.

Bon. There! there's rural simplicity for you!—Now, sir---do you call it a joke now?

Goss. No—now I see it's no joking matter.—D—n me, I've been hoaxed myself here. (*Aside.*)—But she comes!—now behave like a gentleman—recollect the delicacy of the subject, and say nothing, but retire with dignity.

Enter, from the garden, MISS GLOOMLY *and* MRS MORTIMER.

Miss Gloom. (*Speaking to* MRS MORTIMER *as she enters.*) It don't signify---I'll never forgive Mortimer, befriend you, or adopt the boy!---so the sooner you leave my house——oh, my dear intended!--- (*Seeing* BONUS, *then looking at* GOSSAMER)---some friend I suppose---Sir!

[*Courtesies to* GOSSAMER, *who bows in return.*

Mrs Mort. Madam, I shall not intrude———

Miss Gloom. (*Stopping* MRS MORTIMER.) No;

---pray stay and witness my triumph, and your perfidious husband's ruin!---now observe---first, Mr Bonus, here's my picture!---a pledge of future affection and——spare a maiden's blushes—I declare I'm so asham'd!—*(Holding up her fan.)*

Goss. (Whispering her.) There's no occasion!—he won't expose you.

Miss Gloom. Not expose me!—oh—he won't have the wedding public, I suppose—well! as you please, Mr Bonus, since those irresistible powers, Hymen and Cupid, have decreed it.—(BONUS *looks up at her, and moves towards door*—BONUS *looks at her, then at* GOSSAMER, *who holds down his head, pretending shame and confusion.)*—Why, the sooner the marriage takes place the better for us both—(BONUS *exit)*—and therefore, Mr Bonus, if you——*(Looks up, and, seeing he is gone, lets the picture fall)*—Mercy!—why, where is he gone?

Goss. (Pointing to CHARLES.) Ask Cupid—ha! ha! ha!

Miss Gloom. Why, what is all this? Do you know who I am, sir?

Goss. The crying philosopher!

Miss Gloom. And who are you, sir?

Goss. The laughing philosopher!

Miss Gloom. Oh, this is some trick—some imposition! and I'll follow him, and have it all explain'd before he leaves the house—Mrs Mortimer, you'll not forget the debt I told you of; and for your son—and you also, Mr Laughing Philosopher—unless you can leave off grinning and smiling——

Goss. Excuse me—it's impossible.

Miss Gloom. Impossible!—read my works, and then see if it's impossible. [*Exit.*

Goss. Is that your son?

Mrs Mort. Yes, sir, this is the deserted Charles Mortimer.

Goss. Mortimer! why, he said he belong'd to Miss

Gloomly—'egad! you begin hoaxing by times, my little hero.

Mrs Mort. That fault is mine—I bid him call her by the tender name of parent—but this debt—should she as well as Delville persecute Mortimer—

Goss. And this wedding!—this most tragical wedding!—She'll explain every thing to Bonus—he'll find out the boy is young Mortimer, and then he'll return—and then—*(Treads on picture, and picks it up.)*—Her picture here—ay: he'll not refuse this vinegar-faced picture a second time.

Mrs Mort. No: all's lost! for ever lost!

Goss. Lost!—s'life!—rouse, Gossamer, rouse! are you to be beat by novices?—and if ever two characters deserv'd to be trick'd and outwitted, it is an old maid, who invents false reports, and a stock-broker, who lives by them!—Let me see—his suspicions are already rais'd, and if I can but confirm them——

Mrs Mort. 'Tis all in vain—let us be gone.

Goss. I've hit it!—hit it already—*(Takes a picture out of his pocket.)*—Here's my own picture, painted for Emily; and look—*(Tries it in the case which holds* Miss Gloomly's *picture)*—it's the same size—it fits exactly.

Mrs Mort. So I perceive—but will that avail?

Goss. Every thing! every thing! and you, Mortimer, and my little crying philosopher here, shall all laugh and be happy still!—come, I'll see you down stairs, and then return and make that settee my place of meditation!—there I'll stay, till the marriage is dissolv'd or celebrated—and they may abuse me if they like—they may say I'm a mountebank—a Merry Andrew—a buffoon!—while I can laugh and serve my friends, I care not what they call me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

View of RICHMOND, *the Hill, River, Bridge, &c.*

Enter DELVILLE *and two Bailiffs.*

Del. So, you've got the warrant, you say——a warrant to arrest Henry Mortimer for five hundred pounds, at the suit of Edward Delville.

Bailiff. Here it is, sir.

Del. Away then, and imprison him, and I'll make one more effort to secure his wife:—whilst I can keep them separate, the chance of my success is tenfold:—away!—and yet, I don't know why, but I'm so tortur'd with contending passions, that——

Bailiff. Look, sir! Mr Mortimer is coming this way.

Del. He is: my happy and triumphant rival comes!—that thought alone removes my scruples—love bears down all before it, and therefore do your duty, fellows:—Stay—Miss Gloomly's with him;—this way, and watch your opportunity—quick—quick—(*They retire up stage, and exeunt.*)

Enter MORTIMER *and* MISS GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloom. I adopt him!——a little impudent urchin!—I declare, when I think of his and that wretch Gossamer's scandalous insinuations——

Mort. No matter—will you be a parent to my boy?

Miss Gloom. I a parent! there again—all in the same scurrilous story I find!—but know, to your confusion, Mr Bonus is satisfied; and the marriage, which will for ever ruin you and your runaway wife, is to take place this very night.

Mort. Have a care, madam: no reflections on Mrs Mortimer—I am the person she has wrong'd, not you; and I'll suffer no one to reproach her but myself!

Miss Gloom. So—I thought this would be the case—like other fond easy husbands, you'll forgive the pretty penitent, and take her home again.

Mort. Forgive her!—never:—think me not so lost to every delicate and manly feeling!—A daughter or a sister, after long penitence, may for an indiscretion be forgiven—but a wife! a mother! shall she be pardon'd, and partake a husband's blessing and a child's embrace?—no; the virtuous wife can have no more: and if all good and evil is confounded thus, how can we hope for innocence?

Miss Gloom. The very words my Artemesia says, and I'm glad you profit by my writings, and reflect and discriminate——

Mort. I do discriminate: and were it only for example sake, I'd scorn to countenance such growing evils!—but much is to be done, and that most speedily:—My boy! he first must be disposed of—and for this dastard Delville, who has detain'd me in this neighbourhood, and cowardly declines an answer to my challenge, of him I'll think no more—there is another and more certain remedy—farewel!

Miss Gloom. Why, where are you going, sir?

Mort. First to my uncle:—not to implore assistance for myself, but for that child, whom you so cruelly desert: and since your hour of compunction will arrive, let me point out how you can make atone-

ment!—Your niece—(*Taking her hand*) my poor unfortunate Maria! you may pardon her, though her husband never can. (*Weeping.*)

Miss Gloom. I pardon her!

Mort. Yes: and should she fly from her betrayer, or should he, villain-like, abandon her, don't let her again want an asylum, I implore you! and when she asks what was the fate of her once happy Mortimer, tell her he sought the only consolation that was left him, and died, forgiving and adoring her!—I can no more—farewel! [*Exit.*

Miss Gloom. Stay, stay, Mr Mortimer!—mercy on me!—gone to his uncle!—why, if any interview takes place, my former love, my offer of marriage, my proposal about the divorce—all, all will be divulg'd, and this will so confirm Gossamer's insinuations, that Mr Bonus will break off the match in reality.—Lord! I'll follow Mortimer——

Enter DELVILLE.

Del. Follow Mortimer!—you must follow him to prison then, Miss Gloomly.

Miss Gloom. To prison, Mr Delville!

Del. Ay: he is arrested, and at the suit of a villain!—but that's all past—'tis too late to retract; and therefore let love and Mrs Mortimer———— (*Going.*)

Miss Gloom. Stay: are you sure he is arrested, Mr Delville?

Del. I am—I am.

Miss Gloom. Then all's safe—he cann't see his uncle, and my marriage is secure.

Enter SAMBO.

Sam. Oh, sir! such news!—such an adventure! —This moment, as I was talking with Mr Mortimer at the bridge foot, two bailiffs came up and arrested him, and—ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon for laughing—

but haven't I often told you I should profit by my Temple education?

Del. What! did you interfere, sir?

Sam. To be sure I did: but the bailiffs told me law business was so scarce, that when they got a job they must make the most of it now!—They said the attorneys had push'd the joke too far, and the profession was so completely found out, that Westminster-Hall had no customers!—I could not help laughing at that, you know, sir: but my joy was soon check'd, by their laying forcibly hold of poor Mr Mortimer; and they were taking him away, when an odd thought, a sort of legal quibble, coming into my head, I ask'd them what sheriff they belong'd to!—and—ha! ha! ha!—it prov'd as I expected—there was a flaw in the indictment—they arrested him in the wrong county!

Del. In the wrong county, sirrah!

Sam. Yes:—the writ was made out into Middlesex, and we being the other side the bridge, were in Surry, you know!—so we snapp'd our fingers, and defied them!—and then they call'd me an outlandish monster, and wonder'd where such a savage could get any legal knowledge!—on which I pointed to my face—"Look," says I, "don't you see by my complexion that Nature designed me for one of the profession?"

Del. S'death! and what became of Mortimer?

Sam. What!—why he walk'd off!—went to his uncle's—ha! ha!

Miss Gloom. To his uncle's!

Sam. Ay: that he did! and I nonsuited the bailiffs!—I quash'd the pleadings! and if all Temple students would turn the law to as good advantage, what a glorious profession it would be!—But that's not all—there's worse to come—you'll hardly believe it, sir; but one of the fellows had the audacity to say that the arrest was by your orders!—I bid him take

care, and just shew'd him this bit of ebony—(*His fist*)—but persisting in the falsehood, and offering to shew the writ, I—I—I hope you'll not think I did wrong, sir——

Miss Gloom. Why, what did you do, sir?

Sam. I knock'd him into the river, and so I'd serve every man that dare accuse my master of such a dishonourable action!

Del. Fool!—blockhead!—then know, it was by my orders.

Miss Gloom. There!—do you believe it now, sir?

Sam. No---though he'll take his oath of it, I won't believe it!—he who knows the blessings of liberty, he send a man to prison!—and for money lent to his wife!---no, no—he jests, ma'am—I'm sure he jests.

Miss Gloom. Mighty well!—but I suppose, Mr Delville, you don't mean to be outwitted in this manner; of course you'll employ the proper officer, unless, indeed, the servant is to prove the master?

Del. He the master!—no, no—'tis ever thus—he but adds fuel to the flame!—he but augments my desperation!—and, thus provok'd, I'll see myself to Mortimer's arrest:—Come, madam, you shall find I'm not the pliant fool you think me.

Sam. Don't, sir, for Sambo's sake——

Del. Away, sir: and d'ye hear, as Mortimer still thinks his wife criminal, mind you don't undeceive him—I have reasons for keeping them apart:—remember, sir!

Miss Gloom. And the next time you're in my company, remember we're not only in different situations, but of different complexions—you understand?

Sam. I do——(Miss Gloomly *and* Delville *exeunt*)—and thank Heaven we are of different complexions!—(*Putting his hand to his heart.*)—What! Mr Mortimer still think his wife criminal, and he

see to his arrest!---Can this be Mr Delville!—can this be the same master who—(*Bursts into tears.*)—I can't bear it!—I wish I were in my grave!—but I will undeceive Mr Mortimer, though—I'll go directly and convince him of his wife's innocence!—for as it is my duty to serve my master in a good cause, so it is my duty to oppose him in a bad one! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A View near Richmond.

Enter MRS MORTIMER *and* EMILY.

Emi. I tell you I can gain no intelligence of Mortimer; but I've heard that Delville means to throw him into prison.

Mrs Mort. Ay: this, this is what I dreaded!—Oh, Emily! is there no way to save him?

Emi. I know of none but applying to Mr Bonus; and since Gossamer has fail'd in breaking off the marriage, of course, by this time, all his fortune is at the disposal of Miss Gloomly.

Mrs Mort. Nay, perhaps not yet: and if he were reminded that we might one day be reconcil'd——

Emi. Reconcil'd! for my part, I don't see how it's ever to be brought about:—Mortimer seems so obstinate and so credulous, that when we do find him, how is it to be accomplish'd?—who can convince him of your innocence?

Enter SAMBO.

Sam. I can.—Oh, madam!—till this moment I thought, when I left you at the inn, that Mr Morti-

mer had flown to your embrace; but since I find there is still a misunderstanding, do, pray, make a poor fellow happy:—I'm quite wretched; my heart keeps sinking and sinking; but I think if I could see you restor'd to your husband, it would jump into its right place again.

Emi. What, will you avow her innocence?

Mrs Mort. And in defiance of your master, Sambo?

Sam. Why not, ma'am! it's a negro's business to mind he goes to heaven as well as a white man's, and we who have so much of the black gentleman in this world, I'm sure must be heartily glad to keep clear of him in the next: besides, though my master gave me liberty, Mr Mortimer gave me life; and surely liberty's nothing without life!—so come, let's go to him directly.

Mrs Mort. Kind, generous Sambo!—but where, where are we to find him?

Sam. Oh, I know—*(Produces a letter.)*—Look, this challenge has inform'd me.

Mrs Mort. Challenge!

Sam. Ay, by this it appears he has been waiting at old Blackbrook's, a farm-house about a mile off, on purpose to shoot, or be shot by my master:—but don't be alarm'd; I've intercepted the letter, and there shall be no fight, depend on't: in my country it isn't the etiquette to fight duels, and I'm too much a man of fashion to suffer them to do an ill-bred thing, you know.

Emi. Honest creature!—but don't wrong yourself—you haven't one fashionable requisite.

Sam. Yes, one at least, ma'am:—I never blush!—*(Pointing to his face.)*

Mrs Mort. Heav'ns!—where is this to end!—he challenge Delville, and Delville imprison him!—Oh, my friend!—*(Falling on* EMILY.)

Sam. Nay, don't think of the challenge:—but for

the imprisonment---oh! neither my hand or head will save him a second time.

Mrs Mort. No: and the place of our reconciliation will be a prison!---Go, Emily---intercede with Mr Bonus---though Miss Gloomly won't allow him to assist Mortimer, yet for the sake of a child——

Emi. That's true; pity for the son may induce him to befriend the father:---I'll go, and the child shall be the string I'll play upon——

Mrs Mort. Do; describe his innocent and helpless state——

Emi. I will: and if the marriage has not taken place, hope for my success.

Mrs Mort. Come, Sambo:——now then to this farm-house; and if, tir'd of your master's bad conduct, you would forego his service, and share our fallen fortunes——

Sam. Thank you, madam: but my master's bad conduct makes it more incumbent on me to stay with him.---Who else will bear with his follies, and labour to correct them?—And spite of all, I know he's still so sound at the core, that I feel I couldn't exist without him!---But come to Mr Mortimer; and though I prevent quarrelling and fighting, it isn't the fashion of my country to interrupt kissing and making it up again!---no—that, I hope, is good breeding all the world over! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at MISS GLOOMLY'S—*The same Scene as in Third Act.*

GOSSAMER *discovered lying on the Settee.*

Goss. So—though a lawyer is in the next room with the settlement, and a parson with the licence, here I am, and here I'll remain, till the old maid is hoax'd out of her husband.—(*Gets off settee.*)—Let me see, though—is all right?—have I made no mistake in changing the pictures?——First, here's Miss Gloomly—(*Taking a picture out of his pocket*)—here's the portrait of the crying philosopher, safe in my pocket—(*Puts it back*)—and next, here's George Gossamer—(*Taking up red case which lies on the stage, where* MISS GLOOMLY *dropp'd it*)——here's the laughing philosopher, safe in her case—(*Leaves it on the stage*)——so if she again offer old Bonus this pledge of affection, she'll give him my picture instead of her own!——d—n me there'll be more rural simplicity——but they come—I must lie snug and observe.—(*Draws the table before settee, and then lies upon it as before.*)—And now, oh, Momus, look down on thy facetious votary!—though he be merry, let him be wise, and——but they're here!—Amen!—good night.

Enter BONUS *and* MISS GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloom. To suspect me of an amour, and with such a profligate as that Mr Gossamer——

Bon. Spare me——spare an unfortunate country gentleman, who has no wish but to pair off with his fond turtle for life—From this hour we'll chime to-

gether like omnium and the consols! and, since the lawyer and parson are waiting, why——

Miss Gloom. I understand: I'll see if they're ready: ---Look---here lies my picture, just where I dropt it ---(*Takes picture up*)—let me a second time present you the portrait of one who has nothing but innocence and purity of soul to recommend her.

Bon. (*Kissing her hand.*) Go—don't lose a moment—I'm all impatience—I declare I can't stand still till I call this virgin hand my own!——(MISS GLOOMLY *exit, kissing her hand to him—he kissing his to her.*)—Cupid and Gossamer, indeed!—pa! pa! —(*Snapping his fingers.*)—How could I for an instant believe?—But it's all London!—that smoky place husks the understanding!—however, she has forgiven me; and now to gaze on the image of all my soul adores!—now for the resemblance of that innocence and purity—(*Opens the case, and looks at the picture.*)—Why, what's here?—zounds!—it's a man!—a d—d impudent, grinning, bearded rascal! and more like Gossamer than—it is!—'tis my rival's portrait; and now may Cupid fly away with me if I don't believe that that boy——

Enter EMILY *hastily.*

Emi. Oh, my dear guardian!—I'm so glad I've found you—Are you married?

Bon. No.

Emi. Are you sure of it?—quite sure?

Bon. Why, I think I am:—(*Putting his hand to his head.*)—But what makes you ask?—have you too heard any thing?

Emi. Every thing—I'll tell you all about it:—(*They sit:*)---In the first place, I've seen the boy!—the sweet innocent that Miss Gloomly has so shamefully deserted.

Bon. What!

Emi. And I've taken quite a fancy to the little

cherub---and for the strangest reason---he's so like my dear Mr Gossamer---(BONUS *makes for the stage door.*)---Why, what's the matter?—(*Following and stopping him.*)---'Tis on Mortimer's account I've been speaking thus much of his son.

Bon. His son!

Emi. Ay: 'tis young Mortimer that Miss Gloomly has deserted; and I hope pity for the boy may induce you to assist the father.

Bon. What! and it's young Mortimer that's like Gossamer, is it?

Emi. To be sure---why, who else———

Bon. Who! oh, nobody, nobody:---then perhaps it's all a mistake---perhaps my fears made me fancy it a likeness---I'll ask her---Hark ye, Emily,---is this picture like Gossamer?

Emi. (*Looking at it.*) That!---Lord! it isn't half young or half handsome enough---that!---I'm sure I should be very sorry if that resembled my lover.

Bon. And so should I, I'm sure:---So---so---stocks are up again!---No doubt she gave it me by mistake ---it's a portrait of some friend or relation, and my foolish apprehensions——and yet---(*Looking at picture again*)---it has certainly that fellow's brass, London-looking countenance!

Re-enter MISS GLOOMLY.

(BONUS *keeps looking at the picture.*)

Miss Gloom. Now, Mr Bonus, the lawyer and clergyman are quite prepar'd---What! haven't you found out the likeness?

Bon. No: that's what I want to find out---I think it a very formidable one, but Emily says it isn't half young or handsome enough.

Miss Gloom. Oh, she flatters---she flatters!---but come---come---I shall be mortified, if you gaze so much on the copy while the original is so near you.

—(BONUS *can't take his eyes off.*)——How!—I hope you don't mean to throw away a second opportunity?

Bon. No: Hymen forbid!—'gad!—I'd better say nothing, for fear of knocking all up at the critical minute.—(*Aside, and putting picture in his pocket.*)—Come, Dian, come—you also, Emily—come and be bride's-maid———

Emi. Stay, sir, and before you dispose of all your fortune to that lady, pray reflect on the distresses of your unhappy nephew.—Mr Mortimer is about to be reconcil'd to his wife; but if you don't befriend him, they will meet but to perish in a prison!

Bon. In a prison!—hang it, I don't like to hear of that either.

Emi. 'Tis too true, sir:—Mr Delville means to arrest him for five hundred pounds, and Mrs Mortimer has already combated so much misfortune, that I'd rather sacrifice every shilling I possess, than see their domestic happiness again interrupted!—Oh, sir! if you won't take pity on them, let me advance the money.

Bon. You! no—why should you have——Poor Harry!---he has suffer'd for marrying a woman without money, that's certain—and the air of a jail is almost as bad as that of London, that's certain—and sparing him five hundred pounds won't make a stock-broker a lame duck, that's certain—and so—(*Taking out his pocket-book*)—here, give him these bannk-otes———

Miss Glo m. Hold, Mr Bonus—recollect the clause in our marriage-settlement.

Bon. I do; but though I shut my doors against him, I'm not bound to shut the doors of a prison upon him—so take it, Emily———

Miss Gloom. Mighty well, sir!—this is your love for me, is it?—you'll lavish your favours on the man who has insulted me:—but I see it all—I am to possess your hand, and your ward is to govern your

heart?—Ungrateful, barbarous man!—(*Crying vehemently.*)

Bon. What, does she weep?

Emi. Never mind, give me the money.

Miss Gloom. (*Still crying loudly.*) Go, sir:---go, give your fortune to your nephew, your affections to your ward, and forget her who, spite of your cruelty, still loves, still adores you!——Oh, I can't bear it!—I faint!—I—(*Faints, and falls on the sofa;* GOSSAMER *catches her in his arms.*)

Bon. (*To* EMILY.) Let me go; I'll give her all I possess:---(*Breaks from* EMILY.)—Here, take this pocket-book, thou lovely, thou angelic!

(*As* BONUS *offers the pocket-book to* MISS GLOOMLY, GOSSAMER *snatches it out of his hand, and rises from the settee.*)

Goss. That I will, and give it Mortimer! Damme, here's a hoax for you!——I say, Emily, which cuts the best figure now, the laughing or the crying philosopher?

Miss Gloom. Heaven defend me!—Why, where did you come from?

Goss. From the moon, most divine Dian; from the moon—but don't let me interrupt the ceremony—marry her, Bonus—marry her——

Bon. (*Looking at the picture.*) Never saw a finer likeness in all my life!---never saw a more innocent pledge of affection!---so give me back my pocket-book, and let the stock-broker once more waddle to his villa.

Goss. Your pocket-book! that's very well—you gave it me---it's mine by law, and if it save an unfortunate couple from prison—if it light up sunshine in two faces long clouded by sorrow, why, you'll smile—(*To* BONUS)—and you'll smile—(*To* EMILY)---and you'll—(*To* MISS GLOOMLY)—no—till you get rid of your bad habits, you'll never smile.

Miss Gloom. Bad habits!---Answer me: how dare you slander an innocent woman?

Goss. (*Aside to* MISS GLOOMLY.) How dare you slander an innocent woman?—Remember Mrs Mortimer.—(MISS GLOOMLY *holds down her head.*) Ah! this is paying you in your own coin—and for young Mortimer—you ought to have been a mother to him, and therefore I've done you the favour to prove you one!———Adieu, Emily:---there's an end of this marriage, and the next trick we play them, shall be to bring about our own.

Miss Gloom. Stay, and let me advise you, sir—

Goss. And let me advise you, ma'am———give up your own system and take to mine---make people happy, not miserable—promote laughing, not crying; and if you don't prove more pleasant to yourself, and more useful to society, say Gossamer's not the first and wisest of philosophers!——Now to the Mortimers---now to make them happy---I say---(*Shewing pocket-book to* BONUS)---you take the joke, old Cupid, don't you? [*Exit.*

Bon. Come, Emily, let's breathe the pure air.

Miss Gloom. How! have you nothing to say, Mr Bonus?

Bon. Nothing—I wish you happy—I wish you and all your family happy.——

Miss Gloom. Mighty well!——I leave you for the present---but remember your promise—recollect the settlement of your estate.

Bon. Settlement!——look ye—sooner than settle my fortune on you, or any of the Diana breed, hang me if I wouldn't sink it in the sinking fund.——Come along, Emily, and if the pocket-book relieve the Mortimers, I feel it will relieve me; for when a man is self-dissatisfied, not all the scrip, omnium, consols—no—not even rural life can afford satisfaction! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

BLACKBROOK'S *Farm-House.—A Garden before it, and a Chair at the Side.—Moonlight.*

Enter MRS MORTIMER, CHARLES, *and Farmer* BLACKBROOK.

Mrs Mort. Go on; relieve me from this torturing suspense!—Meditate self-destruction, do you say?

Farm. Be patient, lady, and you shall hear all. You may be sure Mr Mortimer was a welcome visitor at my humble farm: for when he was no bigger than that young gentleman, many and many's the time I've fondl'd him on this knee—and, alas!—little did I think to see him grow up to such misery and desperation!

Mrs Mort. Desperation!—oh! do not distract me—is Mortimer living?

Farm. I hope so, lady: but you shall hear and judge:—To-night, as I was returning home through yonder wood, a man darted across me, and rush'd into the thickest covert: I follow'd him, and found 'twas Mr Mortimer! and observe—in his hand he held a phial, which, from what I over-heard him say, contained poison——ay! poison, lady—and when I advanc'd to seize him, he fled wildly from me, and, alas! I've neither seen nor heard of him since.

Mrs Mort. Not seen him!—perhaps, then—Where is the place?—conduct me instantly.

Farm. Most willingly: I'd traverse the world to save him, and I've already sent my servants.

Mrs Mort. Come: lose not a moment!—enter the house, my child; (*To* CHARLES) and should Sambo, who, fearing his single evidence might not confirm my innocence, is gone to intercede with his master —should he return, bid him wait my coming:—— Lead on.

Farm. Nay, nay, your cares I hope will soon be at an end.

Mrs Mort. They will—they will!—for if it be as I suspect——oh, Mortimer! we'll meet where slander cannot part us! [*Exit with Farmer.*

Enter MORTIMER *(through the Garden.)*

Mort. So—I am watch'd, pursued:——at every turn my persecutors meet me;——but I've escap'd their observation, and here at length I may complete the fix'd and settled purpose of my soul:—Harassed by my enemies, forgotten by my friends, and forsaken by her who was the very stream and essence of my life!—this friendly passport to another world alone can snatch me from the fiends of this!—from penury, despair, and jealousy. (*Produces phial.*)

Charles. (*Observing him.*) Bless me! who is that gentleman?

Mort. And yet, when I look back on my past happiness, and think the source of it is still existing!—that she and her dear image might still console—still wipe away my sorrow, I grow irresolute, and sigh for life! (*Throws himself into the garden chair.*)

Charles. (*Walking towards* MORTIMER.) Lord! I'm so happy—it's my father!

Mort. Life! what, when she loves another! when at this moment she lavishes those smiles which—— Distraction! that thought is past all bearing, and thus I bury in oblivion!—thus these poisonous drugs!—

(*As he raises his arm to drink,* CHARLES *lays hold of it, and kneels to him.*)

Charles. My father! (MORTIMER *looks, and trembles violently.*) Oh! I'm so glad you're come home—I hope you'll go no more long journies now.

Mort. My child! my child! (*Embracing him.*)

Charles. Why, what's the matter?——how your hand trembles!—and this—(*Pointing to the phial;*) what's this, father?

Mort. That!—a toy!—a mere toy, Charles.

Charles. A toy!---Fie, fie, father!---you a man and play with toys?—nay, that belongs to me.---(MORTIMER *bursts into tears, and catches him in his arms.*)

Re-enter MRS MORTIMER.

Mrs Mort. 'Tis all confirmed---he's no where to be heard of, and ere this, the dark deed——

Charles. Look, mother—look who's come home.

Mrs Mort. (*Looking sometimes at* MORTIMER—*then running and falling at his feet.*) My Mortimer!

Mort. (*Rising and crossing her.*) Away! contaminate me not!---let me be gone.

Mrs Mort. (*Holding him.*) Stay: spare me but a moment—you've been deceiv'd.

Mort. I have!——I have!——and lest I should relapse, and be again deluded——But see! an evidence appears, to rouse my pride, and to confirm your guilt.

Enter SAMBO *hastily, and with a paper in his hand.*

Sam. Oh, ma'am!—I'm just come from my master, and---pheugh! (*Fanning himself with his hat.*)

Mort. Speak, Sambo---were you not witness of her falsehood?

Sam. Softly, sir, and I'll tell you all about it——Pheugh!—You must know my master was taken suddenly ill, and sent me for a physician---but I refused to go.---Says I, "Sir, the natives of my country are

all very healthy, and for two simple reasons—first, because we've no doctors; and next, because we've no such enlighten'd disorders as ingratitude, false friendship, seduction!—these," says I, "play the devil with a man's constitution."

Mort. Well! and what then, sir?

Sam. Then he grew worse, and asked me to prescribe for him; and I did!—Doctor Sambo drew up this prescription, and the pulse mended, fever lessen'd, and the countenance exhibited that florid bloom which ever results from those excellent medicines, honesty and a good conscience—There, sir, read, only read. (*Giving the paper.*)

Mort. (*Reading.*) "Sir, Mrs Mortimer is innocent—she has fallen a victim to my vanity, and her aunt's slander—Miss Gloomly wrote you a most calumnious letter, and I, believing that she lov'd me, made others believe it!——but when you arrived at the inn, she not only avowed her love for you, but fled in pursuit of you.---Sambo will confirm these facts, and I am ready to make a public acknowledgment of them, or atone for my crimes in any other way you think proper. EDWARD DELVILLE."

Sam. There! there's a noble medicine! and having established myself both as physician and lawyer, now for the third character—now to play the part of parson---May'nt I join your hands?—Oh! had I such a wife, I'd hug her into atoms!

Mort. It is! it must be so!—and had we sooner met——Maria!—my recovered wife!—(*Embracing her—then falling at her feet*)—can you pardon my suspicions?

Mrs Mort. Rise, I entreat you.

Sam. (*Stopping her.*) Don't, ma'am---don't forgive him till he takes his oath he'll forgive my master!

Mort. (*Rising.*) Never! Hark ye, Sambo—(*Aside to him*)—is this an answer to a challenge?

Sam. He never got it!—I intercepted it!—but don't—don't persist—you can't wound him worse than he has wounded himself!—For my sake—for her's—for your child's!—Speak---intercede for my master, ma'am!——

Mrs Mort. Nay, I beseech you, Mortimer——

Mort. Well! since I believe his penitence is sincere——

Sam. What! you forgive him!—you won't hurt him! and you and Mrs Mortimer are man and wife again, and I live to see it!—"Dear Yanko say, and true he say!" (*Singing and dancing, and catching* CHARLES *up in his arms.)*—Come along—you and I will so sing, dance, and play battledore and shuttlecock together!—And for the falsehood I told about you, ma'am,—why, 'twas but a white one, and we blacks tell lies of no other colour.

Mort. Delville I pardon—but for Miss Gloomly—for this accomplished slanderer——

Sam. Oh! challenge her—shoot her, and welcome.

Mrs Mort. She has indeed been most vindictive; and last night renewing her application for the debt I owed her, and fearing it might involve you in new difficulties, I sent her all that I possess'd—my few trinkets, and even the lottery ticket you wrote to me to purchase; but her marriage with your uncle is broke off.

Mort. Indeed!—then we may apply to him.—Come, (*Taking* MRS MORTIMER'S *hand*) and if he still avoid us, here is enough to combat against adversity:—blest with thee, and this my young preserver——

Mrs Mort. How, Mortimer?

Mort. Nay, you shall know all in calmer moments:—and you, faithful Sambo—you who have sav'd us all, and in an age of dissipation and deception——

Sam. Nay, don't abuse the age—we're certainly improving every day, sir :---for instance, there's less law, less fashion, less faro :—faro !---oh, one oughtn't to speak ill of the dead !—and if every woman would prove a Mrs Mortimer, there'd soon be less seducing, and then—saving your presence—I don't think the devil would have a disciple on earth.---But lead on, sir ; and I and your little papa, as you call him, will trot on merrily after you !—" Dear Yanko say," &c. (*Singing and dancing, and making* CHARLES *dance with him in imitation.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street in Richmond.

Enter GOSSAMER *and* EMILY.

Goss. Nay, don't be alarm'd, Emily—though I haven't seen Mortimer, the pocket-book and Bonus's bank-notes have still been a friend to him.

Emi. Well !—but how—in what manner ?

Goss. You shall hear : Just now, who should I meet in a rage but the crying philosopher—she said Mrs Mortimer had sent her some trinkets and trifles in payment for a hundred pounds—but she wasn't to be defrauded in that manner—she would return them, and arrest Mortimer instantly :---on which I whipped out the pocket-book—paid the debt with Bonus's bank-notes, and redeem'd the trifles !—and look—here they are—a watch, a ring, and a lottery ticket ! (*Producing them.*)

Emi. A lottery ticket !

Goss. Ay ; she gave me joy of my bargain with all my heart. I'll surprise her—I'll give her joy of this with all my soul.

Emi. Well, but about Delville.

Goss. Oh! Delville has not only repented and cancell'd his debt, but has sent the tragic muse to bring about a comic catastrophe.

Emi. Indeed! Then the Mortimers are once more restor'd to each other!

Goss. They are: and now, when shall we be restor'd to each other?

Emi. Nay, what signifies asking?—when you know very well we shall never get my guardian's consent.

Goss. (*Smiling.*) Sha'n't we?

Emi. No—and what's the use of marrying without it, when I lose all my fortune?

Goss. And suppose your fortune were already lost—would the old stock-broker consent then?

Emi. That he would:—he'd then think me such a burden to him, that I do believe he'd marry me to——

Goss. To his clerk, or his butler, or your humble servant! Then be happy—make yourself perfectly easy, for I've the pleasure to inform you, that at this moment you're as poor as I am.

Emi. As poor as you are!

Goss. Ay; thanks to good fortune and a lucky hurricane, your whole property's blown into the sea—all your estate is whisk'd off in a whirlwind. (*Giving her a newspaper.*) There—in this newspaper, read the glorious, joyous tidings!

Emi. Why, surely it can't be.—(*Reads the newspaper.*)—"Accounts were yesterday received from Barbadoes, that on the 28th ult. a dreadful hurricane destroyed most of the property on the east part of the island, and particularly that beautiful estate called Mount Columbo!"——Dear, dear Mr Gossamer—that's mine, sure enough!

Goss. I know it! I know it!—and the best of the

joke is, Delville, who has property in the island—he will confirm the fact.

Emi. You may laugh, but 'tis no laughing matter to be ruin'd—reduc'd to dependence—beggar'd---(*Weeps.*) No—say what you please, Mr Gossamer, love can't exist without money, and now I've none, and you've none!

Goss. (*Laughing.*) What! did you think I was in earnest?

Emi. To be sure I did.

Goss. Ha! ha! ha! there's a hoax for you!

Emi. What! didn't this account come from the West Indies?

Goss. No; but it came from a place as full of warmth and fire! (*Pointing to his head.*) I'm sole inventor and proprietor of this facetious hurricane! I inserted it in that and other papers: I got Delville to write this corroborating letter. (*Shewing one.*)

Emi. What, and all to trick my old guardian out of his consent?

Goss. Yes, all to trick old Cupid!—Go—follow up the blow—shew him Delville's letter directly—(*Giving it to her*) and if we succeed, we gain thirty thousand pounds by the frolic, and if we fail—why, we've had a hearty laugh, which, speaking philosophically, is perhaps worth all the money.

Emi. Delightful! I'll go to him instantly—To-night he gives a ball, and before it begins he generally reads the evening papers.

Goss. Does he! then by this time he is in the heart of the hurricane!—go, and if we should but be married, why, then, Emily—then for Venus, Cupid, and another little boy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room leading to a Ball-Room in BONUS's *House.*

BONUS *discovered sitting at a Table, drinking Tea and reading Newspapers; Servant waiting.*

Bon. (*Reading newspaper.*) "*Last night the oratorios overflowed.*"—Oratorio!—now there's the extravagance of these Londoners—they won't go to church, where they can have sacred music for nothing, but because it is in a theatre, they'll pay to hear it.—"*Plymouth!*"—ay, this is in my own way—this is country news.—"*Yesterday a celebrated lottery-office keeper stood in the pillory---Wind east.*"—Now what the devil has wind east to do with it?—but at Portsmouth or Plymouth, if a man is robb'd or murder'd, the account is sure to conclude with wind east.---"*Barbadoes.*"---Oh, this concerns my ward Emily—"*Barbadoes.—On the 28th ult. a dreadful hurricane*"—what's here! a hurricane!—"*swept away—east part of island—particularly—estate call'd Mount Columbo!*"—Zounds! here's wind east with a vengeance! Why, the girl's ruin'd—she's a lame duck!

Enter EMILY, *weeping.*

Bon. Well! have you heard, Emily?

Emi. I have, sir:—Yesterday I was worth thirty thousand pounds—to-day I'm a beggar!

Bon. What!—it's confirm'd, is it?

Emi. Yes, sir; Mr Delville, whose estate adjoins mine, you know, has sent me this note.

Bon. (*Taking note from her, and looking over it.*) Oh, if Delville believe it—(*Reads.*)—"Hurricane—

tornado—whirlwind!"—Yes, yes—it's all over—the estate's off!—Mount Columbo is gone on a salt-water excursion, and you are left to——Zounds! I wish you had been married—I wish you had a husband to maintain you.

Emi. Nay, sir, I hope my poverty will make no difference.

Bon. Why, no—but women live high, and stocks are low, and—s'life! if we had but caught some gudgeon-headed Londoner!

Emi. Ah! that's all past, sir—nobody'll marry a pauper.

Bon. No—the scoundrels are all so cunning—and yet the news isn't known—the story can't be blown upon; and for early intelligence—'gad! how often have I work'd them in the Stock Exchange by early intelligence?

Enter GOSSAMER.

Goss. How d'ye do, Cupid, how d'ye do?—What, in tears, Emily?—Haven't I told you, whenever you were melancholy, to look full in your guardian's face?—Look, and you'll laugh directly—won't she, sir?

Bon. (*Smiling.*) She will, she will!—Damme, here's the very gudgeon-headed Londoner I was wishing for. (*Aside.*)—Mr Gossamer, I'm glad to see you----I am under great obligations to you----you sav'd me from a bad wife, and the least return I can make, is to help you to a good one.

Goss. Sir!

Bon. 'Tis even so, sir:---and I can't reward your deserts better than by giving you Emily, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds!—(*Laughing aside.*)

Goss. Come, come, you forget—I'm an old hand.

Bon. An old hand!

Goss. Ay, you're joking, you comical rogue; I see you're joking.

Bon. No, I'm not—upon my soul, I'm not joking! —so take him, Emily——

Emi. No, sir: you refus'd him when I was rich, and now——

Bon. (*Aside to her.*) Be quiet—To use his own words, I'm hoaxing him now!—You see how it is, Mr Gossamer!—the girl's shy; so carry her over the way to Parson Suttle's; and as I can't leave the ball, do you go with them, Gregory---(*To Servant*)—be witness I give consent, and see them married directly!—There! do you understand me now?

Goss. I do—damme, I take the joke now!—Come along, Emily---come along, Gregory—I've got the licence, and you are witness he gives consent——

Bon. Yes, yes—he's witness—Stop—stop, though —one thing I must premise to you—as the estate is in the West Indies, and now and then there are such things as hurricanes——

Goss. Hurricanes!—oh, I don't mind hurricanes! ---if her estate was blown into the skies, I'd be bound to whistle it all back again!

Bon. Would you?

Goss. To be sure I would:—besides—a word in your ear---it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know—Mum!—Lead on—Hey for matrimony and thirty thousand pounds!---You take, don't you--- ha! ha! ha!

Bon. I do; ha! ha! ha! (GOSSAMER, EMILY, *and Servant exeunt.*) There! there! I've hoax'd him at last!—The old maid too! I've robb'd her of her lover! Oh! here's contrivance.

Enter MR *and* MRS MORTIMER, *and* MISS GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloom. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Don't talk to me---I keep no such company---Mr Bonus, I beg you'll not suppose we came here together.

Bon. Not come together!—zounds! I wonder how

any of you came here at all!—First, you, sir—(*To* MORTIMER)—what brought you here?

Mort. I came once more to entreat your pity and protection; and since you are no longer under the influence of that lady——

Bon. That lady!—what's that lady to you, sir?—When you married a woman without stock, didn't I swear I'd never forgive you?

Mort. You did, sir.

Bon. Then, however I may be inclin'd, Harry, I will not break my word.

Miss Gloom. That's some comfort, however. [*Aside.*

Bon. And now, most divine Dian!——but I know what brings you here?

Miss Gloom. Well you may, sir:—I came to afford you an opportunity of apologizing for your blindness and credulity.

Bon. Me an opportunity!—Hark ye—you came in search of Gossamer—but the bird's flown!—he has pair'd off with another mate!—and mine—it's all my contrivance!

Miss Gloom. Your contrivance?

Bon. Yes: in London I grant you I'm confus'd, but the keen air of the country quickens the understanding!—and I've made such laughing-stocks of you and your lover!—But observe—observe my contrivance!

Re-enter GOSSAMER, EMILY, *and Servant.*

Bon. Well! is it all over?—are they married, Gregory?

Serv. They are, sir.

Bon. Toll de roll loll! (*Singing and dancing.*)—Now listen—only all of you listen!—(*Turns to* GOSSAMER.) You think your wife is worth thirty thousand pounds, don't you?

Goss. I do.

Bon. There—there's a gudgeon-headed Londoner

for you!—She's not worth sixpence! her whole property is destroy'd by a hurricane!

Miss Gloom. By a hurricane!

Bon. Ay, all blown into the skies—But never mind—(*To* GOSSAMER)—you can whistle it all back again, you know—can't you, you comical rogue?

Goss. Yes, that I can, you comical rogue! Wheugh—(*Whistling.*)

Bon. Pooh! what signifies wheugh!—(*Mimicking him.*)

Goss. I'll tell you—It signifies that I wrote that account in the newspapers—that I persuaded Delville to confirm the fact—and at this moment Mount Columbo is worth thirty thousand pounds—and that, as I told you before, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!—Mum!—You take, don't you?

Miss Gloom. I say, (*To* BONUS) who's the laughing-stock now?—and the keen air of the country quickens the understanding, does it?—Oh! the next time you want to outwit this mighty conjuror, apply to me.

Goss. To you!

Miss Gloom. Ay:—Now all of you listen to my story—On a debt of a hundred pounds, contracted by Mrs Mortimer, I charged him fifty for interest, and made him pay all these bank-notes for a paltry watch and a lottery-ticket—Look, Laughing Philosopher—here are a hundred and fifty proofs of my victory!——(*Holding up bank-notes.*)

Goss. And look, Crying Philosopher!—(*Holding up lottery-ticket*)—here are five thousand proofs of mine!

Miss Gloom. Five thousand! Why, the watch, sir—

Goss. Wasn't worth five pounds, I grant you—but the lottery-ticket was yesterday drawn a prize of five thousand pounds!—Gregory there will attest the fact!—and now both of you take the advice of an old

proficient, and whilst you're hoaxing others, mind you're not hoax'd yourselves.

Bon. Why, Dian—here's another hurricane!

Miss Gloom. Psha! this is an imposition:—Give the ticket to the right owner.

Goss. I will give it to the right owner—(MISS GLOOMLY *is going to take it*—GOSSAMER *crosses her.*)—There, Mrs Mortimer!—there's a fortune of five thousand pounds for you, and if that isn't enough to make your fire-side happy, apply to me and Emily: whilst Columbo nets a guinea, you and your family shall never want a part of it.

Bon. (*To* MISS GLOOMLY.) I say—who's the laughing-stock now!—But don't think to have all the pleasure to yourself, Mr Gossamer—no—I may forgive you, Harry, without breaking my word now; so, in the first place, I'll make that five thousand ten!—in the second, instead of giving all my fortune to a hypocrite, I'll settle it on you and young Mortimer!—and, in the third place, give me both your hands—(*To* MR *and* MRS MORTIMER)—and henceforth we'll be as happy as good-humour, a country life, and plenty of long annuities will make us.

Goss. Bravo, old Cupid! you're a fine fellow; 'egad I think I'll be a stock-broker myself.

Bon. No, no—yours is the system, Gossamer—laugh is the staff of life!

Goss. It is: and since our smiles are nothing without yours—(*To the Audience*)—

May Gossamer diffuse his joy around—
Cloud not the sunshine that's so seldom found;
For if misfortune be the lot of man,
Laugh when you may—be happy when you can.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FORTUNE'S FOOL,

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ap-Hazard,	*Mr Lewis.*
Sir Charles Danvers,	*Mr Middleton.*
Orville,	*Mr Macready.*
Tom Seymour,	*Mr Fawcett.*
Sir Bamber Blackletter,	*Mr Quick.*
Samuel,	*Mr Abbott.*

Servants,—*Messrs Blurton, Wilde, Street, and Lee.*

Mrs Seymour,	*Miss Morris.*
Miss Union,	*Mrs Mattocks.*
Lady Danvers,	*Miss Wallis.*

Orange-Women,—*Mrs Norton, Miss Leserve, and Mrs Walts.*

SCENE—London.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in an Hotel—on one side of a Table, SIR CHARLES DANVERS *discovered asleep—on the other side,* LADY DANVERS, *reading.*

Lady Dan.—(*Putting down her book.*) Heigho!—If this be the beginning of a runaway match, what will be the end of it?—Here am I but just return'd from Gretna-Green, and there's the loving partner of my joys.—(SIR CHARLES *wakes, and looks at her.*)—How the man stares?—It's very odd with what astonishment we always look at one another!—as much as to say, how, in the name of Hymen, did we two come together?——My life!

Sir Char. My soul!

Lady Dan. Come, come—it's time to reflect—now we're married and return'd to London, 'tis fit you should leave this hotel, and think of an establishment.

—How much did you say your fortune was, Sir Charles?

Sir Char. Fortune!—that depends on my uncle; and perhaps he is offended.—How much did you say yours was?

Lady Dan. That depends on my mother; and perhaps she is offended.

Sir Char. Indeed! What's to be done then?—Pray, Miss Seymour—Lady Danvers, I mean—what induc'd you to elope with me?

Lady Dan. I don't know—My mother wanted me to marry Mr Orville, whom I hated—you made love to me—told me matrimony was Elysium; and so, without thinking——

Sir Char. Without thinking!—ah! that was my case—Restless in my disposition—tir'd of dissipation, I thought to find happiness in domestic life—Well, well—we had a pleasant journey to Scotland, however.

Lady Dan. Very—but coming back, Sir Charles—Oh! what an alteration!

Sir Char. Alteration!—how?

Lady Dan. How!—why, the whole way to Gretna-Green, were you not all love, adoration, and attention; and in a little hour after the blacksmith had received his fee, didn't you become a different man?—before we re-cross'd the Tweed, you amus'd yourself by yawning—at Newcastle you talk'd of the expences of travelling—at York you forgot to hand me out of the carriage—at Doncaster, when I order'd your favourite dinner, you said there was'nt a dish you could eat—at Grantham, I saw you throw glances at the chamber-maid—from Stamford to London you wrangled with the drivers, and groan'd at the turnpikes; and from the time we arrived, till now, have you opened your eyes?—No—if you are my partner, you're a sleeping one, I'm sure, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. Lady Danvers, I confess the truth of all this, and sincerely ask your pardon; but the fact is, I found that we had rush'd precipitately into marriage, without considering the consequences—too late I found it; for if our friends desert us, how are we to live?—I spent all my fortune on the road.

Lady Dan. (*Agitated.*) You don't say so!

Sir Char. The last shilling went to the last post-boy—You don't know the expences of a family—A man may steer his own vessel through the storms of life, but if he takes another in tow——

Lady Dan. Down they both go to the bottom.—Upon my word, we're in a very pleasant situation—but you forgot what you said, Sir Charles: you vow'd that you could live with me on a crust in a cottage—light a fire with me under a hedge—beg—starve with me——

Sir Char. Did I?—I'm sorry for it.—I can encounter poverty myself, but to make an innocent girl partake of it!—No, no—I have been dissipated—not dishonest.

Lady Dan. Then you wouldn't starve with me—now that's unfair, Sir Charles; for I think I could undergo a great deal for you. I'm not sure that you love me, nor indeed have I had time to ask my heart whether it loves you; but something tells me (and don't think me romantic) that your distresses have excited sensations towards you which your riches might never have inspir'd.

Sir Char. Generous girl!—Come—Fortune still may aid us—your mother may forget—my uncle may forgive—by this time they know of our return, and—heh!—who's here?

Lady Dan. Miss Union, the match-maker, and her nephew, Mr Orville.

Sir Char. That Orville!—Was he to be your husband?——Zounds! how the plot thickens!—I owe

his uncle ten thousand pounds, and if the old colonel approved of his marrying you——

Lady Dan. He approved of it so much, that, on the match taking place, he meant to settle on Orville all his large Cornwall estate.

Enter MISS UNION *and* ORVILLE.

Miss Uni. Welcome from Scotland, my pretty runaways.——Now answer me, miss—What is your apology for refusing my nephew—what right had you to marry—or what right has any body to marry without consulting me?—A'n't I the first of match-makers—don't I make it my profession? and if that barbarous blacksmith is to rob me of my greatest pleasure——

Sir Char. Your pardon, Miss Union—but what is your business here?

Miss Uni. My business is to inform Lady Danvers, that, in consequence of her Gretna-Green excursion, her mother hopes for the honour of never seeing or hearing from her again.

Sir Char. (*To* ORVILLE.) And now, sir, what is yours?

Orv. To inform you, sir, that, for the same reason, your uncle, Sir Bamber, disinherits you, and hopes for the honour of adopting a new heir.

Miss Uni. Yes: the young Welchman has cut you out in both places.—The son of a poor parson, and the awkward beau of Langothlen, is the new heir to Sir Bamber, and shall be the new husband to Mrs Seymour.

Lady Dan. Husband to my mother!

Miss Uni. To be sure—hasn't she often told you, that if you married any body but Orville, she would marry too? and when she was pursuing you, and her carriage broke down, didn't the young Welchman come up and save her life?

Orv. And hasn't she given him her picture as a proof of her affection?

Sir Char. I'll not believe a syllable of it—at least, I'll have better authority than your words for it.—Lady Danvers, do you make a personal application to your mother—I'll do the same to my uncle, and if they persist in deserting us, I know the worst.—Mrs Seymour cannot refuse her daughter maintenance, and I'll seek my fortune singly.—Come.

Lady Dan. Who can this obtruder be?—perhaps, though, he is not attach'd.

Miss Uni. He not attach'd!—What then? Can't I shew Mrs Seymour how to decoy him into the snares; how to manage her words, her eyes, her sighs; how to excite his affection by concealing her own?

Lady Dan. Conceal affection!

Sir Char. Yes: conceal affection, annihilate passion, extirpate sensibility—in short, turn robber—footpad—and by the fire of the eye, instead of the flash of the pistol, defraud the artless and unthinking of their fortune, health, and happiness! This is Miss Union's road to matrimony—we have chosen a different one, and if our friends forgive us——Come, Juliana; we won't despair.

[*Exit with Lady* DANVERS.

Orv. So far, so well! Distress will make them quarrel—then comes a separation—then, perhaps, a divorce; and then my dear aunt, Lady Danvers, and the large Cornwall estate, may be mine still: besides, I love her more than ever—But about the young Welchman—about Ap-Hazard—how has he got into favour with his godfather, Sir Bamber Blackletter?

Miss Uni. I'll tell you—You know the old bookworm is so fond of ancient authors, that he is about to publish a new edition of Chaucer—now you understand I have some hope of making him my husband, by persuading him I am in possession of a sup-

posed manuscript of that poet; and Ap-Hazard has a stronger hold on his affections—he has brought to town a bust—an original bust of Geoffery Chaucer! —think of that, nephew.

Orv. Excellent!—And how did he come by it?

Miss Uni. It has long been in possession of his father, who is a first cousin of Sir Bamber's, and knowing his character, thinks this present will prove a rare introduction for his son—and so it will!—The baronet is but just returned to town, and hasn't seen it; but he writes me word he is so delighted with the account of the old head, and so out of humour with Sir Charles, that he shall turn his thoughts entirely to his godson.—The Welchman's a lucky creature.

Orv. He lucky!—Why, he's Fortune's Fool!—When I knew him in Wales, one continued series of ill luck pursued him:—if he touch'd china, it broke; if he went shooting, his gun burst; if hunting, there was no game; if he play'd at whist, his partner could neither trump nor follow suit; if he fell in love, his mistress married somebody else; and he told me himself, if he'd been a physician, as his father wish'd him, every body would have enjoyed high health, and he been the only sick man in all Wales.—Oh! as the success of our scheme depends on him, I dread a return of his bad fortune.

Miss Uni. Do you? then find him out directly—instruct, advise him—Stay, Mrs Seymour is waiting to consult me on the old topic, so I'll go with you.—I shou'dn't think of Sir Charles finding fault, indeed! —Where's the great harm in being a match-maker? —We women have few occupations; and if lawyers and proctors are paid for dividing people, why mayn't I be fee'd for uniting them? Then if you talk of physicians, Orville—they're fee'd for providing one article of intelligence for a newspaper—I another;

and I leave you to judge whether marriage or death is the pleasantest piece of information. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

View of the Thames, the Bridges, Surry Hills; a shewy Sailing Boat at Anchor.

Enter AP-HAZARD.

Ap-Haz. There's the river and the bridges—yonder's a chapel—next door's a billiard-table—here comes a funeral—there goes a wedding.—Oh! it's a rare town—Get on though, friend Ap-Hazard—remember you're only come for a fortnight's pleasure, and so where next?—(*Looks in his pocket-book.*)

Enter ORVILLE.

Orv. There he is! and, wonderful to say, not in a scrape yet!—Mr Ap-Hazard, welcome to town.

Ap-Haz. What! my old Welch companion, Mr Orville! (*They shake hands.*)

Orv. Well! how much do you know of London?—Have you seen the Squares—the Parks—the City—St Paul's?

Ap-Haz. I have; and the Bank, and the Tower—Apothecary's-Hall, and the Burying-Grounds—the Gaming-Houses in St James's-street, and the Spunging-Houses in Chancery-lane——the Bears in the Stock Exchange, and the Beasts in Exeter Change—Last night I went to the Theatres: they were so full I couldn't get in—This morning I went to the Prisons; they overflow'd too.—Oh! what a cruel town, Mr Orville, when, if a man wants to go to jail, there isn't room to admit him.

Orv. True; it's very hard—but where else have you been?

Ap-Haz. Every where—I've been in London only two days, and I know more of it than half the cockneys who were born in it—Oh! it's a glorious place! —they said I should find the streets pav'd with gold, and I have!—Mrs Seymour means to make me her husband—Sir Bamber his heir—ay, none of my old ill luck now—I've got my equivalent.

Orv. Have you?—then keep it—remember you were born under an unlucky planet, and from the day of your birth, to the present hour, your life has been one catalogue of cross accidents.

Ap-Haz. I know it; but here I breathe a lucky air, and if I do get into a scrape, I know how to get out of it—"What's to pay?"

Orv. What's to pay!

Ap-Haz. Yes; what's to pay!—In this town I find every body, as well as every thing, has its price —men of fashion, and men of no fashion—high ladies, low ladies—authors, Jews, beaus, pigs, sheep, and monkeys, are all to be bought and sold; therefore if my evil genius should rise again, here is a little gentleman that will soon lay him. (*Pulls out a purse of uncommon length.*) Ay; they'll not easily get to the bottom of it---so "what's to pay?" damme, "what's to pay" is my watch-word while I stay in London.

Orv. What! you think money an excuse for every absurdity?

Ap-Haz. To be sure—If I knock a man down —"what's to pay?"—if I kiss a married woman— "what's to pay?"—if I marry myself—"what's to pay?"—if I come into parliament—"what's to pay?" Money will mend crack'd heads, broken hearts, and wounded reputations—therefore I say again, "what's to pay" is my motto in the hour of danger.

Orv. Well, but take notice; mine and your friend Miss Union's schemes depend on your success. Sir Charles and Lady Danvers are our enemies; and it you marry Mrs Seymour, and are adopted by Sir Bamber, they meet the ruin they merit; if you fail, they triumph: recollect Fortune's a slippery jade.

Ap-Haz. Oh! curse her; I know her; she has led me such a life of it—but now I defy her—she can't dash the cup from my lip now—no, no—Mrs Seymour has given me her picture, and the bust secures old Blackletter. I tell you what—life's a lottery—I've hitherto had ten blanks to a prize—and now—I'll go buy the thirty thousand.

Orv. No; go and have your first interview with your godfather—Heh! who's landing from that boat?—as I live, Tom Seymour.

Tom. (*Without.*) Row back, I tell you.

Orv. If he should find out his mother is about to be married to this fellow—however he don't meddle in family affairs. (*Aside.*)

Tom. (*Without.*) Pull hard, my lads.

Ap-Haz. (*Looking out.*) What smart sea captain's this? I'm a bit of a sailor myself, and as I should like to hear about the dock-yards, and the late sea engagements, I'll talk to him—by his appearance he must be a very great naval character.

Orv. (*Aside.*) Great naval character! ha! ha! Poor Tom Seymour!—he never saw the sea in his life—never was below Gravesend—he is a fresh-water sailor.

Enter TOM SEYMOUR, *dressed in white trowsers, &c.*

Tom. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Pull hard, I tell you—save as much of the wreck as you can; and, d'ye hear, look out sharp for the log-book——Zounds! what a tempest! and what a profession!

We sailors are always exposed to peril, while these land lubbers here—What, Orville! never off shore.

Ap-Haz. Stormy weather, noble captain!

Orv. (*To* TOM, *who stares at* AP-HAZARD.) He's a friend of mine, from Wales.—But what's the matter? You seem agitated.

Tom. Well I may—I've been shipwreck'd.

Orv. Shipwreck'd!—where?

Ap-Haz. Ay, where, sir?—where? Oh, how I like to hear about a shipwreck! When did it happen? Where was it, captain?—In the Channel?

Tom. No: in Chelsea Reach.

Ap-Haz. Chelsea Reach! Why, what new ocean's that? But tell me, did the ship founder, or did she drive against a large ridge of barbarous rocks?

Tom. Neither: she drove against a little arch of Battersea bridge—off Milbank we lost our mainmast—at Vauxhall we sprung a leak—and at Ranelagh we threw overboard———

Ap-Haz. All your live stock, stores, and provisions?

Tom. All our umbrellas, spencers, and opera-glasses.

Ap-Haz. Umbrellas and opera-glasses!——Why, what fantastic jackanapes is this? Fortune's at her tricks again, I see, but let what will be the consequence, I'll ask him one more question.—Sir—captain, if the ship was lost, how came you not to sink with it?

Tom. I did sink with it.

Ap-Haz. What, you were drown'd, were you?

Tom. No, not exactly; because when she came to the bottom, I stood on the deck, and was knee high in the river. Drown'd! bless your fat head—how can a man be drowned in seven inch water? Oh, you'll never be of service to your country.

Ap-Haz. No; but you shall; for I'll fetch a press-gang——I'll——(*Going.*)

Orv. (*Stopping him.*) Softly: Will you force your ill-luck—purposely get into a scrape? Consider, the cards are in your own hands.

Ap-Haz. They are.

Orv. Would you throw them away then?

Ap-Haz. No, thank ye—thank ye—What's to pay, sir? (*To* TOM.)

Orv. (*To* TOM.) You'll excuse my friend, Mr Seymour—he's a strange creature. Come, never mind the loss of your ship; you have more than one, you know.

Tom. To be sure I have. There's the Sprightly Kitty! (*Pointing to the vessel at anchor.*) Cleopatra's galley was but a coal barge to it—she's my favourite, because my sister furnish'd the cabin for me: and, now I think on't, Orville, what's all this hurricane in my family? I'm told Juliana has put to sea with Sir Charles Danvers—Mess! I must keep a good look out—that is, when the sailing match is over.

Orv. You'll find your sister has behaved very ill, sir.

Tom. Shall I? I don't think it: more likely I shall find others have behav'd ill to her; and if that's the case, she shan't want a friend, I promise you—while I can swim, my sister shan't sink——What say you, Mr——

Ap-Haz. Say! that since I came to London, it's the only sensible speech I've heard. Sir, I beg pardon for hinting at a press-gang—you *are* a great naval character, and I'll sail with you—at the risk of my life I'll sail with you.

Tom. So you shall—not to-day though—I'm going to dine at La Fleece'em's club.

Ap-Haz. Then I'll go and dine at La Fleece'em's along with you.

Tom. Why, your friend's a strange creature indeed, Orville; however, I like his familiarity——so you shall go and dine with me; and, what's more,

I'll make you one of the squadron, and you shall wear the uniform.

Ap-Haz. So I will—I'll wear the uniform.

Tom. And you shall be in my set—the aquatic set—all as great naval characters as myself—and you shall hear of nothing but rowing, sailing, fishing—and you shall play a rubber.

Ap-Haz. Stop there—I'm tied up.

Tom. Tied up! What, you lose now and then?

Ap-Haz. Lose now and then! If you'll believe me, I never turned up an honour in all my life. However, Fortune smiles at present, and there's nothing like pushing it: So come, Orville—come, my noble captain——(*Aside to* ORVILLE.)—I feel my ground, and you and Miss Union may count the game your own——I'll beggar the club, marry the widow, bamboozle old Blackletter, and then we'll all take such a sea-voyage in the Sprightly Kitty—

Tom. No, no; no salt water for me—let me encounter the billows of the Thames, not be tossed on the tumultuous ocean—give me a sailing-match, not a sea-fight—a trip to Richmond, not a voyage to China—and, instead of being shipwrecked on rocks and quicksands, Battersea Bridge and seven inch water for Tom Seymour.—Come, my boys, come to the club, and I'll shew you how to hold honours, and sail against wind and tide! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER'S *Library.*

SIR CHARLES DANVERS *discovered writing at a Table.*

Sir Char. So——there's a match for the match-maker, however—trick for trick, Miss Union!—Let me see—(*Reads.*) "Matrimony—A lady, who has a heart to dispose of, would be happy to unite to a man of sense—of honour. She is indifferent about fortune, as she has two thousand a-year in a brass manufactory. Apply to Miss U——, No. 402, Grosvenor-street.—N. B. She would prefer an officer in the army or navy."——Ay, ay, that's touching Miss Union on her sore subject; and if this advertisement don't torment her, I'll try something else—I'll teach her to busy herself with other people's affairs.

Enter SAMUEL *with the Bust of Chaucer—he puts it on the Table.*

Sir Char. There's the bust of Chaucer, I suppose,—the celebrated treasure that is to turn me out of this house, and fix the young Welchman in my place—Samuel, who gave you this curiosity?

Sam. Mr Ap-Hazard, sir: He is now below with Miss Union, waiting to be introduced to master.—Icod! he comes at a bitter bad time; for Sir Bamber is so bad with the gout——

Sir Char. The gout, has he?—Very well!—Leave me——I too am waiting to see Sir Bamber; for I won't lose my rights without struggling hard for them, I'm determined——(SAMUEL *exit.*)——In the mean time, I'll copy this matrimonial advertisement for Miss Union. (*Sits at table, writing.*)

Enter AP-HAZARD *and* MISS UNION.

Ap-Haz. I tell you I've relapsed——the disorder has returned, and in London, as well as Wales, Fortune will whirl me into scrapes—Oh! that great naval character!—to decoy me to the club—win my money—my trinkets—get my note for fifty pounds, and then challenge me!

Miss Uni. Challenge you! Why?

Ap-Haz. Because, when I found that debts of honour were now-a-days no more thought of than other debts, I snapped my fingers in his face, called him a fresh-water pirate, and said I'd pay him in opera-glasses and umbrellas! On this he challenged me—then I run—for there's my luck again!—I daren't fight a duel—no, I daren't—unless it could be managed in an amicable way, by calling in the constables, or firing at fifty paces—at fifty paces, 'sblood! I could exchange fifty shots!

Miss Uni. Well!—but how did this end?—Did the captain overtake you?

Ap-Haz. No; I got the start, and kept it; and now my only chance is never seeing him or the Sprightly Kitty again——If he catches me, I'm a drowned man——Oh! I've got into my old train of ill luck—I shall trip every step I take, and you and Orville will tumble along with me!——(*Sees* SIR CHARLES DANVERS *at the table, and goes up to him.*) What fine fellow's this?—a servant, I suppose; for in this town they dress so smartly——Well, I don't blame them—when masters dress like pick-pockets,

servants may dress like gentlemen——Holloa! you sir!

Miss Uni. I see there's no keeping him out of a scrape!—Come here—that's your competitor, Sir Charles Danvers: he is waiting to contest the point with you; and, if you don't get in favour with Sir Bamber, he'll still be his heir, and I shall lose my revenge—Hush! here is the old commentator—Now remember, on this interview depends your inheriting five thousand a-year.

Enter SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER *and* SAMUEL.

Sir Bam. (*To* SAMUEL.) Blockhead! to push against me when I have the gout so bad in this hand, that I can't even write my notes on Chaucer!—Go; and when the bookseller comes, call me—(SAMUEL *exit.*)——Ha! my intended wife!—My sweet Miss Union!——Well!—where is he?—where's my godson?—where's my new heir?

Miss Uni. Here, sir—here is Mr Ap-Hazard—here is the owner of the celebrated bust!—Now put on your best manners—nothing like a first impression. (*Aside to* AP-HAZARD.)

Ap-Haz. I know it; and there I'm always lucky. (*Aside to* MISS UNION.)—Oh, Sir Bamber! if you knew the pleasure I feel in giving you this hearty shake of the hand——(*Shakes his gouty hand very hard.*)

Sir Bam. And if you knew the pain I feel——wheugh!

Ap-Haz. What's to pay?

Miss Uni. He is Fortune's fool indeed——Make amends by praising his library. (*Aside to* AP-HAZARD.)

Ap-Haz. I will—What a superb library, Sir Bamber!—what a choice collection of ancient and modern publications!

Sir Bam. Modern!—Sir, there's no such trash

here. I haven't a book published within the present century, except John Gilpin, in four volumes.

Ap-Haz. John Gilpin, in four volumes! Pooh! he wouldn't fill the column of a newspaper.

Sir Bam. No; but I make him fill four octavos—Why, it isn't the original author now-a-days—he's never thought of—'tis the notes, alterations, illustrations, emendations—

Ap-Haz. And botherations——I beg pardon; I mean commentations.

Sir Bam. Yes, sir, and commentations—Look at that folio now—it's Gilderoy—that bonny boy, Gilderoy. The poem originally consists of about eighteen stanzas; but my notes swell it to eighteen hundred lines!—and I haven't done yet—I'll have a new edition, with additions and revisions, and I'll amplify the bonny boy into two thousand.

Miss Uni. Ay, and perhaps make two thousand by it, Mr Ap-Hazard—Chaucer most likely didn't get fifty pounds by his poems; but Sir Bamber, with my manuscript, and a print from your bust, will make a fortune by his new edition—Then his dress, —isn't it so classical—This coat was once worn by the immortal Dryden.

Sir Bam. The shoes were Rochester's, the waistcoat Wycherly's, and the wig my old friend Hudibras's—They say I'm like Hudibras—Isn't curious?

Ap-Haz. Curious!—Since I came to town, Sir Bamber, you are by far the greatest curiosity I've seen—(*Sir* CHARLES DANVERS *advances.*)—What do you want, sir?

Sir Bam. Ay, what do you want, sir?—Haven't I told you that your marriage has undone you?—that you are a dead letter, sir?——This is my heir now.

Sir Char. I hope not, sir: When you consider that in my ruin an innocent lady is involved, I think you

will renew your protection, and be as you have ever been—a friend—a father to me.

Miss Uni. What right had you to marry that lady, when you knew she was betrothed to my nephew, sir?

Sir Char. No reflections on her, madam—censure me as you please; but Lady Danvers has behaved so generously, that if I've not a fortune to reward her virtue, I'll prove I have the spirit to defend it—Well, sir, what is your determination?

Ap-Haz. (*To* SIR CHARLES.) Ask old Geoffery Chaucer—(*Pointing to the bust.*) Ask him if the godson won't cut out the nephew.

Sir Char. 'Tis too plain: I see I am deserted; and Lady Danvers and myself must part!——Mrs Seymour no doubt will receive her daughter home again; and from this hour I'll trouble you no more. Farewell, sir! An unhappy marriage has been my ruin—may yours be more fortunate!

Sir Bam. What do you say, Charles?—Stay.

Sir Char. I forgot—If Colonel Orville should arrest me for the large debt I owe him, may I ask your assistance in confinement?—I never had any thing but what resulted from your bounty; and it will not be robbing a new heir to support an old friend in a prison!—Now to Mrs Seymour; and if she will but soften the afflictions of her daughter, I'll bear my own with patience! [*Exit.*

Sir Bam. What, is he gone!—I've a great mind to call him back and correct the press——Holloa, Charles!

Miss Uni. (*To* AP-HAZARD.) Now's the critical minute—Shew him the bust—describe its value—its beauties—put him in a good humour, or it's all over with you——Come, Sir Bamber—never think of an ungrateful nephew—look at the bust—look at the image of immortal Chaucer!

Ap-Haz. (*With the bust in his hand.*) Ay, here's

old Geoffery!—here's the father of English poets!—Look, sir—doesn't this remind you of Palamon and Arcite?—the Flower of Curtesye?—the Assembly of Fools?

Sir Bam. The Knyght's Tale, and the Canterbury Tales, and the money I shall make by my new edition?—Oh! that for Charles!—(*Snapping his fingers.*)—you're my heir!—The possession of it will make me the envy of the literati! the wonder of the cognoscenti!—the delight of the dilletanti!—the ——I'm in an ecstacy!—Let me—let me touch it.

Miss Uni. Don't, for Heaven's sake—consider its antiquity!—the least touch will crumble it to atoms. ——The day's our own! (*Aside to* Ap-Hazard.)

Ap-Haz. (*The bust still in his hand.*) I defy Fortune now—(*Aside to* Miss Union.)—What poetry flowed from this mouth!—What genius flashed from these eyes!—What fancy revell'd in this brain!—Ay, ay: this is none of your modern paper-skull'd authors—old Geoffery's head is sound—sound as—(*Here he lets his hand fall on the head, and part of it breaks to pieces.*)—Damnation! What's to pay?

Miss Uni. Pay!—the value of his estate, for you've lost it.—Don't say a word, the more you talk, the worse you'll make it.

Sir Bam. Finis!

Miss Uni. Go to Mrs Seymour, and leave me to compose him—What do you gape at? Run down stairs as fast as you can.

Ap-Haz. Run down stairs!—I'm in such high luck, that I shou'dn't be surprised if I tripp'd at the top step, and, without touching a single stair, shot headlong into the street!—It's an unlucky house, and the sooner I'm out of it the better—Pacify him—try to make peace for me; and don't fear my success with the widow; for if getting a wife be getting into a scrape, I shall be married before the day's

out.—Oh Fortune! Fortune! wilt thou never smile on me? [*Exit.*

Sir Bam. Was there ever such a hopeful heir!—On his first introduction, he squeezes my gouty hand—calls me a curiosity—breaks old Geoffery's head, and then asks what's to pay?

Miss Uni. Nay; it's all accident; and you should rather pity than condemn his bad luck—Give him another trial—Besides, though the bust is broke, there's still the manuscript.

Sir Bam. True; there's still Trickarinda—still that ancient poem written by Dan. Chaucer, of which you are now mistress, but which I shall possess the day you become Lady Bamber Blackletter.

Enter MRS SEYMOUR.

Mrs Sey. A bookseller is waiting in the hall, sir.

Sir Bam. Oh! I'll come to him.—At your intercession, Miss Union, I'll try a second edition of this godson; but if he don't improve in his style, Charles will get into my books, I promise you—Mrs Seymour, good morning. [*Exit.*

Mrs Sey. My good friend, I've just met Sir Charles Danvers—he tells me he is compell'd to part with my daughter, and begs me to take her to my house again—I cannot encounter it—indeed I cannot—the sight of her was once so dear to me, that——

Miss Uni. Can I assist?—You know I am devoted to your service.

Mrs Sey. I'm sure you are; and as I cannot at present receive her under my roof, will you give her an asylum under yours?—It will prevent her being a wanderer, and prove, though she has forgotten her mother, I can still remember her.

Miss Uni. Most willingly:—I'll go to the Hotel, and take her to my house this instant—Come, don't

fret about it, my dear friend—recollect you always said, if she married against your consent, you'd marry too—Think of Mr Ap-Hazard—nay, I'm sure he's a favourite.

Mrs Sey. He is indeed—I respect him so much for his generous conduct towards me, and also for his artless, uncontaminated mind, that if I do marry again, Miss Union, he is the man of all others I shall select for my husband.

Miss Uni. And you'd be right—He is the prettiest piece of pure innocence! Oh! if you had seen how the simple swain described your charms to me!—how he kiss'd the picture you gave him!—how he swore if you didn't have him, he'd take away his own life on the spot where he saved yours!—Come, come—Men are of some use in the creation, and widows can't marry too often—for if matrimony be a happy state, you ought to prove, to us spinsters, that you can't have enough of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in MRS SEYMOUR'S *House.*

Enter LADY DANVERS.

Lady Dan. Oh, Sir Charles!—when I left this house for Scotland, what pleasures did I not anticipate?—And now to return and find the doors shut against me!—However, the servants have kindly admitted me, and here I will remain till my mother comes home; then if Mr Ap-Hazard hasn't entirely supplanted me—but he has!—I know her heart is so full of love for him, there isn't room left for her unhappy Juliana!

Enter AP-HAZARD, *hastily.*

Ap-Haz. (*Fastening the stage door.*) So—I've outrun him again—I've beat this great naval character a second time—He was the last man I wish'd to see—of course the first I met—full butt, face to face—and if he isn't drown'd or press'd, I must leave London directly.—Never had man such infernal luck—(*Draws a chair and sits in it.*)—Yes, yes, you're in the old way, Master Ap-Hazard.

Lady Dan. Ap-Hazard!—this is the very gentleman.

Ap-Haz. I can't pay him, and I daren't fight a duel!—(*Sees* LADY DANVERS.)—By St David, a divinity!—Oh! here's trumps at last! (*Rises.*)—Madam! (*Bowing.*)

Lady Dan. Sir! (*Curtsying.*)—He seems good tempered, and if I apply to him, perhaps he may befriend me.—Sir, I am the unfortunate daughter of Mrs Seymour, and as you are now so high in her favour——

Ap-Haz. Lady Danvers!—More hot water, by Heavens!—My dear girl, I wou'dn't have Mrs Seymour suppose us tête-a-tête together—No—not to be friends with the fresh-water captain—not to have Chaucer's head whole again—not——

Lady Dan. Nay, sir, I only ask to live and die under my mother's roof; and if I were in your situation—and once I was so happy, sir—I would not refuse to assist you.—Come, come—I know you have a humane heart, and I see—I see you will make interest for me! (*Laying hold of him.*)

Ap-Haz. Fortune's at work again!—She's a syren!—I'm now on a trap-door, and in ten seconds I shall shoot down amidst ten thousand furies—Pity a poor traveller, and let me go—Consider, if I get you into favour with Mrs Seymour, I shall kick myself out of it—so I won't—I won't interfere for you.

Lady Dan. (*Still laying hold of him.*) You must—you shall.—I am parted from my husband, and if my mother doesn't receive me, who will?—Think how critical, how delicate, how terrible is my situation!—Oh! you shall not leave me—Look, on my knees I entreat you!—(*Kneeling to him.*)

Ap-Haz. Damme, there's no standing kneeling. (*Kneels by her.*) O you angel!—if at this moment I don't love you far, far beyond your mother——

Enter MRS SEYMOUR.

Holloa!—What's to pay?

Mrs Sey. Lady Danvers! Ap-Hazard!—First inform me, madam, what brought you here?

Lady Dan. Ask your feelings, madam.

Mrs Sey. And now, sir, what brought you here?

Ap-Haz. Ask Fortune, madam.—Indeed it's not my fault, for she knelt to me; and then when I look'd in her face, and saw it was so handsome—that is, so like her mother's—you comprehend——

Mrs Sey. I do, sir—She has art enough to corrupt the most artless.—Lady Danvers, an asylum is found for you—my friend Miss Union's carriage is waiting to conduct you to her house, where you will meet with that protection you chose to forsake in mine.

Lady Dan. To Miss Union!—Trust me with my enemy!—Place me in the same house with Mr Orville!—Oh, my mother!

Ap-Haz. I'm out of one scrape at last!—so while the mother's lecturing the daughter, I'll read what accidents have befallen other unlucky dogs!—(*Takes a newspaper out of his pocket—goes to the back part of the stage—takes a chair, and sits with his back turn'd to the audience.*)

Mrs Sey. I am determined—The servant will shew you to the carriage—Who waits there? (*Enter* TOM SEYMOUR.)—What do you want, sir?

Tom. I'll tell you when I've breath—that Welch

smuggler has so winded me with chasing him—I won his money fairly, and if he don't pay and apologize, I'll burn, sink, and destroy him, whenever I come up with him.—Juliana!—my sister!

Lady Dan. Brother, intercede for me—I only ask for shelter under my mother's roof, and she refuses me!

Tom. I know the reason—She is going to be married.

Mrs Sey. No matter, sir—I will be obey'd.

Tom. Then look ye, Juliana; you shall turn sailor, and live with me—we'll steer through life together, and you shall share my honours and my profits! (MRS SEYMOUR *smiles.*)—Ay, my profits, madam! —I'd have you know, next week I'm going a voyage of discoveries—all along the coast, from Whitehall to Windsor.

Mrs Sey. Perhaps I don't mean to marry at all, sir—if I do, I hope I shall make a better choice than your sister has done—not unite myself to a ruin'd gambler, like Sir Charles Danvers! No, the man I shall select will boast a pure uncontaminated mind, a faithful and an innocent heart, and one who never saw a gaming-table in his life.

Tom. Mess! I'd be glad to see such a fellow! But I suppose it's like a faster sailer than the Sprightly Kitty—a thing not to be found.

Ap-Haz. (*Still in the chair, with his back towards audience.*)—Trumps!—Trumps!

Tom. What's this the uncontaminated gentleman?

Mrs Sey. It is, sir.

Ap-Haz. (*Not regarding them.*)—Oh! Game! Game!

Tom. Why, wind and tide seem both in his favour!—Holloa! father-in-law!

(*Tom smacks him on the back*—AP-HAZARD *jumps up, and they meet face to face.*)

Ap-Haz. What's to pay?

Tom. What, is it you?—is this the innocent faithful creature that never saw a gaming-table?—ha! ha! He is really the most unlucky lubber living—Do you know, mother, last night, at hazard, he took twelve back hands running, and threw crabs to every one of them! and tossing up for guineas, he called tails, and it came heads twenty times following—Damme, never call tails, papa—never!

Mrs Sey. This is very extraordinary—Mr Ap-Hazard, I had the highest opinion of your honour; and when I gave you my picture——

Tom. Gave him your picture!

Ap-Haz. To be sure she did—Look at it, my undone son-in-law—(*Putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket*)—No, it's not there—Hang me, if ever I put my hand in the right pocket in my life—It's here.

Tom. No, it's here!---(*Taking the miniature out of his pocket, and holding it up.*)---Look at it, my undone father-in-law—I won it of him last night at La Fleece'em's, and never thought of looking at it before; but now I see the family likeness—There, take it, mother, and let it remind you that parents oughtn't to turn their children adrift for chusing a bad pilot, till they're sure they could have found a better for them themselves.

Mrs Sey. I see, and am asham'd of my credulity.—Mr Ap-Hazard, I desire we may never meet again.—Come, Juliana—I'll go with you myself to Miss Union's, where if you conduct yourself with propriety for a few weeks, I will recal you to my house—to my heart!—banish from my memory the errors of Lady Danvers, and once more be alive to the virtues of my long-lov'd daughter.

Lady Dan. Can you be so generous?—I'll die ere I a second time forsake you—and yet, my mother—

Mrs Sey. Nay, nor you, my son; neither of you must doubt Miss Union.

Tom. Not doubt her!—for my part, I don't know her, for except when the Thames is froze over, I am never at home.

Mrs Sey. She is my dearest friend, and is so fond of your society (*To* LADY DAN.) that I must keep my word with her—Come.—Mr Seymour, let me see you to-morrow—For you, Mr Ap-Hazard, the only reparation you can make me is to quit my house this instant. [*Exit with* LADY DANVERS.

Tom. (*After a pause.*) Papa.

Ap-Haz. Tommy,—was there ever such luck?

Tom. Luck! ascribe it to luck! it's all owing to impudence, vice.

Ap-Haz. There now! this is always the way. When one man gets down in life and another gets up, the world exclaims, "it's all owing to good or bad conduct." I say, it's owing to good or bad luck; and I ask you candidly, when you were shipwreck'd on the coast of Battersea, was it good luck or good management that made you land in seven inch water, noble captain?

Tom. Come, there's a great deal in chance, to be sure; and as the tide is against you, its unsailor-like to add to your distress—so forget and forgive, my boy! Nay, you were merry enough just now—What was the good news that made you cry—"Trumps! trumps!"

Ap-Haz. I forgot that—there's a card yet—(*Kisses newspaper.*)—Sweet creature, I'll go to her directly—Look, captain, read that advertisement.

Tom. (*Reading newspaper.*) "Matrimony!—A lady, who has a heart to dispose of, would be happy to unite herself to a man of sense and honour."

Ap-Haz. That's me.

Tom. (*Reads.*) "She is indifferent about a fortune, as she has two thousand a-year in a brass manufactory—Apply to Miss U———, No. 402, Grosve-

nor-street.—N. B. She would prefer an officer in the army or navy."—Ay, that's me.

Ap-Haz. You see—I'll go directly.

Tom. No—you don't—I'll go.

Ap-Haz. You go!

Tom. Yes, I'll go—Don't you see she prefers an officer in the navy; and do you think I'd suffer my honour'd father to marry a woman made of brass?—No, no—I'll go; and if I succeed, I'll not only return all the prize I took from you, but give you a third of her booty beside.

Ap-Haz. Will you? Gad! I want the money, not the wife, and as you're so fortunate a fellow—

Tom. And you so unfortunate a one, that you'd sink a ship.

Ap-Haz. A navy, by Heavens!—So it's a bargain, captain—We'll go to La Fleece'em's, where I'm to take my seat in my new uniform, and then you shall visit the lady.

Tom. No, not till to-morrow—This is the most important day in the whole year—the Vauxhall sailing match, you rogue—the Sprightly Kitty is sure of the cup, and then think what eclat it will give my introduction. (*Looks at his watch.*) Oh! it's time to be on board—so go to La Fleece'em's alone—put on your new uniform—here's something to warm the pockets with—(*Giving him money*)—and now, if you get into a scrape—

Ap-Haz. (*Putting money in his long purse.*) I know how to get out of it—What's to pay, noble captain: what's to pay? [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in MISS UNION'S *House.*

Enter SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER *and* LADY DANVERS.

Sir Bam. Send for a proctor, did you say?—Have you applied to Mrs Seymour?

Lady Dan. I have, sir, but there is no end to my mother's credulity—This morning I informed her that Miss Union wish'd me to gain a divorce from Sir Charles, in order that I might marry Mr Orville—nay—that she had even sent for a proctor to consult on the subject, and consequently that while I remained in this house, I knew I should be expos'd to one continued scene of danger and of insult.

Sir Bam. Well!—and what was Mrs Seymour's answer?

Lady Dan. That she disbelieved the whole story, and bid me beware how I accus'd Miss Union falsely.—Stay here I will not—I'd rather die than pass another night under this roof—Oh, sir!—you were once a friend to me.

Sir Bam. So I am still—I'm a friend to the whole sex—that is, to the young part—for though I'm very fond of old books, because they sometimes fetch a great price, I've no attachment for old women, for they never fetch any price at all.—I tell you what—

though I dare say Miss Union and Mrs Seymour have both good reasons for their conduct, yet there shall always be a place in my library for such a beautiful octavo as your ladyship—You shall come to my house.

Lady Dan. Will you be so generous?

Sir Bam. To be sure I will—Od!—Charles is somewhat in my books again, and if I could find the young runaway—where can he have hid himself?

Lady Dan. I have not heard from him since we parted, and if he knew how I regarded him—Ah, sir!—but for Miss Union's influence, we might be still united—I not suffering separation—nor he in danger of a prison.

Sir Bam. Not a word against Miss Union—she possesses the Chaucerian Manuscript—the dear delicious Trickarinda!—and, now I think on't—if I'm found decoying you from her house, she'll be so offended—Oh Lord! I shall lose the darling treasure.

Lady Dan. Nay, sir!—Miss Union needn't know where I'm gone, nor that you are concern'd in my escape.

Sir Bam. True:—if it could be manag'd—Let me see—now for a plot—I'm well read in old plays and ——I have it—Are you not going to the opera to-night?

Lady Dan. I am—I sit in Miss Union's box.

Sir Bam. Then I'll meet you there, and find a way to get off unseen—It's a modern plot, but so much the better—like the plots in modern plays, it's not likely to be found out—(*Knocking at the door.*)—This is the proctor, perhaps.—(*Enter a Servant.*)—Who is it?

Serv. A strange gentleman, who wants to see my mistress, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Bam. Ay, ay:—it's the proctor—Let us get out of the way—Till we meet at the opera, farewell!—I'll secure your escape; and if this godson—this

what's to pay Welchman, at our next meeting, squeezes hands and break heads, Charles shall be my heir still.

Lady Dan. Sir, I am all gratitude—Adieu!

Sir Bam. Adieu!—It's very odd what makes all the women so fond of me? No—it isn't—my literary reputation compells them to adore me—I'm the English Ovid!—I'm a new edition of the Art of Love—"Sigh no more ladies," &c.

[*Exit singing*—LADY DANVERS *exit.*

Enter MISS UNION *and Servant.*

Miss Uni. No doubt it's the gentleman from Doctors Commons—shew him up directly.—(*Exit Servant.*)—Poor Mr Ap-Hazard! I declare I quite pity him for his bad fortune, and pity is so nearly allied to love—heigho!—Oh! here's the proctor—Now if we can bring about a divorce between Sir Charles and Lady Danvers, she and the large Cornwall estate may be Orville's still.

Enter TOM SEYMOUR *and Servant.*

Tom. (*The newspaper in his hand.*) This is No. 402, and that's your mistress, you say?

Miss Uni. Yes, sir,—you're quite right—Pray be seated.

Tom. Ma'am! (*Sitting.*)—It's her—it's the brass lady!—now to strike her at once. (*Aside.*)—I gain'd the cup, ma'am! the Sprightly Kitty won easy—I'll tell you how it was, ma'am.

Miss Uni. Sir!

Tom. Six vessels set sail for the prize—the Neptune got the start, and kept it—that is, as far as Milbank—there the Sprightly Kitty came up with her; and then, ma'am, had you seen me at the helm!—laid her close to the wind—kept between my antagonist and the shore—got the weather-gage—caught a breeze—shot over to the Lambeth coast—tack'd—

upset a boat-full of common-council-men—dash'd through the middle arch—brought her about—dropt anchor off the proprietor's barge—received the cup—guns firing—drums beating—the crew huzzaing!—Oh, damme, ma'am, if you like officers in the navy, I'm the man.

Miss Uni. This is very extraordinary—but now-a-days men of business are all men of pleasure—however, to the point if you please—I sent for you about a divorce.

Tom. What!

Miss Uni. I say, I sent for you about a divorce.

Tom. And I came to you about a marriage.

Miss Uni. Marriage!—Lord help you!—it's a proctor I want.

Tom. No, no—it's a parson you want.

Miss Uni. Me! 'Tisn't of myself I'm talking—'tis of a young couple who have lately parted—Sir Charles and Lady Danvers.

Tom. Sir Charles and Lady Danvers!

Miss Uni. Yes: I want my nephew to marry the lady, and therefore if you can put me in a way to manage a divorce—Look!—(*Holds up a purse.*)—I understand feeing!

Tom. Pray, does Lady Danvers wish this?

Miss Uni. No—to be sure she doesn't—but what signifies that?—Here—(*Offering a purse.*)—Nay, nobody will know or blame you for it.

Tom. (*Rising.*) Yes, there is one person who will both know and blame me for it.

Miss Uni. Who?

Tom. Myself!—Hark ye:—I don't care a rope's end for Sir Charles—but for Lady Danvers—for my poor Juliana! I wouldn't add to her distress, if you'd give me a three-decker, and ballast it with your own brass!—So that (*Snapping his fingers*) for your two thousand a-year: and as for your heart—miss!—I don't wonder you want to dispose of it, for at night-

time it must be a damn'd troublesome messmate to you.

Miss Uni. Why, what does the brute mean?

Tom Mean!—that you may advertise for a husband every day in the week, and not even my cabin-boy will have you—There—there's your hand-bill—(*Giving her the newspaper.*)—You may keep it for Tom Seymour—yes, for the brother of Lady Danvers.

Miss Uni. The brother of Lady Danvers!—What! are you the famous sailor I've heard so much of?—the mighty navigator, who annually costs his mother three hundred pounds, for damage done the shipping, in running foul of them!—Sir, I am Mrs Seymour's dearest friend, Miss Union, and I'll inform her——

Tom. You her dearest friend!—Then bless the Sprightly Kitty for keeping me clear of the family acquaintance!—You inform her!—I'll go to her directly—I'll tell her about your proctors, parsons, and divorces; and if I've not got a wife by the interview, I'll prove at least that I have sav'd a sister,—ay, and expos'd a false friend by it!—Your servant.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr Ap-Hazard is below—he desir'd me to inform you that he is in a hurry to go to the opera; and as he is in want of ready money, he begs you or the lady will let him have a hundred pounds on account.

Tom. What, he expects to finger the brass, does he? Tell him the lady means to keep it all to herself—Stay—I'll tell him myself.—Look ye; if my mother don't remove you from the command of Juliana, I will!—she is my sister—and may I never fire a cannon, find an island, or make a fortune by prize-money, if she shall be run a-ground, while her brother has an arm to steer with! [*Exit.*

Miss Uni. I defy him: Mrs Seymour will believe

nothing to my disadvantage, I'm sure.—But what is all this? (*Looking at the newspaper.*) I advertise for a husband! I who never pass a day without an offer! —that have a list of discarded lovers as long as Pall-mall!—that can marry Sir Bamber at a moment's notice!—and here—to be stuck up here amongst Picture Galleries, Poney Races, Quacks, Conjurors ——Ha! I begin to suspect now—it's a trick—a stratagem of Sir Charles or Lady Danvers.

Enter ORVILLE.

My dear nephew, I'm so glad you're come—I've received such a new provocation from Sir Charles, or his wife, that I have now no longer any motive for restraining your conduct towards the lady—you may act as you please.

Orv. May I?—Then I'll compel her to sue for a divorce—Once in my power, I'll answer for forcing her to consent to a final separation from her husband:—She is now in the next room, and——

Miss Uni. Hold—this house is sacred, on Mrs Seymour's account. To-night you will find her at the opera; but remember, whatever are your plans, I have nothing to do with them.

Orv. I understand—I'll not involve you.—Oh! at the opera—I'll take care to secure her—(*Knocking.*) What's that knocking?—In the passage, too, when I enter'd, there was such a crowd of strange figures—However, I must repair to the opera—till we meet there, good night.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ma'am, here's a Scotch gentleman says he comes according to advertisement.

More knocking, and enter another Servant.

Serv. Ma'am, here's a Frenchman asking for the lady who wants a husband.

More knocking, and enter another Servant.

Serv. Ma'am, here are six young Irishmen.

Miss Uni. Six young Irishmen! Mercy! here'll be the whole town presently—Lock the doors—shut up the house, and, d'ye hear, tell the gentlemen I don't want a husband—Yes, tell them I do—but that instead of having two thousand a-year, I owe thirty thousand pounds—Come, Orville—Oh! if I don't match them all, say I'm no match-maker. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Coffee-room at the Opera House—the Bar, with Women behind—Fruit, Ice, Lemonade, &c. on it.

Enter three Orange Women.

First Wom. (*Speaking to the woman at the bar.*) A tumbler of water for General Symphony—he was seized with hysterics during the last song.

Second Wom. A glass of pine ice for the Duchess of Prattle—she has talk'd herself into a high fever.

Third Wom. Some jellies for Lord Totter—and here—some hartshorn for Lady Danvers, who has fainted away at the door of the coffee-room.

Enter ORVILLE.

Orv. Be quick, be quick, I tell you, or Lady Danvers will die—Curse old Sir Bamber—to be handing her out of Miss Union's box at a moment—However, I tripp'd up his heels—took her from him, and if she hadn't fainted with apprehension, by this time she had been safe on the road to my country house—

(*Woman gives him hartshorn.*)—Now to revive her, and then——Zounds! Sir Bamber again!

Enter SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER.

Sir Bam. This opera house is no house for us literary characters—Oh, Mr Orville! I've been so insulted—This instant, as I was conducting Lady Danvers out of Miss Union's box, a bullying fellow seiz'd me by the arm—twirl'd me round like a T totum, and sent me head foremost to the ground, as dead as old Chaucer.

Orv. Well, sir, I hope you don't suspect me?

Sir Bam. Suspect you!—what, the nephew of my dear Miss Union?—No, no—and yet it's well I know your regard for me, for the fellow was dress'd in a similar coat to yours—though the passage was dark, and we commentators are very short-sighted, yet I'll swear the rascal had on the uniform of La Fleece'em's club.

Orv. Very likely—I'm not the only person here in the uniform—There's Sir Charles Danvers.

Sir Bam. Charles in the uniform!—he, the ruffian!—Oh, the desperado!—Well! whoever it is, Mr Orville, he has not only taken from me the sweetest girl in England, but also the greatest curiosity in the whole world—my snuff-box!—my invaluable snuff-box! which Charles the Second gave Killigrew for his jokes, and which a pawnbroker gave me for sixty guineas—Help me to search for him.

Orv. Excuse me—I'm engaged—Now to carry Lady Danvers to my villa, and then she's mine for ever! (*Aside.*) Good night, Sir Bamber; and, depend on't, Sir Charles was your assailant. [*Exit.*

Sir Bam. Charles my assailant!—then Ap-Hazard is my heir, and I'll leave Lady Danvers to starve with her husband. I could forgive his taking his wife from me, but to knock me down, and steal my Killigrew!—Oh!—they may both go to Scotland

again—I've done with them—I've—Hah! who comes here?—another man in the uniform! (*Stands aside.*)

Enter AP-HAZARD *in the Uniform.*

Ap-Haz. Bravo, Mr Ap-Hazard!—since you've put on this uniform, you've come on amazingly—Miss Union has exchang'd such glances with me, that there's no doubt I shall finger the brass yet; and crossing the passage, I found such a valuable curiosity—such a divine snuff-box—(*Takes a pinch of snuff out of it, and puts it in his pocket.*)—Ha! Bam! how are you, Bam?

Sir Bam. Bam!—Surely he can't be the ruffian—What brought you here, sir?

Ap-Haz. I came to see the opera, sir—but the thing's impossible—I haven't had a glimpse of a single dancer or singer.

Sir Bam. And why, sir?

Ap-Haz. Because the audience are the performers, and there's nothing to be seen on the stage but soldiers, scene-shifters, prompters, and those pasteboard figures stuck on to the scenes, call'd men of fashion—Do you know, Bam, in Wales we us'd to pay but sixpence to look at a waggon-full of wild beasts—but here, at the opera house, you pay half-a-guinea to peep only at monkeys.

Sir Bam. Hark ye, sir—did'nt you assault me just now?

Ap-Haz. Me assault you?

Sir Bam. Yes, sir—Did'nt you take Lady Danvers from me?

Ap-Haz. Me!—No, no—I was rather unfortunate in the morning, but now I'm in better luck, and we'll be better friends—Give me your hand—no—not the gouty one—there—And now I'll make you amends for fracturing old Geoffery's skull—Here—(*Pulling out a paper*)—here's such a literary treasure!

Sir Bam. Is there?—let's see it.

Ap-Haz. Gently—no hurry—I look upon you as the father of the literati—the chief of commentators—the king of blue stockings—and therefore I'll read to you an original stanza, written by Shakespeare—written for one of the witches in Macbeth.

Sir Bam. An original stanza for one of the witches!—Oh! let me hear.

Ap-Haz. Ay—never, never publish'd——Listen.—(*Reads.*)

Hinx, spinx, the devil winks,
The fat begins to fry;
Nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

O, U, T,
With a black and a brown snout,
Out! Pout! Out!

There!—isn't that genuine?

Sir Bam. Genuine! I'll take my oath it's Shakespeare's!—Yes, yes, Charles was the ruffian—Repeat it, my dear boy, repeat it.—"Hinx, spinx"—

Ap-Haz. (*Taking snuff.*) "The devil winks"—Take a pinch. (*Offering him his own snuff-box.*)—Why, what do you stare at?—Take a pinch, I say.

Sir Bam. (*Snatching the box from him.*) It is! no it isn't—yes, it is—my own dear Killigrew—Oh, you accomplish'd villain!

Ap-Haz. Villain!—I found it—I——

Sir Bam. It's all out now!—He was the assailant, and Charles is innocent. Now ar'n't you a pretty scoundrel!—At our first interview you break old Geoffery's skull, and at the second you crack mine!—Look ye; you may return to Wales, for I'll adopt a printer's devil——a compositor—a fly-boy——any body, in preference to such a hinx-spinx impostor!

Ap-Haz. What!—you give me up, do you?

Sir Bam. Give you up!—If it weren't for Miss Union, I'd have you hang'd!

Ap-Haz. Well!—what then?

Sir Bam. What then!

Ap-Haz. Ay, what then?—when a man has no luck in one world—Damme, it's insupportable! I'm tir'd out: and at this moment I'm in such a conflagration, that I could burn the theatre myself, and all the people in it.—Here—give me something cooling—ice—lemonade—vinegar!—(*Goes up to the bar, and in his hurry breaks three or four glasses.*)——Very well!—"What's to pay?"—Curse it!—"What's to pay?"

Sir Bam. Poor Lady Danvers!—I wonder what's become of her: if I could find her, and make her amends——Heh! here she is, and Orville with her!

Enter LADY DANVERS, *struggling with* ORVILLE.

Lady Dan. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Sir, I insist—nay, I must—I will be heard!——Gentlemen, if you have any pity, protect me from this hypocrite.—Sir Bamber!—Mr Ap-Hazard, you once sav'd my mother in distress, now extend your gallantry to her unfortunate daughter!

Orv. Psha! they'll neither of them interfere for you: one's too old—the other too dastardly.

Ap-Haz. Who's dastardly!——I'll interfere for her—or for any body—or for every body!

Orv. Indeed!—What makes you so mad-headed?

Ap-Haz. What makes one man a highwayman?—another a suicide?—a third a duellist?—Why, desperation!—desperation!—I'm chuck-full of it at this moment! I can't be worse off than I am; so yield up the lady, or else take hold of the corner of that handkerchief—we'll fight across it, muzzle to muzzle, Mr Orville!

Orv. This interruption's tedious——Lady Danvers, I insist——(*Laying hold of her.*)

Ap-Haz. (*Standing before them.*) Stop, sir! I see you're one of those puppies who, having lost all character, try to relieve it by robbing women of their honour and men of their lives—(*Here* ORVILLE *produces pistols.*)—If so, there's my card—here's my pistol—(*Taking one from* ORVILLE)—and, unlucky as I am, I'll bet twenty to ten my shot against yours—(*Presents pistol.*)—Out of the way, Bam,—out of the way!

Orv. This isn't a proper place to adjust these matters in; you'll bring the audience to see you.

Ap-Haz. So much the better: I like to bring an audience to see me: and the fuller the house, the more my acting will be applauded.—However, if we can't fight here, we can fight elsewhere:—Come over the way to my lodgings—(ORVILLE *pauses.*) What! does Fortune leave you in the lurch?—Look, ma'am—look at the losing hero!

Orv. Don't fancy I'm afraid, sir: I don't like to leave the lady, that's all.

Sir Bam. (*Aside to* ORVILLE.) Oh! I'll take care of her, upon my honour.

Orv. What, you'll keep her safe till I return?—then I'll go with him—there is no other way; and, after all, I don't think he'll fight.—Come, sir, no delay——Madam, I'll make an example of your champion; and when I come back———

Ap-Haz. Madam, he shall never come back again!——There's no danger: if he will fight, I won't: and the man who makes up his mind to one or to the other is equally determined—(*Aside.*)——Come along, sir.——Bam, I'm resolv'd——Madam, he's a dead man! [*Exit with* ORVILLE.

Sir Bam. There they go—and now, my sweet octavo, we'll go too. I forgive the fellow every thing—I do; because he has saved you from Orville, who, I now see, was the real villain, after all.

Lady Dan. Ah, sir!—but if Mr Ap-Hazard should lose his life?

Sir Bam. Lose his life!—Bless you! when a quarrel takes place at a theatre, it's five to one they don't fight; and if they do, it's ten to one neither of them are wounded. But come, let's to my house directly, and leave the people of fashion to sleep over the opera by themselves.—Do you know, Juliana, I've a great mind to give up literature, and learn to caper? I have, for this reason—Now-a-days, the worst dancer makes more by his heels than the best author does by his head! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of SIR BAMBER'S *House, in Grosvenor Square.*

Enter SIR BAMBER *and* LADY DANVERS.

Sir Bam. Ay, ay, I told you how the duel would end.

Lady Dan. Hadn't we better enter your house, sir?—we may be pursued.

Enter, from the House, SAMUEL.

Sam. Oh, sir!—I'm glad you're come home.

Sir Bam. Why, what's the matter, sirrah?

Sam. There's been such a rumpus, sir!—Mrs Seymour's butler has been here, asking after your honour and Lady Danvers.

Sir Bam. Indeed!

Sam. Yes.—They have been informed that you

had carried off the lady from the opera.—There'll be blood spilt, I'm sure, for Mrs Seymour and her son, Miss Union and her nephew, all vow revenge; and if Lady Danvers is found in our house——

Sir Bam. None of your illustrations, sirrah! (*Exit* SAMUEL.)—What's to be done?—Mrs Seymour will persecute, Orville and her son insult me; and Miss Union——'Sdeath! I shall lose both her and Trickarinda——No, no, she mus'n't be found in my house.

Lady Dan. I'm sorry to perplex you, sir; and if I knew how——

Sir Bam. There is only one way—You must return to Miss Union's; for I'd rather be accus'd of having written all the new novels of last year, than prov'd to be author of your present elopement——Mercy on me! here's one of our pursuers. (*They go up the stage.*)

Enter AP-HAZARD, *(the flap of his coat torn.)*

Ap-Haz. Here's luck now!—I receive an assignation from Miss Union—keep on my best dress——

Sir Bam. Oh, it's only you, is it?

Ap-Haz. I receive an assignation, I say—knock at the lady's door—all joy and expectation—when a little, square, terrier-faced fellow seizes me by the flap of the coat, tears it asunder, calls me a money lender, himself a coach-maker, and swears I swindl'd him out of a chariot worth three hundred pounds—I explain, and he coolly walks off, saying he never saw one man more like another than I am to the notorious A. B.——Curse him! I must go home and refit myself for the assignation.

Sir Bam. (*Stopping him.*) Don't you see Lady Danvers?—she's all gratitude for your gallantry; and, between ourselves, she has made notes on your figure: She likes your title-page—your frontispiece—mum—she's fond of you.

Ap-Haz. They all are!—Oh, with the women I'm

always fortunate!—Bless them! they never got me into a scrape.

Sir Bam. Didn't they?—You're a luckier fellow then than I thought you.

Ap-Haz. Never: they never lead any body into mischief.

Sir Bam. No!—Why, here's one of them has put a full stop to all my flights in love and literature.—The sex never get you into difficulties, you say?——I've a great mind to fix him with the care of Lady Danvers—(*Aside.*)—I will.——Hark ye!—she's in a particular situation—she wants a protector.

Ap-Haz. A protector!

Sir Bam. Ay: Don't you know what a protector is?

Ap-Haz. Oh!—a man who takes care of himself.

Sir Bam. Come, that's a new reading.——She has no home, I tell you; and as I heard you say you were going to your lodgings, will you take her under your arm?

Ap-Haz. Will I not!——My dear Bam, always put yourself in Fortune's way.——Madam!

Sir Bam. Hush! I'll speak to her.——What a nanny-goat it is!—(*Aside.*)——Juliana——I can't keep my countenance—(*Laughing.*)——As you see the danger of going to my house, and object to return to Miss Union's, I've thought of a snug shelf for you:—A female relation of mine lives in the next street, and this favourite of the ladies (*Smiling at* AP-HAZARD) here will conduct you—nay, he'll fight for you, I warrant: though not a profess'd duellist, he can crack a skull as well as any cudgeller in England.

Lady Dan. Sir, I have no reason to think Mr Ap-Hazard will lead me into danger.

Ap-Haz. There you're wrong, madam: I never take a step without getting into danger: and since

I entered this inauspicious town, I've got into every scrape a man can get into—except one.

Lady Dan. And what is that one?

Ap-Haz. A law-suit!—I've had no commerce with the lawyers; although I have heard there are two hundred thousand, I've escaped them all; and that's an equivalent for most of my bad fortune.—Come, let's be gone, madam.——I say, don't you envy me?

Sir Bam. I do: John Gilpin was nothing to you.—Stop though:—Treat her kindly—behave like a man of honour.

Ap-Haz. Honour!——Now I think on't, what's become of Miss Union?—she's waiting all this time, and——Well, I'll see her safe, (*Pointing to* LADY DANVERS) and then once more for the assignation. ——Lady Danvers, I've an arm to fight for you, a head to plot for you, and a heart to feel for you!—and——Oh, Sir Bam! "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:" I'm now at high-water mark, and this pilot will steer me into such an ocean of luck, that henceforth my watch-word shall be "what's to receive?" —never will I ask "what's to pay?" again.

[*Exit with* LADY DANVERS.

Sir Bam. Ha, ha, ha!—Good luck to you.—— Now there'll be no blood spilt: I can triumph over Mrs Seymour and her son, and preserve Miss Union and Trickarinda.

Enter TOM *and* MRS SEYMOUR.

Tom. Where is my sister, sir?—You have decoy'd her from the opera, and taken me from a harpooning party at Putney, where the fish are now waiting for me—Deliver her up this instant, or, by the regatta, I swear——

Sir Bam. None of your pitch and tar here, sir! ——Mrs Seymour, least this libellous report should injure me in Miss Union's good opinion, I am com-

pelled to give up the real author at once—My hopeful heir is the gentleman—Lady Danvers is this instant gone with Ap-Hazard to his lodgings.

Tom. Oh, you old marauder !—What ! follow the track of Munchausen ?—try to outsail that great discoverer on the marvellous ocean !——All I know is, if Ap-Hazard has steer'd off with the Juliana brig, there'll be a pretty smart engagement between her and the Union fire-ship.

Mrs. Sey. Hold, sir !—haven't I told you not to reflect on that good woman ?

Tom. And haven't I told you to reflect on that good woman ?—I say Miss Union is a crazy vessel; and as a proof of it, she sent Ap-Hazard a love-letter—he shew'd it me; and may I never set the Thames on fire, if I don't think she is now in his cabin.——Juliana's a good girl, and takes too much after her brother, to act in an unsailor-like or dishonourable manner.

Sir Bam. This isn't to be borne !——Mrs Seymour, that you may be eye-witness of mine and Miss Union's innocence, will you go with me to Ap-Hazard's lodgings ?—In the mean time, your illiterate, amphibious son here may examine my house.

Mrs Sey. With all my heart.—Come, sir.

Sir Bam. (To Tom.*)* Mind though—when you enter the library, don't steal any of the manuscripts.

Tom. I steal them !—Pooh ! they're too heavy for the Sprightly Kitty: one cargo of Black-letter ballast would sink her and the whole crew.

Mrs Sey. Will you never forego this aquatic mania ?—will you never be creditable to your family, or useful to your country ?

Tom. Useful to my country !——I never had an opportunity of proving it. But I'll tell you what—if an enemy's fleet appears off our coast, I'll not trouble myself about the salt-water, because there are tight lads enough to take care of the Channel; but

for fresh-water, if they venture above bridge, only let me catch them in Chelsea Reach, and I and the Sprightly Kitty will give them such broadsides—Oh! we'll assert the dignity of old Thames, and, while we have a plank to stand on, protect its fisheries, coal-barges, navigation, and trade. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

AP-HAZARD'S *Lodgings; a Table with Wine; two Chairs.*

Enter AP-HAZARD *and* LADY DANVERS.

Ap-Haz. (*In another coat.*) Now to meet Miss Union—Good b'ye :---Order what you want.

Lady Dan. Don't leave me, I entreat you.

Ap-Haz. Not leave you!—I'm sure you'll pardon me when I confess I've an assignation: the lady has been waiting these two hours: and no wonder at it; for when I set out for one place, I'm so sure of arriving at another, that the other day, when I meant to dine at Hyde-Park Corner, the drunken hackney-coachman set me down at Shoreditch church.

Lady Dan. I only ask you to remain till the mistress of the house comes home.—Pray have you ever seen or convers'd with her?

Ap-Haz. Saw her this morning: she brought me my bill; and because I was not fortunate enough to pay her, she bid me quit my lodgings.

Lady Dan. Your lodgings!—Surely I'm not deceiv'd.——Pray, sir, whose room is this?

Ap-Haz. Mine, ma'am; these are my apartments. In the next room there lodges a dashing young baronet: nobody knows his name, because he is so

afraid of being tapp'd on the shoulder, that he hasn't stirr'd out since he came.—Over head is an old lady, who is all day fencing—underneath is a young one learning to play on the trumpet—in the garret is a spouting author—and over him is a nightly concert of mewing, caterwauling lovers.

Lady Dan. Sir, answer me this question—Is the mistress of this house a relation of Sir Bamber's?

Ap-Haz. No, to be sure she isn't—hang it, she may though; for, now I recollect, I've seen her roll up butter of her own making in manuscripts of his writing.——Well, it's too late for Miss Union now: no doubt she has given me up: and since you've been the cause of my disappointing one dear creature, make me amends, by allowing me to make love to a dearer—One kiss.

Lady Dan. Don't come near me, sir!

Ap-Haz. I thought you'd prove a lucky star; and you have: my heart forbodes such a scene of good fortune—*(Offers to kiss her.)*——Nay, if I don't behave like a gentleman, may I never turn up an honour as long as I live!

Lady Dan. Keep off, I insist, sir!—Is this your generosity? Oh, Sir Charles Danvers!—Sir Charles Danvers!—what misery has our union entailed upon me!—What have I suffered by forming an alliance, without considering whether there was fortune or affection to support it!

Ap-Haz. Sir Charles Danvers!—Pooh!—I don't care *that* for him: I've turn'd him out of one house already; and if he were here at this moment, I'd say to him———

Enter SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

Sir Char. Well, sir—what would you say to him?

Ap-Haz. What's to pay?—Nothing more, upon my word.

Sir Char. Being in the next room, and hearing my

name, I came to see who utter'd it——Lady Danvers!—alone—and in the apartments of my enemy!——What! because he has supplanted me in my uncle's affections, does he rival me in yours?—because he is heir to a large fortune, is he more worthy your regard than a ruin'd, lost, unhappy husband?——Speak!

Lady Dan. Sir Charles, your former good opinion I do not wish to forfeit; and if not lov'd, I cannot bear to be despis'd. I have been betray'd here; first, by the artifices of Miss Union and Orville; and next, by the treachery of your uncle and his friend.—This is my justification: and now judge whether he can atone for the loss of a husband, whom, till this hour, I honour'd and esteem'd.

Sir Char. Hear me, sir!—What ill intentions urg'd you to attempt such daring villainy?

Ap-Haz. Ill luck, not ill intentions, I assure you, sir.—A woman never led me into a scrape before: and I thought by sticking close to an angel, to keep the devil at an agreeable distance.—But I see Love, as well as Fortune, makes a fool of me—they're both blind to my merits——and so good night.

Sir Char. Hold, sir!—stir not a step!——Lady Danvers, misfortune, not hatred, parted us; and with my life I'll guard you from your enemies—Give me your hand——Ah! you once gave it me.

Lady Dan. I did; and if it be worth keeping, take it again, Sir Charles. I've bought experience since you left me; and I feel a pleasure in declaring, that, were I single to-morrow, there is but one man on earth should have my hand and heart—and that one is Sir Charles Danvers.

Sir Char. Is it possible?—You trifle sport me!

Ap-Haz. So she did me just now.——Take care, my fine fellow—take care!—A man never has a cupfull of joy in one hand, but presently pops a pail-full of sorrow in the other.

Lady Dan. I'll make one more appeal to my mother: I have now a new tale to unfold to her: and if we can but convince her, and your uncle, of Miss Union's duplicity, we may be happy still.——Why that sigh, Sir Charles?

Sir Char. My debts have fallen into other hands: Old Colonel Orville is dead; and my greatest foe is now my chief creditor.—Orville is determined to throw me into prison; and on his account I was driven to those rooms; for which I have now reason to thank him, since this interview has prov'd, my Juliana, that though divided by necessity, we're still united by dearer ties than matrimonial bonds—by mutual inclination—by disinterested love.

Lady Dan. We are; and, but for our enemies, Sir Charles——

Sir Char. Ay, but for them!——'Sdeath! when I think how you have been treated!——However, let me lose no time in conducting you to your mother's. I'll make at least one example amongst them ——And you, sir!—mark me, sir! wait till I return; and then be prepared to give me such satisfaction as the honour of an injur'd husband demands!

[*Exit with* LADY DANVERS.

Ap-Haz. An injur'd husband demands!—Very well—Fire away, gentlemen!—If I had ten thousand lives, I dare say you'd take them all—They sha'n't though—*(Draws a chair, and sits in it.)*—Here I perch for life!—from this chair I never stir—here I'll wrap myself up like an owl in an old tree, and then—let the tempest bellow round me—Heigho! *(Looks at the wine on the table)* I should like to drink a glass of wine to raise my spirits! *(Gets half up.)*—No—I won't budge—if I stir, I know I shall tread on that infernal piece of orange peel, slip down, and break my neck!—Plague on't!—will there never come a turn in my favour?—will Fortune never—I'll sit cross'd-legg'd for luck——Ha!—I have it—If my pocket-book isn't stolen, there's a bill of my father's

in it now due—Here it is !—I'll touch the cash directly—set off for Wales to-night—leave these cockneys to fight it out by themselves—laugh at having trick'd them, and so—*(As he is going, enter* MISS UNION.)

Miss Uni. And so—make appointments with one lady, only to keep them with another !—let me bite my fingers for two hours, and be the whole time sighing here with Lady Danvers !—What have you got there ? a list of assignations I suppose—*(Snatches the pocket-book from him)*—I'll teach you how to keep them ! There !—*(Tears leaves out of the book, note, &c.)*

Ap-Haz. You've torn my father's note ! O Lord ! What's to pay ?

Miss Uni. (*Knock at the door.*) Mercy ! who's here ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Charles Danvers has just sent, sir, to desire you'll follow him to Hyde Park, and bring pistols with you, directly. [*Exit.*

Ap-Haz. i'll come. Now I can get rid of this plague—and if I go near the Park——Oh ! I'll slip thro' all their fingers yet.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Mr Orville and his second are at the door in a post-chaise, sir—and he swears, if you don't instantly set out for Hamburgh, he'll post you for a coward. [*Exit.*

Ap-Haz. It never rains but it pours.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Mrs Seymour and Sir Bamber Blackletter, sir—They say you have carried off Lady Danvers, and if you don't instantly restore her to her mother, your life must answer for the consequences.

Ap-Haz. Very well :—Shew them up—Only say, my life is bespoke by so many people, that if they

don't make haste, I sha'n't have a bit of flesh left to peck at—*(Servant exit.)*—This is the crisis!

Miss Uni. Heavens!—if they should find me here—Mr Ap-Hazard—my dear Mr Ap-Hazard—only get me out of this scrape—Where shall I hide myself?

Ap-Haz. (In a reverie.)—In a brass mine;—for me—I'll consult the stars.

Miss Uni. Consult the stars, and let me be discovered!—Here they come, and I know they'll search every hole and corner to find Lady Danvers!—Where shall I go?—Ha!—a window with a balcony!—I shall conceal myself in that balcony, and if you betray me—— [*Exit into balcony.*

Enter SIR BAMBER *and* MRS SEYMOUR.

Sir Bam. Now, sir, produce the lady—restore her to her unhappy mother.—Why, what's the fool staring at?—Look at me—look in my face.

Ap-Haz. I do—and a more ill-omen'd visage never cross'd me—There's fatality in every furrow—a scrape in every wrinkle, and a devil—O, U, T,—out, with a black and brown snout—out! pout! out!

Enter TOM SEYMOUR.

Well, sir—have you seen your sister?

Tom. I have—I acquit you, Sir Bamber—You are innocent—But O! you fountain of all iniquity—*(Laying hold of* AP-HAZARD)—you rock—you quicksand—you whirlpool!—how dare you decoy my sister to these lodgings?

Ap-Haz. The stars foretel a watery grave—and lo!—here comes the mighty master of the art of sinking, to shew me to the bottom—How did you feel when you were drown'd?

Tom. Not half what you will when I shoot you on my quarter-deck—Lady Danvers is in this house—I have seen her.

Sir Bam. There!—Now, haven't I been libell'd?—

hasn't Miss Union been lampoon'd?—and won't I have you pilloried, sir, for saying that volume of virtue was in these apartments?

Tom. I said she sent this tornado a love-letter—*(Pointing to* AP-HAZARD)—and I am sure she has brass enough to—Mess!—don't weep so, mother:—I'm not us'd to salt-water, and you'll make me cry too.

Mrs Sey. I could have borne any thing but this—to see my child disgrac'd!—her reputation sullied!—Oh, my son!

Tom. (Crying.) Hang it!—I'm sorry I said I saw her, now; but looking up to see if the wind blew fair for Putney, I spied her in the balcony.

Sir Bam. In the balcony!—What! there?

Tom. (Still crying.)—Yes, there that pirate has conceal'd my lost—unhappy sister.

Sir Bam. I'll have her out.

Tom. No—you sha'n't expose her.

Sir Bam. I will—to vindicate my own and Miss Union's character—*(Throws up window, and leads on* MISS UNION.)—This way, Lady Danvers.—The devil!—my intended wife!

Ap-Haz. What's to pay?

Tom. There's brass for you!

Ap-Haz. Ha! ha! ha!—am not I the only unlucky one?—have I got a companion in my misfortunes?—Ha! ha! till this moment I stood alone—now here's a joint paymaster!—*(Sees* SIR BAMBER *looking melancholy.)*—What! another unlucky one! Mrs Seymour too!—Oh!—if I go to the bottom here'll be a jolly party to sink with me.

Mrs Sey. I'm so overjoy'd to find my daughter innocent, I have not pow'r to censure my false friend—*(To* TOM.)—How came you, sir, to take this lady for your sister?

Tom. That's what puzzles me—Mess!—I don't know whether it was the front of her I saw—for

now-a-days women are so bamboozled in their rigging, there's no telling the stem from the stern.

Ap-Haz. Your sister is gone to Mrs Seymour's with her husband; and Miss Union—

Miss Uni. Sir—I'll speak for myself—Sir Bamber—Mrs Seymour—I came to these apartments in search of Lady Danvers, and hearing music in the street, I stept into the balcony to listen to my favourite tune—an old song of Chaucer's—the nightingale and——

Sir Bam. The cuckoo!—Oh! oh! oh!

Tom. Come, papa—as we're once more friends, let's bear a hand together—let's steer to the club, and drink Juliana's health in a thousand bumpers.—Good night, mother—and to speak authorically, don't you think Sir Bamber and Miss Union will bind up neatly together?

Ap-Haz. Yes; and if he means to have prints in his edition of Chaucer, let me recommend for the frontispiece a view of the balcony!—Mrs Seymour, you're always welcome to your husband's apartments—Bam, yours.—Come, my noble son-in-law—henceforth I'll not be troublesome to you, for now Fortune has found somebody else to make a fool of, I hope she'll give me a holiday!—she'll forget me; but, damme, I'll remember her as long as I've a memory!

[*Exit with* TOM.

Miss Uni. There's nothing else, I believe, so I'll follow.

Mrs Sey. Stay, madam—I deserve what I have suffered for my credulity, but my daughter has merited a happier fate: and I hope this lesson may be learnt from your conduct and my own—that to make love a trade—to convert marriage into merchandize, and dispose of a child to the highest bidder, is prostituting the noblest passion of the human heart.

Sir Bam. Finis. [*Exeunt*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at MRS SEYMOUR'S.

Enter MRS SEYMOUR *and* AP-HAZARD.

Mrs Sey. Lady Danvers to go out without seeing me! to quit my house so soon after her return to it, and then be found at Mr Orville's alone, and in close conversation with him!—Tell me, sir;—you say you saw her there.

Ap-Haz. I say, my luck has turn'd.—Adieu!

Mrs Sey. Nay, are you going?

Ap-Haz. Directly—I want a second, and as the noble captain's not within, I must seek one elsewhere—I am a man of honour now—I have fought Sir Charles—mean to fight Orville—so good day.

Mrs Sey. Fought Sir Charles Danvers!

Ap-Haz. To be sure—Why, you know nothing—I'll tell you how it was.—He followed me to La Fleece-'em's, and insisted on immediate satisfaction.—Not being in luck—that is, my courage not coming when I call'd it, I demurr'd—then the members rose, lock'd the door, and call'd me a shy cock!—forced this pistol into my hand—When I found there was nothing else left for it, I fought like a lion; and now I am ready to fight any body—man, woman, and child—but first I'll shoot your friend Orville.

Mrs Sey. He is no longer a friend of mine—

his persecution of Sir Charles, whom he means to arrest for the debt of ten thousand pounds due to his uncle, would alone make me shun him.—But about my daughter, sir—did you see her at Mr Orville's?

Ap-Haz. I did—I call'd to give him a hint, and seeing her alone with him, I retir'd.—But I can't stay—I must keep fighting while my hand's in.—Adieu!—London improves—Fortune takes a turn; and come what will—exit a man of honour! [*Exit.*

Mrs Sey. Last night I did not see her, and this morning she rose so early—What's to be done? I'll go to Mr Orville's house—I'll—Hold—here she is—I'll observe. *(Stands aside.)*

Enter LADY DANVERS—*(her hat and cloak on.)*

Lady Dan. Mr Orville has behav'd as I expected—he us'd to profess regard for me, but now I have put him to the proof.

Mrs Sey. (*Behind.*) To the proof!

Lady Dan. He treats me like an enemy. (MRS SEYMOUR *advances.*)—My mother!—Oh! thank you for restoring your protection to me—thank you for the happiest night I have pass'd since I left you—and yet there is one thing—I'm just come from Mr Orville, and he has us'd me most unkindly.

Mrs Sey. Indeed!

Lady Dan. You us'd to praise him, mother, and wish me to return his love.

Mrs Sey. I did—My weakness is no apology for yours.

Lady Dan. No—but I thought, by reminding him of former days—by saying that on your account I would try to regard him——

Mrs Sey. Juliana, you'll break my heart—After the struggles we have both encountered, I did expect we should part no more.

Lady Dan. And shall we, mother?

Mrs Sey. What can I do?—I could forgive you

any thing, for life is agony without you—but your husband—how shall I tell Sir Charles?

Lady Dan. Tell him!—what?

Mrs Sey. Of your imprudence, your unfeeling conduct.

Lady Dan. What conduct?

Mrs Sey. Have you not been alone at Orville's house?—confess'd—

Lady Dan. Were you not my mother, I would not condescend to answer you.—Yes, madam, tell Sir Charles, at the risk of being insulted, I went alone to Mr Orville's—tell him I entreated, knelt, and wept to him—and if he asks the motive for all this, remind him of his own conduct last night at Mr Ap-Hazard's, and tell him, that as you've ever taught me one act of generosity deserves another, your daughter scorn'd to be ungrateful or outdone.—There, madam—read that paper.

Mrs Sey. (Reading the paper.) "Receiv'd of Lady Danvers, jewels to the value of five hundred pounds; in consideration of which, I promise not to take legal measures against Sir Charles Danvers for one month from this day.—HENRY ORVILLE."—My child! my child! *(Embracing her)* was this the motive?

Lady Dan. I had no more to offer; but if my life would save him from a prison, I'd lay it down with pleasure.

Mrs Sey. Exalted girl!—And does he know your friendship?

Lady Dan. He does, and will soon call to take leave of me—He is going abroad; and I hope Mr Orville will have no right to complain, since, by his exertions in another country, he will be more able to pay the debt, than by his being imprison'd in this.—Will you see him, mother?—Won't you part friends with him?—Consider, one kind word will cheer him

in his solitude, and 'tis the last time he'll ever intrude upon you.

Enter SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

Sir Char. Juliana, the carriage is now waiting that conveys me perhaps for ever from you.—Mrs Seymour here !—I beg pardon.

Mrs Sey. Sir Charles, where are you going ?

Sir Char. Abroad, madam—That lady has set me a bright example ; and the hope that I may one day repay her generosity drives me to another country, where, by industry and economy, I may so adjust my affairs as to return to this country with wealth and honour.—Farewell.

Mrs Sey. Stay, Sir Charles.—My daughter has indeed set a bright example !—an example which not only you, but her mother may be proud to imitate !—I parted your hands—the least amends I can make is to join them ; and if I've not the pow'r, I'll prove I have the wish to serve you—I'll apply to your uncle—exert myself every way in your interest, and, in atonement for my past unkindness, I'll henceforth know no happiness but in promoting yours.

Lady Dan. Will you ? can you ?—We shall not then be parted.

Mrs Sey. Never—I'll go instantly to your uncle, and since Miss Union and Mr Ap-Hazard no longer engross his attention—Ha ! here's my son and Mr Orville ! You had better not be seen, Sir Charles : step into the next room : we'll soon return, and bring you welcome news. (SIR CHARLES *exit.*)

Enter ORVILLE *and* TOM SEYMOUR.

Tom. Mum ! he's gone into dock, I see.

Mrs Sey. Mr Orville, I'm this moment going to Sir Charles's uncle, and if you'll wait here till I return, all may be instantly adjusted.—Come, Juliana —if I should fail, we'll join him in retirement, and

all that I possess shall be devoted to my children's welfare. [*Exit with* LADY DANVERS.

Tom. She settle Sir Charles's affairs!—Why, these women chop about like weather-cocks; but I'm steady; firm as my own main-mast!

Orv. He has broke his agreement, and I'll break mine—If I once get him under lock and key, Lady Danvers may be mine at last.—Sir Charles! (*Opens door.*)—Nay, we have seen you, sir. (SIR CHARLES *enters.*) Come, sir, pay me the whole debt, or the bailiff below stairs——

Sir Char. You can't be so ungenerous:—Mrs Seymour is now gone to my uncle.

Tom. Pooh! he's still steer'd by Miss Union; so call up the bailiff.

Sir Char. How! are you against me? The brother of Lady Danvers!

Tom. 'Tis on her account I am against you, sir.—Since you put to sea with Juliana, I and the Sprightly Kitty haven't sail'd ten leagues together; therefore, put him under hatches, Orville; then one may fish or fight, or go on a voyage of discoveries, as it suits.

Sir Char. Hear me a moment: not on my own, but her account I speak:—We lately united again, and if our next meeting is to be in a prison—

Orv. United again! Don't believe it, Mr Seymour. ——Without there.

Enter AP-HAZARD.

Ap-Haz. Oh! have I found you, Mr Orville—Hah! take your ground.

Orv. Blockhead! are you come to get into a new scrape.

Ap-Haz. I get into a scrape! Pheu! my luck has turn'd.—Will you fight? (*To* ORVILLE)—or will you? (*To* TOM)—or you? (*To* SIR CHARLES.)—No, I know you will, so we'll shake hands.—Last night it

was my destiny to have no courage; now it is my good fortune to have an overflow; therefore dispatch: —There's your second, here's mine.—As I thought, you're a shy cock.

Tom. Why, father, you're a different man.

Ap-Haz. I'm not; I'm the same man with different fortune. Do you suppose Alexander wasn't sometimes a shy cock? Yes, he had his nervous days, and I've had mine; haven't I, Sir Charles? But now, fight me; do; pray, some of you fight me: here, I'll give any man ten guineas that will fight me!

Orv. You interrupt us, sir.——Where are these bailiffs?

Ap-Haz. Bailiffs! Oh! damme, they'll fight me.

Orv. (*At stage door.*) Come up stairs, and arrest Sir Charles.

Ap-Haz. Arrest Sir Charles!

Orv. Ay, Sir Charles Danvers, sir; have you any objection?

Ap-Haz. To be sure I have——What's to pay?

Orv. Pay!—Ten thousand pounds.

Ap-Haz. Is that all?—only ten thousand!—Psha! —when a man's in luck, thousands are units.—I'll pay it.

Orv. You!—ha! ha!—how?

Tom. Ay, how?—in paper or gold?

Ap-Haz. Neither.—In lead!—(*Presents pistols*)—by shooting off the five fingers of the first hand that offers to touch him.—Lay hold of my arm, brother hero—When I had bad luck, I made the bad share it, now I have good, the unfortunate shall partake of it; and there's such a charm about me at this moment, that only touch me, and you'll be invisible to all bailiffs, bullies, and black-legs.—I behav'd ill to your wife, and you fought me——

Tom. Mess! how's that?—Did he fight for his wife?

Ap-Haz. He did; and I fought for her too—so here's a pair of us.—Keep off.

Tom. (*Standing before the stage door.*) No—you don't—you sha'n't quit the room.

Orv. (*Standing by* TOM.) No—that you sha'n't—shall they, my friend?

Tom. No—for you shall, my friend—(*To* ORVILLE.) —Look ye, sir; in my mother's absence, I am master of this house, and while I thought Sir Charles was no friend to my sister, I was none to him; but now I find I've been on a wrong tack, I'll stick to him, as long as the Thames flows, and I'm lord-high-admiral of it!—so d'ye hear—cut—brush—scud—set sail —sheer off, or——

Orv. Sir, I shall persist.

Ap-Haz. Persist!—Oh!—he pushes his bad luck, does he?—Here—(*Putting money in his hand, and shutting it*)—odd or even, for a hundred.

Tom. I tell you what—if you don't weigh anchor this moment, I'll force you and your bailiffs into my long boat—heave you to leeward of the Sprightly Kitty, and open a broadside upon you, that shall blow you all from Chelsea to the Red Sea.

Orv. Very well, sir,—you shall hear from me, depend on't.—For you, Sir Charles, you are my prisoner to a certainty—To-morrow morning Sir Bamber marries Miss Union, and she'll take care that neither you nor this booby shall ever see one shilling of his property—so now your luck's turn'd again. [*Exit.*

Sir Char. How! after the affair at Mr Ap-Hazard's, will my uncle marry Miss Union?

Tom. It's all owing to the Chaucerian Manuscript —to gain that he'll marry her, though it were as certain she'll steer him to Cuckold's Point, as that Columbus fish'd out America, and I won the Vauxhall cup.—She swore she came to your lodgings in search of Juliana; and as to the assignation, she threatens to have you hang'd for forging it.

Ap-Haz. I forge it!—Here it is—read—(*Gives them the letter.*)

Tom. Why this is in black-letter!—Pooh!—this is more like my old boatswain's hand than Miss Union's.

Sir Char. That's her usual trick—she writes in a disguis'd hand to avoid detection.—'Sdeath! is there no way to put a stop to this marriage? 'twill doom me to perpetual imprisonment, involve Mrs Seymour, and break the heart of Juliana.

Tom. There is no way—I'll bet ten to one.

Ap-Haz. I'll take any odds on any event, to any amount, in fifties, hundreds, thousands, millions!

Sir Char. You'll lose, I'll risk my life, sir.

Ap-Haz. Will you risk your money, sir?—will you lay the long odds?—'twill be a noble hedge for you:—and if each of you will bet me a hundred to ten—

Tom. I'll bet you a hundred to ten, you don't upset the marriage.

Sir Char. So will I.

Ap-Haz. Done! done!—Now then it's settled—Bam loses his wife, and I win the long odds. Farewell! Follow me to old Blackletter's, and I'll shew you what's to pay, my boys! [*Exit.*

Tom. Brother, I hope you'll forgive me—I'm sorry I took part with that villain; for though not a salt-water sailor, I wish to be as like one as I can—I make voyages and sleep in a hammock, like a sailor; I drink grog and chew tobacco, though I hate it, like a sailor; I make love, tho' I'm not over-fond of that, like a sailor; I sing, dance, and spend my money foolishly, like a sailor; and after copying them in all these things, shall I do a dishonourable action?—No, damme, that would not be like a sailor.

[*Exit with* SIR CHARLES.

SCENE II.

A Room at SIR BAMBER'S.

Enter SIR BAMBER *and* MISS UNION, *followed by a Servant with a small green box*—SIR BAMBER *is trying to lay hold of the box,* MISS UNION *preventing him.*

Sir Bam. Do I behold thee?—Does that angelic little box contain my Trickarinda?

Miss Uni. Fie! don't be so impatient, Sir Bamber.——(*Servant puts it on a table, and exit.*) Gently—before we open it, let me remind you of the terms—the only terms on which you are to become master of this immortal manuscript.—First, you are to sign an agreement—

Sir Bam. I know it:—I am to marry you to-morrow, and settle on you half my estate.—Now do let me have a peep—I wonder how she's dress'd—in black leather and gold facings!—or in sheets, perhaps.

Miss Uni. Secondly, you are to bind yourself not to pay Sir Charles's debts—Thirdly, not to give your godson—(SIR B. *tries to open the trunk*)—Nay, you wouldn't look at the manuscript before the settlement's sign'd—Consider the lawyer is in the next room.

Sir Bam. Oh! if you wait for lawyers it's all over with me—I shall die—expire, in all the agonies of an expecting lover—Do—pray, let me—

Miss Uni. Well, to save your life—and I've no reason for distrusting you—here—(*Opening trunk, and taking out M.S. in a black binding*)—here is the

Chaucerian Manuscript, found at Union Castle, in Cumberland.

Sir Bam. Never mind where it was found—I've got it—Oh! how the touch thrills me!—Now for the title page.—(*Reads.*)—"Trickarinda—A Poem, full of witty and conceited mirth, written by Geoffery Chaucer."—That's it—that's the true old style—"witty and conceited mirth!"

Enter SAMUEL.

Sam. Lady Danvers and Mrs Seymour are coming up stairs.

Miss Uni. Coming up stairs!—Here's effrontery!—They want to break off the marriage—to persuade him to pay Sir Charles's debts.—Sir Bamber, as you're busy, shall I give them your answer?

Sir Bam. Do—say what you like.—Now for the contents.

Miss Uni. And now for my triumph—though I could not bring about a match for Mrs Seymour, she shall see I can make one for myself.—Shew me to them, sir. [*Exit with* SAMUEL.

Sir Bam. (*Sitting at the table.*) Now for it—(*Reads.*)—"On yon green bank where Trickarinda sleeps."—There's a subject for a painter—I'll have such a picture gallery—such an exhibition—I'll begin advertising and puffing this very night—(*Sits reading.*)

Enter AP-HAZARD.

Ap-Haz. Don't tell me—I will speak to him.—How my luck is turn'd!—Coming here I saw a woman standing in the pillory—a female faro banker, who had cheated me out of thirty guineas—there was luck.—Then I call'd in at Westminster, to hear a great debate—that was over before I came—there was luck!—So, Bam—I fought at last, you hear.

(*Sits by him.*)

Sir Bam. (*Not regarding him.*) "The wind laughs round her, and the water weeps!"—The water weeps—there's an original thought!—What modern author would have hit on such a sympathetic—such—What brought you here, sir?

Ap-Haz. The long odds.—I've taken two hundred pounds to twenty but I break off your match with Miss Union—Now, as I know the manuscript is your object, I'll shew you how to get it without having a wife for the appendix!—Hark ye—to save your head—risk your neck—steal it.

Sir Bam. Steal it!

Ap-Haz. Ay; it's all in the way of your profession—Now-a-days all authors are thieves; and if you're detected, 'twill be only call'd a plagiarism, you know—so put it in your pocket—go with me to Sir Charles—pay all his debts, and buy me a lottery-ticket—only buy me a lottery-ticket, and it's the thirty thousand, to a certainty.

Sir Bam. Why, what is all this?—Leave the room, sir—be gone directly, or I'll order the servants to throw you out of the window.

Ap-Haz. Bless you!—I'm in such a train of luck, that if you were to chuck me from the top of Westminster-Abbey I should only light on the Treasury, and walk off with my pockets full.—But since you persist in marrying Miss Union, I'll shew you another manuscript. Look here; here's the letter that brought her to my lodgings.

Sir Bam. Letter of Miss Union's!

Ap-Haz. Ay,—read, Bam—read that assignation.

Sir Bam. Assignation!—Oh dear!—she convinc'd me that she went to your lodgings in search of Lady Danvers.—(*Reads letter.*)—"Miss Union requests the company of Mr Ap-Hazard"—I'm easy—I'm satisfied—she's innocent, and you'll be hang'd for forgery, sirrah.

Ap-Haz. Forgery!

Sir Bam. It's not her writing—it's more like my

grandmother's hand than Miss Union's—I'll send for a peace officer—I'll——No—I won't—I'll go on with the poem.—(*Returns to table, and reads.*)

Ap-Haz. Fortune's at work again—I shall lose the long odds after all.—Now, my dear god-father, pray think of Sir Charles—pray think of his poor wife—and, above all, pray think of the balcony.

Sir Bam. (*Reading.*)

> "And, lo! a monk, all hallowed from the cloister,
> Grey as the morn, and white as any oyster."

There again!—white as any oyster—What a melting thought!—I'm so transported——(*Here a leaf falls out of manuscript.*)

Ap-Haz. (*Picking it up.*) Give me leave, Sir Bamber—I'll do any thing, if you'll only take pity on your nephew, and——(*Looks at the leaf, then at the letter, and compares them together.*) It is!—no!—yes!—Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughing loudly.*)

Sir Bam. Why, what's the matter?——what's the fool laughing at?

Ap-Haz. You were right—the letter is a forgery; and the best of the joke is—ha! ha!—I've found out who forged it.

Sir Bam. Who?

Ap-Haz. Chaucer!—Geoffery Chaucer!——If he penn'd that poem, he penn'd this letter; for damme but they're both written by one and the same person!—Look—every syllable—every letter is in the same hand.

Sir Bam. How? in the same hand! (*Compares.*) So they are—the P's, Q's, O's—they're all the same.—Why, what does this mean?

Ap-Haz. Mean!—that you're imposed on, either by Chaucer or Miss Union; and I think it's more likely that a live woman should forge Trickarinda, than that a dead man should send me a love-letter.

Sir Bam. I see it all—I'm bamboozled—Trickaranda's a trick.

Ap-Haz. And Miss Union is—

Sir Bam. An impostor—-a juggler—-worse than the bottle-conjuror—she's lost my estate.

Ap-Haz. And I've won the long odds.—Oh, luck! luck! luck's every thing.

Enter MISS UNION, MRS SEYMOUR, *and* LADY DANVERS.

Miss Uni. Well, ladies, if you insist on seeing Sir Bamber, I can't prevent it—-So you really believe that we're not going to be married?

Mrs Sey. Why, after what has pass'd, madam—

Miss Uni. Very well—-then be satisfied—-with your own eyes behold him sign an agreement that gives me his hand, and ruins Sir Charles Danvers for ever.—Here, my life, (*To* SIR BAMBER;) here is the settlement.

Sir Bam. Indeed!

Miss Uni. Yes, my chuck—-it only wants your hand to finish it.—Pray observe, ladies.

Sir Bam. Ay, pray observe, ladies—see how my chuck's hand will finish it!—Thus I put an end to it—(*Tearing settlement*)—thus I destroy one most nefarious manuscript.

Ap-Haz. And here goes another—-here goes Trickarinda. (*Tearing Trickarinda.*)

Sir Bam. You're found out, madam—You and old Chaucer write the same hand, do you?—-(MISS UNION *holds down her head.*) Ay, ay, you overshot the mark there—so now "you may go sleep, while winds laugh round you, and the waters weep."

Enter TOM SEYMOUR *and* SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

Tom. Bear a hand, I tell you—the moment such a stout vessel comes in sight, I know the old ship

will strike.—Sir Bamber, I've brought him here to engage with you.

Sir Bam. You've done right, and I strike my colours, my boy.——Charles, I'll pay your debts—I'll settle a third of my estate on you and Juliana—and here, Mr Hinx Spinx, (*To* AP-HAZARD) that Fortune may no longer make a fool of you, I'll make you a recompence for winning the long odds, as you call it—I'll give you a handsome annuity during my life, and double it after my death.

Ap-Haz. An annuity!—give me an annuity!—Damme, what's to pay?

Tom. I say, Miss Brass-mine—here's a divorce in reality.

Miss Uni. Don't talk to me, sir.

Tom. Mess!—hadn't you and the proctor better take a voyage together? I'll lend you the Sprightly Kitty—she has a nice little balcony; and if you think you shall be tired of each other, take me to steer you, that's all——I'll upset a vessel with any man in London.

Lady Dan. Miss Union, don't you see Mr Orville beckoning to you?

Miss Uni. I do; and I'll go make him join with all the lovers in my list to see justice done me.——Don't think I'm sorry, Sir Charles, that you and your dear Juliana have made it up again——No——I know what marriage is; and the more matches there are amongst you, the more——Oh! I wish you were all married. [*Exit.*

Sir Bam. Holloa! hadn't you better take Trickarinda along with you? (*Throws the binding after her.*)

Mrs Sey. Juliana, this is a happy hour.—My son, let me congratulate you—you too, Mr Ap-Hazard: the reward you have received is no more than your merit deserves.

Ap-Haz. Merit!—it's luck, ma'am.

Mrs Sey. No, sir; much as we are ruled by chance, we are govern'd more by conduct.

Ap-Haz. Indeed! and must we stand upon our merit? Not altogether, I hope. "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" The less we deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. I'm in high favour with Fortune at present; but—

Lest this propitious chance be but ideal,
I wish our friends around could prove it real:
Shew, by your smiles, a kind reward is nigh;
Call me not Fool, and Fortune I defy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FOLLY AS IT FLIES:

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Herbert Melmoth,	*Mr Murray*
Leonard Melmoth,	*Mr H. Johnston.*
Tom Tick,	*Mr Lewis.*
Peter Post Obit,	*Mr Munden.*
Shenkin,	*Mr Knight.*
Dr Infallible,	*Mr Simmons.*
Cursitor,	*Mr Waddy.*
Pinchwell,	*Mr Atkins.*
Capias,	*Mr Beverley.*
Malcour,	*Mr Whitfield.*
Lady Melmoth,	*Miss Murray.*
Georgiana,	*Mrs Gibbs.*
Dame Shenkin,	*Mrs Powel.*

Servants, Creditors, &c.

SCENE—London.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An elegant Apartment at SIR HERBERT MELMOTH'S.

SIR HERBERT *and* CURSITOR *discovered at a Table, with Writing Materials upon it.*

Cur. (*Writing.*) Well, well, that's sufficient, Sir Herbert; (*Putting paper in his pocket;*) I'll draw the deeds of conveyance according to these instructions——(*Rises, and takes out his watch.*) Bless me, past four in the morning! Why, my lady is as late as usual.

Sir Her. Past four! and not yet come home!—Oh, Ellen! Ellen!

Cur. Nay, fretting won't bring her. I'll warrant she won't return from Lady Malcour's assembly these two hours—and I ask you again, Sir Herbert, after getting rid of one troublesome wife, what could induce you to marry your own ward—a girl not twenty years of age?

Sir Her. That which, even now, makes me endure her dissipation and extravagance—affection—uncontroulable affection—My former marriage was against my choice, and yielded me no happiness.

Cur. No!—Why, it gave you a son, as noble a youth as any in the service of his country.

Sir Her. Yes; and love has not so amply filled my heart but there is room for Leonard. Yet, in Ellen—in her disinterested, artless mind—I thought to find unceasing consolation. I offered her my hand; and she, regardless of the difference of years, preferred her guardian to unnumbered suitors.

Cur. She did—even to the son of the lady she is now visiting——the handsome, the honourable Mr Malcour.

Sir Her. Yes, she chose me as her friend—protector—husband.

Cur. Granted——and a lucky preference it was; for in the two years you have been married she has been uncommonly active and industrious. Let me see—she has got through the fifteen thousand in the funds—run you in debt as many more—and compelled you to send for your son Leonard, to cut off the entail of the finest estate in all Pembrokeshire.

Sir Her. Sir, I am the person to condemn her, not you.

Cur. Nay, I am, perhaps, somewhat blunt; but I remember there was a time when Sir Herbert Melmoth would have blushed to owe any man a shilling, and would have perished rather than have asked an affectionate son to sign away his inheritance.

Sir Her. Why, yes, there was a time—Oh, how narrow are the bounds 'twixt virtue and disgrace! One crime so rapidly begets another, that he who, by extravagance, is the author of his own poverty, will climb, by any guilty steps, till he ascend the height from whence he fell.—What would you have me do?

Cur. What?—Controul your wife; insist on her retrenching.

Sir Her. I will; I'll talk to her——(*Knocking at the door.*) And, hark!—most opportunely she's arrived—I'll go, and——

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. Look you, Sir Herbert—there be my lady, and Miss Georgiana, and Mr Malcour.

Sir Her. Mr Malcour with them!

Cur. Ay, there!—do you mark that?

Sir Her. I do—and she shall find—Fear not—I'm resolute—determined. [*Exit.*

Cur. So you think now——but one of her smiles will undo all.

Shen. Inteed, and, upon my life, so it will, Mr Cursitor—Oh tear! tear! 'tis now only eight months since I did disgrace the noble race of Shenkins, by putting on a livery—and what I would give to be safe back at Abarathgwilly!

Cur. Abarathgwilly! What! then you come from Sir Herbert's neighbourhood?

Shen. Iss; and though I do not like my place, I do still like my master; for there is strong similarities between us. We are both fine scholars, you do know; both of noble families, you do know: To be sure, the Shenkins are older than the Melmoths by some centuries; but I do never mention it; because a man is not to be insulted for the blunders of his grandfathers and grandmothers, Mr Cursitor.

Cur. Right—and if you knew Sir Herbert and his son in Wales——

Shen. Knew him!—Pless my soul! my poor dead father was one of Sir Herbert's tenants——He did keep a great pig Latin school in the mountains; and, before he did die, Caractacus was his undermaster.

Cur. Caractacus!—and, pray, who was he?

Shen. I—I'm Caractacus; I'm the last prop of the pedigree: and, you must know, my learned father had great griefs and troubles about his other children; for my brother, Alcibiades, did rob an orchard.

Cur. Alcibiades!——Oh, I begin to comprehend now—As a schoolmaster and a man of learning, your father was above giving his children such common names as William, Thomas, John.

Shen. Inteed, I cannot say—but my brother Alcibiades did run away, and soon after Ajax Telamon did die of the hooping-cough, and the youngest of all did join a puppet-shew, and, in fording a small rivulet, Punch, his wife, and little Junius Brutus, all went down together.

Cur. Indeed!—great losses!—But your mother—is she still living?

Shen. To be sure—and, blessed be Saint David! for I do love the good old lady better than chis and pippins. I did come to town with her to open a school, and teach English—but, somehow, no scholar did come near us—and then I did go out for usher—but, somehow, the boys did laugh at me. I do find there is great difference between English-English and Welch-English—and so I did hire lodgings for the old lady, and a place for myself—and if wearing a livery is beneath me, supporting a mother isn't beneath me—And in her son Caractacus I do hope she will forget Alcibiades, and Ajax Telamon, and little Junius Brutus.

Cur. Hush—Sir Herbert returns—Now observe.

Enter SIR HERBERT, LADY MELMOTH, *and* GEORGIANA.

Lady Mel. Nay, now I am angry in my turn, Sir Herbert.—Suspect me of coquetting and flirting with any man but my husband! Come, cousin, you who so oft take part against me, can vindicate me now.

Geor. Oh yes, Sir Herbert; though lur'd by fashion into follies numberless, her heart is still at home; and if you've rivals to contend with—'tis in two infant pledges of your mutual love, whom she the more adores, because they so resemble you.

Sir Her. Well, well—'tis ever thus—her magic power disarms me of my anger—I'll think on't no more.

Lady Mel. In truth, you have no cause;—for, since the day you proferred me this ring, my heart has never wandered, never—But don't now, don't mention it; for if the people I visit were to know how much I love my husband, they'd so torment and ridicule me!

Sir Her. And why—why dread their ridicule?

Lady Mel. I don't know—I'm a sad coward, I believe.—But remember the ball we are to give tomorrow in the eastern style.—I shall want plenty of money to finish the preparations; for my pride is concerned, and I'm sure you wou'dn't like to see me mortified or humbled, Sir Herbert.

Sir Her. No, not a wish shall be ungratified that I have power to grant you.——Mr Cursitor, that money may be raised, prepare the deeds instantly—I expect my son from his ship this very day.—But come, Ellen, you want repose.

Lady Mel. Yes, I'm so fatigued, but not sleepy.—Cousin, this is a very restless life.

Geor. Then why pursue it? Why leave the certain treasures that your home contains for such precarious and disgusting scenes?

Lady Mel. Well, after this winter—but, positively, I must go through with it this winter—I will not, to appear happy, make myself miserable—No—I'll retire with my husband and my children—that is, if you'll all stand by me; for to do such old-fashion'd

deeds requires more assurance than even a modern fine lady possesses.

[*Exit with* SIR HERBERT *and* GEORGIANA.

Shen. Pless my soul, this is marrying for love, is it? And they do say his last match, which was to please his father, and for money, didn't answer either.

Cur. No, monied matches never answer—there the parties commence enemies—for, what with settlements, pin-money, attorneys, and trust-deeds, they go to law before they go to bed—and instead of bride and bridegroom entering a church, it's like plaintiff and defendant coming into Westminster-hall—So no wife at all is my motto. (*Going.*)

Shen. And mine also. But, look you, Mr Cursitor, I do want your advice about finding my lost brother, Alcibiades. I do somehow think you might bring a sort of bill in Chancery for a discovery:—But I peg pardon—This way: and as an honest lawyer will not disgrace the pest pedigree, Caractacus will open the door in person.

[*Exit, showing out* CURSITOR.

SCENE II.

Outside of Melmoth-House, Lodge, Gateway, &c.

Enter MALCOUR *and* CURSITOR *from Gateway.*

Mal. Come, now inform me, Cursitor—Wasn't Sir Herbert goaded to the soul to find me with his wife at this late hour?

Cur. Good morning, Mr Malcour. (*Going.*) I see what you are aiming at But if you think I'll

aid you in betraying Lady Melmoth, or any other married woman, you mistake your man.

Mal. Betraying!—S'death! he was the betrayer. Long ere Sir Herbert gained her hand, he knew that she encouraged my addresses—and yet most artfully seduced her from me.

Cur. That I deny—He fairly won her: and, for the encouragement you talk of, why, young ladies will have admiration, and young gentlemen will have vanity. So, once more, good morning, Mr Malcour.

Mal. 'Tis well—but he shall repent his treachery. Oh! if I forgive him!

Cur. That's not my affair—only don't involve me. Though an attorney, I mean to do my best towards going to heaven; and if you gallant, seducing gentlemen are of service to our tribe in this world, I don't think you'll help us in the next—So, a third time, good morning, Mr Malcour. [*Exit.*

Mal. Mean, conscientious fool!—But here comes one who may be useful to my purpose. Leonard is my friend—we have already met—and if hereafter I can work on his ingenuous mind—

Enter LEONARD, *dressed in a Naval Uniform.*

So—here ends your journey, Leonard.—After an absence of two tedious years, once more welcome to your father's house. Does not the sight transport you?

Leo. It would; but I've a thousand fears—The letter which he wrote me—the business which demands my presence here—and, above all, this marriage with his ward. I know her, Malcour—'tis now six years since, with her cousin Georgiana, she was placed under my father's guardianship.

Mal. Ay, and that of Mr Post Obit:—Curse the old legacy-hunter for not opposing the match.

Leo. He dared not. He is wholly influenced by Sir Herbert—And now, Malcour, if she should in-

volve this hitherto exalted man——Georgiana too! I still must feel for her, for she was born to smile away misfortune, and is the noblest prize a lover can contend for.

Mal. Like father, like son—Here'll be another thoughtless marriage, I see.

Leo. Nay, she knows not of my love, or if she did, have I the vanity to think she ever would return it? No, surrounded as she is by all that wealth and fashion can display, how can a rough, unpolished sailor hope success? Besides, the ocean has so much divided us, that we have seldom met.

Enter SHENKIN *from the Gateway.*

Shen. Pless my soul, I did think so—I did think I did hear your voice in the lodge—Tear! tear! how you to do, Mr Leonard? How you to do?

Leo. What, my old Welch companion? Hey-day! how's this? A livery, Shenkin?

Shen. Iss—You do see what we great men do come to:—but of that by and by. Walk you in, Mr Leonard.

Leo. Stop—Before we enter I would know something about my father and his bride—Is Lady Melmoth, in the character of wife, less extravagant than in that of ward?

Shen. (*Whispering.*) More, a great deal.

Leo. Indeed!

Shen. Don't you say I did tell you—but every day she do lay out hundreds on things she never uses; and I do verily think she do cost Sir Herbert the rent of all Abarathgwilly to dress herself like a druid. To be sure, they do say these muslins are so thin and unwholesome, that soon after the wife do wear white, the husband do wear black, and therefore that married men ought not to grudge this expence, do you see.

Leo. And does Sir Herbert thus submit?—But,

perhaps, she makes amends by a well-ordered and well-managed house.

Shen. Pless you—the house has no manager; for there is Sir Herbert paying twelve servants, and waiting on himself—sleeping in a pig canopied bed, in sheets as damp as the Severn—sitting in a great gold chair, with only a little chop for his dinner—master of the rarest horses and carriages, and paddling into the city with an old umbrella, to try to raise money to pay for them: but, however, if it be likely to end the sooner, I am not sorry she do dress herself like a druid.

Leo. 'Sdeath! 'tis unbearable—But, since I must, let me at once encounter it.—Malcour, good day; and, when convenient, make my father's house your home. (SHENKIN *laughs.*) Why, what do you smile at, Shenkin?—You know he's famed for hospitality.

Shen. Iss, in Wales; but Mr Malcour do know there be nothing of the kind here—for, inteed, and upon my life, you'll get nothing to eat but canopied beds, gold chairs, and white muslins.—This way—Follow you Caractacus.

Mal. I'll see you in the evening—and be assured, let Fortune treat you as she will, you'll find a friend in Malcour. (*Exeunt* LEONARD *and* SHENKIN *at Gate.*) So far, so well—The fickle Ellen thinks me still her friend; and, aided thus by Leonard, my hopes of vengeance will be tenfold.

DR INFALLIBLE *sings without.*

Heh? What fine gentleman have we here? Surely I recollect that face.

Enter DR INFALLIBLE, *and* EDWARD, *his Servant.*

Dr Inf. "Ti di diddle liddle."—What, Mr Malcour! My old acquaintance, Mr Malcour!

Mal. Why, it can't be! You the half starved journeyman to the half starved apothecary, who used

to bring me medicines at Gloucester—You Tom Drudgewell!

Dr Inf. Mum—Not Tom Drudgewell now—Ever read the newspapers? (*Taking snuff affectedly.*)

Mal. Constantly.

Dr Inf. Recollect Dr Infallible?

Mal. To be sure—the fellow's always puffing himself.

Dr Inf. Be quiet—I'm Dr Infallible.

Mal. You!

Dr Inf. Yes, I'm sole proprietor and ingenious inventor of that immortal medicine call'd Radix Rheno—to be sold at my own house, price eight shillings and sixpence a bottle, stamp inclusive. N. B. No cure no pay—And a lamp over the door, to show the doctor don't practise in the dark.

Mal. Bravo! And, pray—for I forget—what is this Radix Rheno a cure for?

Dr Inf. Every thing.—Chirosis, polypus, ophondria, astherea, dyspepsia, atrophy, notophry, and that worst of all disorders, poverty.

Mal. So I see,—and that's a complaint I'm acquainted with; but curse me if ever I heard of the rest.

Dr Inf. Nor I, till I turn'd quack.

Mal. What the devil! Do you invent these disorders?

Dr Inf. No—our medicines invent them. We give the remedy, and that gives the disease.

Mal. Indeed! And don't the town find you out?

Dr Inf. Can't—dead men tell no tales.—But excuse me one instant.—Edward, take this letter—Compliments to Sir Herbert, and best love to Georgiana. [*Exit* EDWARD *at Gateway.*

Mal. To Georgiana! Why, zounds! have you the audacity to aspire———

Dr Inf. Hush—say nothing—I'll buy her. (*Ta-*

king snuff.) Cupid's a quack medicine, pleasant, pernicious, corrupt, and damn'd expensive.—I'll buy her.

Mal. Ridiculous! Do you suppose Sir Herbert will consent?

Dr Inf. Not yet—but his wife must have money, and that letter offers him a friendly loan of some thousands.—You understand.—And now come home to dinner.—My chariot there shall take you.—Look—A carriage makes a doctor, you know. (*Looking out.*)

Mal. (*Also looking out.*) Your carriage! Why, that's a hearse.

Dr Inf. So it is.—Well, that's also my carriage; for if chariots set the doctors going, damme, but the doctors set the hearses going.

Mal. True; but I must visit an old friend, at that house yonder; so adieu.

Dr Inf. That! What, that house where the knocker's tied up!—Dear delicious sight!—Oh! Turtle to an alderman—gold to a miser—a mistress to her lover, isn't half so gratifying as a tied-up knocker to a medical man. But adieu! and when you want a dinner you know where to find one—and sure of the best company, that is, sure of venison, turbot, Burgundy, and Champagne. (*Going, stops.*) I say though—that tied-up knocker! Cou'dn't you recommend?—No—don't trouble yourself.—Dare say my Radix Rheno has been there already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at SIR HERBERT'S.

Enter LEONARD *and* GEORGIANA.

Geor. Yes, Mr Leonard, had it been otherwise, none had more welcomed your return than Geor-

giana—But when you quit a station you so honour, to be the victim of unequall'd folly, can she rejoice to see you? No, no—indeed I am not so selfish.

Leo. I cannot understand you—I was sent for home to join in selling my paternal land.

Geor. And do you mean to comply?

Leo. Most cheerfully—'twill be the proudest moment of my life, when I can prove to such a father I am deserving of the name of son.

Geor. Then all is lost! This money will be squandered like the rest, and no resource remains. Oh! be resolute—do not a deed he will hereafter curse you for, but, by opposing, save him.

Leo. Oppose him! oppose my father! This is the first request he ever made me; and if *I* e'er ask'd, did *he* refuse? No—he gave the life that animates this arm, and, till life ceases, it shall move as he directs! And yet—for such a suppliant I could do much—I'm sure you have no motive but our mutual welfare.

Geor. Indeed I have not—I could not bear to see you both involv'd in misery and ruin. But look—we are interrupted—my other guardian comes.

Leo. What! Post Obit! Why, what at last brings him to London?

Geor. He comes to take possession of a legacy—is on a visit here—and more than ever governed by Sir Herbert.—But go—your father waits for you; and thus far indulge me—at least reflect on what I've said.

Leo. I will, with gratitude; for if there be a joy beyond all others, it is to know that such a heart as yours takes interest in my fate. Thanks, thanks! (*Kisses her hand.*) [*Exit.*

Geor. Oh yes, you little think how deep the interest it takes. But what avails it? Sir Herbert countenances other lovers, and while I stay in this detested house, each moment teems with danger.

Enter POST OBIT (*in deep mourning.*)

Post Ob. Oh, my dear girl! your poor guardian can scarce speak for vexation.

Geor. No! Why, what has happened, sir?

Post Ob. What? Why, didn't I for the first time in my life visit London, in order to take possession of a large legacy left me by my East Indian neighbour; and didn't I purchase a new villa, a new farm, and this new suit of mourning on the strength of it? —And now, when I wait on the executor, to touch the cash, they tell me the will has got a flaw.

Geor. A flaw, sir!

Post Ob. Yes, a cursed flaw! They say the East Indian forgot what they lawyers call an appointment —but what I call a disappointment, for here am I with all these new expences, and, thanks to this Bengal blunderer, not a shilling left to pay for them.

Geor. It is very unfortunate, sir; but I hope you will find a recompence in the two letters of recommendation you brought with you from Devonshire— the one to the rich old widow in Pall Mall.

Post Ob. Why, there again—the rich old widow's carried off.

Geor. Carried off! by whom, sir?

Post Ob. Why, by the late hard frost. She died and made no sign, or, in plainer words, departed without a will.

Geor. Well, but the other person, sir.

Post Ob. Ay, there we live again. This letter, (*Producing it*) to a cousin I have never seen—to the rich Thomas Tick, esquire—proprietor of a great castle in the north—Hark ye—quarrelled with all his other relations, and, owing to town dissipation— feverish, rheumatic.——Oh! London is the place to form friendships in—There they've bad health and sound lawyers—But in the country! curse 'em— they've no flaws but in their wills—And yet Lon-

don has one inconvenience—I don't like Sir Herbert's house.

Geor. No more do I, sir.—And if you would but remove me from his protection, and place me under your own—

Post Ob. I'm afraid.

Geor. Nay, if you knew the perils I'm exposed to. This very hour he received an offer of five thousand pounds, from one whose hand I have rejected—And to a man involv'd and harassed as Sir Herbert is,—Oh! my friend, protect me.

Post Ob. I would, but I cannot screw myself up to it. 'Sdeath! from a boy he has turned me round his finger—And, after all my submission, when I found out he had only bequeathed me a hundred pounds, and spoke my mind to him—Gad! he sent me a challenge—invited me to Hyde Park: yes, he did; and I, being of a good natur'd turn, and rather wishing other people to die than myself, declined the invitation.—But come, Georgiana, I must go change my clothes, and put by my mourning in lavender for the great Thomas Tick, esquire;—and if at present my good nature keeps me under, this you may depend on,—I'll stand up for you the moment I have got in all my legacies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at SIR HERBERT'S.

Enter SIR HERBERT *and* DR INFALLIBLE.

Sir Her. Yes, sir; I thank you for the offer of your friendly loan; but the arrival of my son makes it unnecessary.

Dr Inf. Very well, Sir Herbert—but money's no object to me, and if at any time you will condescend to be my banker—

Sir Her. Sir, again I thank you—but with regard to Georgiana, this is my fixed intention—gain her consent, and I will give you mine. But, anxious as I am to see her married, I wou'dn't barter her for all the gold that even you can offer.

Dr Inf. What! you are anxious to see her married!

Sir Her. Yes; she loves my son, for whom I've higher views; therefore, address her, for, as I know your character is unimpeached, and in the way of settlement—

Dr Inf. Ay, Radix Rheno for that, Sir Herbert. I'll go make love to her directly; and as for my patient, Mr Post Obit—

Sir Her. Oh, he moves as I direct.—Success attend you. At present I'm engaged on business with my son—and if in marriage Georgiana emulates her

cousin, your present wealth will seem contemptible—for you'll have gain'd a treasure worth the world.

[*Exit.*

Dr Inf. Bravo! this is the age for quacking, and all clever fellows are at it, from the Merry Andrew on his rostrum to the doctor in his chariot. [*Going.*

Enter POST OBIT (*newly dress'd.*)

Post Ob. Oh doctor! my dear doctor! is this Bedlam, or is it Sir Herbert Melmoth's? I thought to pass a quiet month here; and after enduring insult upon insult, what do you think? I am now to be shot at.

Dr Inf. Shot at!

Post Ob. You shall hear.—Just now, after dinner, the captain and Sir Paddy began talking of duelling. —The former boasted he had lately wing'd a brother officer, for traducing his dear love of a waistcoat; (*Mimicking*) and Sir Paddy lamented he hadn't fought for a whole month, tho' he had every where offered five pounds for an affront.—This, you may be sure, somewhat alarm'd me; and on their asking me if I had ever fought, I replied, "No, not that I recollect;" on which Mr Jerry Cursitor observed, "Recollect indeed! Why, he never has, and never will, unless some of you leave him a thumping legacy; then, of course, he'll try to blow your brains out." This nettled me a good deal; and one word bringing on another, says I, "I ask your pardon, Mr Cursitor, but that's a lie."—Says he, "I hope no offence;" and he knock'd me down.

Dr Inf. Indeed! and what followed?

Post Ob. What! Why, the captain and Sir Paddy instantly rang the bell, called for horse-pistols, and swore only one of us could leave the room alive! But Cursitor and I were of a different opinion—we wished the matter to drop, and said it was a joke. "Joke," says the captain, forcing a cock'd pistol

into my hand—" Poltroon, did he not give you a blow?" " No," says I, " he did not; did you, my dear Cursitor? And if he did, I dare say I deserved it, and therefore I'm ready to apologize."—" Pooh!" says Sir Paddy, " it's no longer their affair—people don't fight to please themselves; they fight to please the town."—" Damn the town," said we; " our honour is completely satisfied: I've given him the lie, and he has knocked me down; and if we fire away till doomsday, how can we have more satisfactory satisfaction?"

Dr Inf. What! and did they let you off?

Post Ob. No—only gave us leave of absence till we made our wills, and then they are to come and cane us if we don't go back and be killed. But, doctor—my dear doctor—you, who understand life and death,—can't you contrive——

Dr Inf. Contrive! What, make me a party in your cowardice! Go, sir, go fight directly, and at least once in your life give proofs of personal courage.

Post Ob. Once in my life! Come, that's not handsome, sir. You know very well I have given proofs of personal courage.

Dr Inf. When? on what occasion, my little——

Post Ob. When! Why, if you will have it, when I drank a bottle of your Radix Rheno. If that isn't giving proofs of personal courage, the devil's in't. And, now I think on't, you are the last man I shou'd have applied to—for Alexander himself wasn't a greater warrior than a quack doctor; so I'll go talk to somebody else.

Dr Inf. Adieu! and if you wish to please the pretty creatures, be yourself another Alexander. Honour is the true love powder, and we heroes are elixir vitæ to the ladies. [*Exit.*

Post Ob. Puppy! if I must turn out, take care I don't pick my man. But yonder I see an old friend in the ball-room—and if he won't intercede for me, and I can't get rid of my good nature, why, I'll re-

turn to these ferocious seconds—say I can't bear to have the thing upon my mind, and fairly beg that they'll cane me directly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A magnificent Room, fitted up in the Eastern style. (Music heard.)

Enter LEONARD.

Leo. This Sir Herbert Melmoth! this the idol of his tenantry! of the poor, and of his country! this my father! herding with people he has ever scorned, mixing in scenes as opposite to him as to right feeling and to nature. Oh, Georgiana! I will indeed reflect.

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. How you to do, Mr Leonard? How do you like all this revelling and tevelling; this mobbing and robbing?

Leo. Tell me, Shenkin, have all these visitors been long Sir Herbert's friends?

Shen. Friends! pless my soul, he do not know 'em, nor do they know him.—My lady do want a great pig crowd, you do see; and so she do peg and pray of any pody to ask any pody.—Then she do hire some visitors by the night.

Leo. Hire visitors!

Shen. Iss, sure. Do you think, Mr Leonard, people would come, and be smok'd and smother'd, and ramm'd and jamm'd, and hear such noise and nonsense without being paid for it? Look you,—those foreign singers yonder—(*Pointing to the supper room*)

there—eating like vultures—they are not only paid, but they will not open their mouths to sing, till they have opened their mouths to eat. No song no supper, that is their way, Mr Leonard.

Leo. Indeed!

Shen. Then some do come without any invitation at all; for I did hear that tall gentleman there—(*Pointing again*)—him with the rough lion head, and the thin putterfly pody—says he, "Aw! aw! demme! I always go uninvited to married people's houses; for man and wife never speak—and therefore each supposes the other has asked you—aw—aw—demme." Oh! 'tis sad work—sad work.

Leo. Disgusting sight! Lavish his fortune on a despicable set, who, if he died to-morrow—

Shen. Died! tear! tear! they do never know when one another die, never; for inteed, and upon my life, my lady did send me with cards of invitation to her friend Captain Humdrum the whole winter long: and she would have gone on till now, only the widow did call one day, returned Lady Melmoth thanks for her many polite invitations, and extremely regretted it was not in the captain's power to accept them, as he was buried six months before, in St Ann's Churchyard.—But look you—I do forget my message—Sir Herbert do wait for you, about cutting off your tail, you do know.

Leo. I will see more before I come—I would observe this Lady Melmoth. (*More music.*)

[*Exit* SHEN.

Enter LADY MELMOTH *and* GEORGIANA.

Lady Mel. Come, Mr Leonard, why stand frowning there? Why don't you join in our pleasures?

Leo. Simply, madam, because I take no pleasure in them.

Lady Mel. Indeed! Why, now, perhaps, if I were

to think a good deal, that might be my case also—but no—one dare not be old-fashioned, you know.

Leo. I dare, madam. I can prefer real happiness to artificial pleasure.—I do not game, because it don't please me—I do not drink, from the self-same motive—and I am not extravagant, because I feel more gratification at paying the tradesmen who supply my table, than in entertaining a million of sycophants around it.

Lady Mel. Nay, now you are too severe, Mr Leonard—One must keep up appearances; and if, now and then, one didn't entertain sumptuously, the world would call one selfish, prudent—

Leo. Let them call you so. Who can be honest that is not prudent? Ay, you may smile; but whilst I am prudent, I can smile too;—and I hope there are still thinking beings in the world, who will not call me narrow-hearted, because I am not expensive, or a hypocrite, because I am not a profligate.

Lady Mel. Come, Georgiana, let us go to the ball-room. I dare say I ought to reflect on all this; but reflection produces vexation, and vexation hurts the complexion, and so—you had better follow, Mr Leonard.

Leo. No, madam, I can stay alone.

Lady Mel. Adieu, then; and I wish you much pleasure from your company. *(Going, returns.)* Oh, I forgot—If you see Sir Herbert, do tell him to make haste with those tiresome parchments; for I want to pay Mr Malcour two or three hundred pounds I've just lost to him at piquet. I also want money for Cassino, and a thousand things. Adieu!—You had better follow, Mr Leonard. [*Exit.*

Geor. Now, are you satisfied?

Leo. I am:—To sign will ruin, not relieve him! And yet—look there—it is my father comes! Alas! my heart is so entwined with his—he has been so kind a parent—so sincere a friend—

Geor. How! still irresolute! (*Takes his hand.*) For his sake! for your own! nay, for my thoughtless cousin's here, who is not now the mistress of her reason;—oh, then, for mine! I have a strong and secret motive here—and if I ask it as the first request—

Leo. (*Pressing her hand.*) 'Tis granted—'tis unalterable—your wishes triumph over his.

[*Exit* GEORGIANA *at the back scene, and*

Enter SIR HERBERT *from the wing.*

Sir Her. So, sir, as I thought,—'tis Georgiana keeps you from your duty.—S'death! why stand loitering here, when the deeds wait your signature? Come, come, no more delay.

Leo. Stay, sir—one word—When these conveyances are executed, is there an acre of paternal land left to support you?

Sir Her. No—but what of that? We've an equivalent in thirty thousand pounds.

Leo. True; and that expended, no resource remains.

Sir Her. None; you know there is no other.

Leo. Farewell, sir—spare me the conflict; pity and forgive me.

Sir Her. What! would you sacrifice your father?

Leo. No, sir—I would save my father.

Sir Her. Away! mean—selfish—

Leo. Selfish! Oh! you should know me better, sir. Place me at the lighted cannon's mouth, and say my death will ease you of a momentary pang, and I, with joy, will meet it.—But this—what is it you ask me? You bid me forfeit those hereditary claims which, for whole centuries, have been our family's support, and in old age had still been yours and mine—not to relieve you from misfortune—not to expend in honourable uses, such as to cheer the poor, and wipe away the widow's and the orphan's tear—No—but to waste in prodigality, and by indulging an unthinking woman,

to ruin her, destroy your son, and in eternal sorrow plunge yourself.

Sir Her. Have a care, sir—recollect who you are.

Leo. Oh! would I could forget! for sure 'tis time, when I am reduced to speak such words to such a father.—But observe me, sir—I sign these deeds—the money they produce is lavished on your wife—in a few months 'tis squandered all in vanity and vice—the hour of distress ensues—despair, penury, imprisonment awaits you! And then, when Leonard should come forth and serve you, he too is destitute and lost! and love, which palliates your crime, only encreases his—for he beholds you on a precipice—blinded by passion and bereft of thought, and has not courage to oppose and save you.

Sir Her. Peace, I command you—I will hear no more. (*In great agitation.*)

Leo. Now mark the other picture—(*Taking hold of his arm.*) I decline the execution—for the first time I dare to disobey you—I leave your house—I am despised—disgraced—and your embarrassments commence—money cannot be raised without security; and the day of extravagance ceases—your wife loses her fashionable friends—she is compelled to domesticate—she reflects—she sees the comforts of connubial love—she repents—you are beloved and happy—but money is still wanting to ensure that happiness.—You send for Leonard—he flies to meet you—you tell him what has past—tears of joy a-while choke his utterance; he falls at your feet, and exclaims, "Take the estate; the whole is yours; and, thank Heaven! I have preserved it for my father." Now, sir, which conduct is most noble? which is the most worthy of a son?

Sir Her. This is all artifice—evasion—and I would hail with joy the ills you talk of, rather than be indebted for a moment's safety to an ungrateful, avari-

cious son. Be gone; return whence you came, and to your country prove your duty, better than you have proved it to your father.

Leo. Yes—let me go.—I still have ample consolation; for when next we meet, those frowns will be converted into smiles.—Farewell! farewell! And yet.—our parting once was different—if I left you for a day, you used to speak such tender and endearing words!

Sir Her. Away! If you would please me, leave me.

Leo. Well, well, I will obey, and cheerfully—for if I stay I shall relapse, and grant him all he asks. Once more, farewell—and though your thoughts are all devoted to another object, mine still are fix'd upon the same—yes, for myself I care not. But bless him, Heaven! bless the best of fathers! [*Exit.*

Sir Her. 'Tis plain—'tis evident.—This is the work of Georgiana; they parted as I entered, and with these emphatic words, "Your wishes triumph over his." Oh! she would keep the fortune for herself—she'd see the lovely Ellen ruin'd—beggar'd! But I will disappoint her sordid views—I'll banish hence all conscientious scruples, and give her to the man who offers me that aid my worthless son denies me.—So shall I save myself, and punish her.—Shenkin.

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. Sir!

Sir Her. Go instantly to the ball-room, and watch Georgiana—prevent her leaving the house.—I suspect she will elope with my son.

Shen. Elope!

Sir Her. Yes; and therefore this night shall make her another's.—And mind, now, whilst I go myself for Dr Infallible, do you take care she don't

escape.—Mind, and be wary.—Oh, now comes my triumph! [*Exit.*

Shen. Pless my soul! I do think I will elope myself; for, inteed, 'tis time to go out of the house, now the tevil has got into it. Tear! tear! watch Miss Georgiana—turn spy—gaoler! Yes, I will watch her, but it shall be to assist, not to oppress her;—and then, look you—good b'w'ye, Sir Herbert. I will not disgrace my ancestors, tho' you do yours—No—I will go home to my poor mother, and tell her I've not only maintain'd the pride of pedigree, but, what is dearer to us both, the pride of conscience and of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at SIR HERBERT'S—*Folding doors in Flat.*

Enter CURSITOR.

Cur. So the hour's out—the time allowed by these bloody-minded seconds is expired, and I must return, to be shot in that room, or submit to be posted and disgraced. Zounds! I offered fair enough—either to take or to make an apology;—or, if that wou'dn't do, I offered to fight him at forty yards.—But no, nothing will satisfy these savages.

Enter POST OBIT.

Post Ob. Mr Cursitor—my dear Mr Cursitor! do you wish to die?

Cur. Not I, upon my honour.

Post Ob. That's a good fellow—And I've enquired, and there's no occasion. The barbarians of old

used to shed blood, but the moderns——Hark ye—We certainly don't fight to please ourselves, you know.

Cur. No—As Sir Paddy says, 'tis to please the town.

Post Ob. Yes, we fight to support our credit with Mr Jenkins and Mr Tomkins, and other busy neighbours, who will turn up their noses if they don't see us act like men of honour—for this you may depend on, Mr Cursitor, many a great hero would take a kick quietly, if he thought nobody saw it—at least I know I would—wou'dn't you?

Cur. No—not a kick—I might put up with the lie. But go on—What are your intentions?

Post Ob. Listen.—Calling in constables would be useless, for our sanguinary seconds would smuggle us abroad. Fighting without ball is hopeless, for they load the pistols—But there is a third way—mark—Measure ground—eight paces—toss up for first fire—I win—shoot at random—twenty yards over your head—you fire in the air—seconds interfere——shake hands—Mr Jenkins and Mr Tomkins are completely satisfied, and Jerry Cursitor and Peter Post Obit are both men of honour as long as they live.

Cur. So we are.—S'blood! who's afraid?

Post Ob. Ay, damme, I'll fight you directly. Oh, I thought I should get rid of my good nature at last! Come along.

Cur. Ay, let's shew them what we're made of.——But I say, I don't like your having the first fire.

Post Ob. Nonsense! If I hit you, upon my honour I'll make you any apology you think proper.—Come—and we'll spur like game-cocks.

[*Exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter GEORGIANA (*hastily.*)

Geor. Not here either! no where to be found! Heavens! what a moment of anxiety! By my advice

the generous Leonard disobeyed Sir Herbert, and now, as he left the house, was grateful for my counsel, and swore he felt such pleasure in obeying me, that he almost forgot the anger of his father.—And this friend I am to lose! Nay, if my guardian, Mr Post Obit, will not have the courage to protect me, I shall be torn from him I love to marry him I hate.

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. Inteed, and upon my life, so you will, Miss Georgiana; and therefore I do come to offer to run away with you myself, or to find Mr Leonard, and bring him to run away with you.

Geor. Generous fellow! There is no hope but one. Yet go to Mr Post Obit.

Shen. Do, and make you haste; for if he do not get you out of the house before Sir Herbert do return with the parson, and the doctor with the licence —Tear! tear! why not go home with me? Tho' we be poor in fortune we be rich in kindness, and Dame Shenkin will be a mother, and Caractacus a father to you.

Geor. It is in vain—My guardian only can protect me—I'll once more beseech, implore him. Oh! this it is to be deprived of parents—to be left a helpless orphan, to the sport of those who have no feeling or compunction.

Shen. Go you---and quick, quick---for, look you, —here is the enemy.

Geor. Farewell, thou honest creature! And if you see Mr Leonard, tell him I am gone to entreat the protection of him who can best afford it; and if I am successful, we may still meet, and still be happy ---but if I fail, and this detested marriage be the consequence, tell him to banish from his mind all memory of her who died regretting and adoring him! Farewell! (*Weeping.*) [*Exit at door in back scene.*

Enter DR INFALLIBLE.

Shen. (*Weeping.*) Good b'w'ye!----How you to do, doctor? I do want you to do something for me. ---I do want you not to marry Miss Georgiana, and she, too, do want you not to marry her—because, look you, she do love an officer and a gentleman.

Dr Inf. Very likely; but she must love a doctor and a gentleman---and so I'll inform her.

Shen. Stop you---She is with Mr Post Obit.

Dr Inf. With him! With that coward! What! Does she hope he'll be her champion? Ha! ha! See how I'll cool his courage. Come forth, my little legacy-hunter---deliver up my prize this moment, or, by the laws of honour———

Shen. Look---I do think it is the duty of your profession to take away pain, not to give it; and no medicine can do so much good as relieving a helpless woman; therefore I'll be your doctor.---Take you the physic that is good for you, or, by the beard of St Taffy, I must force it down your throat.

Dr Inf. Stand off, sir! I see you are set on to harass and insult me, and therefore let me seize my victim, and chastise this dastardly——

(As he is trying to shake off SHENKIN, *two pistols are fired off in the adjoining Room---then*

Enter POST OBIT, *with* GEORGIANA *under his arm, from door in flat.*

Post Ob. "See the conquering hero comes!" (*Going.*)

Dr Inf. S'death, sir! where are you going? Dare you at such a moment remove her from Sir Herbert's power?

Post Ob. (*Snapping his finger.*) That for Sir Herbert and his shabby legacies!—that for you and your paltry Radix Rheno! And if either of you want satisfaction—there's my card—Hyde-Park—eight pa-

ces---And talk of five pounds, curse me if I wouldn't give five hundred for an affront! Open the door, Taffy. *(To* SHENKIN, *who obeys.)* You see, brother Alexander, honour is the true love powder, and we heroes are elixir vitæ to the ladies. "None but the brave deserve the fair."

[*Exit, handing out* GEORGIANA, SHENKIN *going before, and* DR INFALLIBLE.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at PINCHWELL'S—*small—poorly furnished, &c.*

Dame SHENKIN *discovered sitting in an arm-chair, weeping*—PINCHWELL *rising from another to go*—SHENKIN *stopping him.*

Shen. Come, you—do not leave us till you be more tender-hearted, Mr Pinchwell—Wait you now but a day.

Pinch. I say, my rent—that's all; pay me my rent.

Shen. Nay, look you, I have just come away from my place, and how can I pay you for my poor mother's lodgings here, till Sir Herbert do pay me my wages? He do put me off, and bid me call again

when he be at home—And do you, do you the same, will you? Call you again when I be at home.

Pinch. No trifling, but in an hour's time pay me down the sum of eleven pounds, or her next lodging is a prison.

Shen. Pless my soul!—You cannot——

Pinch. Yes, that is my final determination.—And now I'll go down to my lodger on the first floor—now to the shuffling Mr Thomas Tick.—Plague on ye—I don't know which is the worst of ye; for, what with his duns, bailiffs, notaries, and attorneys, I and the knocker are so continually going, that, curse me, if we ar'n't both become thin in the service.—And then there's no moving the rascal; for, amidst all his difficulties, he contrives to pay his rent—and here he'll remain a fixture for life. But your case is different; so remember, my money, or a prison.

[*Exit.*

Shen. To prison! Send my poor, aged, widowed parent to—Well, well—do you, Mr Landlord, send her to prison—send her to be dead and buried—but, by Saint David, there is a place where I will send you, to be made as pretty toasted chis of—(*Advances to* DAME SHENKIN, *and takes her hand.*) Mother, come you—don't you sit sobbing, and—Nay, nay, is this like an ancient Briton, now?

Dame Shen. No—(*Rising*)—and since you've laboured to support me, I will endeavour——I can work still.

Shen. And so can I—And I will get a new place, mother. But the eleven pounds!—to raise them in an hour, without friends, without——Tear! tear! what will become of us? (*Noise at the door.*) Hey! Who is coming? Pless my soul! I do fear it is a bailiff already. Iss, it is certainly a bailiff.

Enter TOM TICK *hastily, shutting the door after him.*

Tick. So I'm safe—I've outrun them. (*Leans a-*

gainst the door.) Peugh! How are you? How are you? (*Nodding to* SHENKIN.)

Shen. (*Alarmed.*) How you to do? How you to do?

Tom. Sorry to break in so abruptly—Afraid I take you by surprize.

Shen. Not at all—We did expect you. Mr Pinchwell did threaten us with an officer.

Dame Shen. (*Aside to* SHENKIN.) Be quiet, son; 'tis the gentleman who lodges on the first floor; and when I tell you that his debts were almost all incurred in trying to relieve a friend, you'll not affront—

Shen. Affront! Tear! I be very sorry, sir—And yet, somehow, I be monstrous glad you be not a bailiff.

Tom. What! you, too, a shy cock—you, too, afraid of these agreeable——My dear fellow, give me your hand.—Here's a pair of us.—My name is Tom Tick, and just now the rascally landlord purposely let three officers into the passage. I heard them, and had no other way of escape but jumping up the chimney, or flying into this garret: And here I am, and if you will but shelter me till I hear from my banker—But don't suppose I have change for sixpence there—only—mum—coax'd him with a present yesterday—two Leicestershire pigs, aged six weeks or so; and to-day draw a bill on him dated six months or so—You comprehend—one good turn—

Shen. No, I cannot guess—can you, mother?

Dame. No, I can't conceive.

Tom. Can't you? Then I'll tell you. I am owner of an inn, call'd the Castle, on the north road; and my tenant, who is famous for his Leicestershire hogs, now and then indulges me with a breed. Very well! Then I send a couple to my banker, which he can't refuse, you know, and a day or two after I draw a bill on him, which he likewise can't refuse, you know; for, having accepted the pigs, of course he

accepts the bill; and before now, I have actually raised two hundred pounds by a single letter. There, that's the way to borrow money.

Shen. So it is—and, i'cot! it's dear pork for the banker—unless you pay it at last.

Tom. And if I don't, the banker can afford the loss: And for my other creditors, holders of bills I have been swindled of—why, they know my hand, but not my face.

Shen. Not know your face!

Tom. No—I sign'd to serve a friend, who pass'd away my notes to common usurers: and last week, but for a fortunate circumstance—do you know, sir, one of these fellows called a meeting of the whole body, and advertised it to be held in a room that projected over the new river; when, luckily, the crowd was so immense, and the parties so enraged, that, at the moment they vow'd eternal vengeance, whiz! crack went the floor! and souse they all tumbled into the water! The Jews and money-lenders being used to ducking, got no damage, but the lawyers and annuity-brokers lost their securities—For notes and bonds not being water-proof, my name got soaked out through their pockets, and so far I was completely white-washed.

Shen. He! he! And your other creditors did get cool'd, and now you do start fair again.

Tom. Ay; but how long will it last? For if my banker and another resource fails me—See—(*Taking out an empty purse*)—not enough for a dinner.

Shen. Tear! That is our case; and we be so hungry—and look, look you—here comes the devil, to claw my poor mother for the eleven pounds.

Tom. Only eleven pounds!

Shen. No more: And if she do go to gaol, we shall both lie down and die together. (*Turns to* DAME SHENKIN, *and weeps.*)

Enter PINCHWELL (*hastily.*)

Pinch. Zounds! I thought so—Slipt through their fingers again, and you help to conceal him! (*To* SHENKIN.) Death and fire! Shall I never, never get rid of you?

Tom. Why wish it? Don't I pay my rent, Mr Landlord?

Pinch. Yes, and be hang'd to you. If you didn't, do you think I'd let you stay here and ruin my trade? Don't your duns stop up my shop-door; and, because they're not acquainted with your person, don't they seize my customers—cram them with bills—threaten them with bailiffs—hunt—drive——

Tom. Well—and haven't your customers cause to thank me? Hadn't they better pay my bills than yours? For don't you treble the price of ev'ry article—manufacture it of bad materials; and from the earnings of the laborious poor, haven't you set up a gig—and a bit of blood—and a straw-bonnet?

Pinch. I tell you what, curse me if I wou'dn't give ten pounds never to see your face again.

Tom. Would you, upon your soul?

Pinch. That I would—and say I never laid out money to better advantage.

Tom. Then I'll tell you what, make it twelve, and I'll take it.

Pinch. Twelve! Done—there's the cash—and now away with you, and I'll go get officers to take them away. (*Pointing to* SHENKIN *and* DAME.)

Tom. Stop—I'm off directly—but for these poor people, they may stay.

Pinch. Stay! Why, how will they pay their debt?

Tom. How! why, with your own money.—There—there's eleven pounds to stop your mouth, Mr Pinchwell—and there is the odd one to stop yours, my honest Welchman.—You need not examine them—they are very good—I took them just now;—and

I perfectly agree with you, (*To* PINCHWELL) you never laid out money to better advantage—and take my advice; go and continue the recreation; you'll find it more wholesome than the straw-bonnet. [*Exit* PINCHWELL.

Shen. Pless you—pless you—My poor mother is free, and Caractacus is so grateful——

Tom. For what? Didn't you protect me? And therefore I but repay you what I owe you—and I wish from my soul I could do the same by all my creditors. I hate this shifting life—and did I not reflect misfortune first involv'd me—But psha! moralizing won't help me—I must to action.

Shen. So must we—we must look out for a new place, you do know.

Tom. Come on then.

Enter Servant.

Well, sir, what says the banker?

Serv. Sir, I am sorry to inform you he will neither accept the bill nor the present.

Tom. What! don't he bite at the pigs?

Serv. No, sir—and Doctor Infallible won't advance you another shilling.

Tom. Ungrateful, shuffling scoundrel!—Is this—But no matter—I'll first visit my friend Leonard—and then to the Temple—I'm sure the lawyers will discount for me.

Shen. Come you—then the lawyers have not heard you do not pay your notes, I am sure.

Tom. Yes, they have—and that's the reason they advance money upon them.—If a note be punctually paid, there can be no action, you rogue; but if unpaid, think of the glorious cannonade against drawer, acceptor, and indorsers.—These are their valuable bills; and the family of the Ticks are the best friends the lawyers have upon earth.—Where are the pigs?

Serv. Below, sir.

Tom. Give them to the Welchman, and he'll bite at them—I'll be damn'd if he don't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at POST OBIT'S.

POST OBIT *and* GEORGIANA.

Post Ob. Was there ever any thing so ungrateful? Hav'n't I fought for you, and conquered? Hav'n't I rescued you from a bullying guardian and a mountebank lover?

Geor. You have, sir---I own the obligation, but---

Post Ob. But you still love Leonard Melmoth---you would still unite yourself with that haughty, ruined family. But take notice, I have forbid Leonard this new house of mine,---and as a proof that I mean to select a respectable husband for you, no man shall marry you that can't leave me a thumping legacy. This is the reward I expect as conqueror, and shall enforce as guardian.

Geor. Enough, sir:---I cannot marry without your consent.

Post Ob. Yes, you may---but you lose your whole fortune- -you forfeit eighteen thousand pounds---and stripp'd of every shilling, will Leonard so offend his father?

Geor. And if he would, do you think I'd suffer him? No, sir---I have sufficiently involved him---and not for the world shall he a second time oppose his father---therefore your triumph is complete; for till you consent, Leonard is lost to Georgiana.

Post Ob. Then he is lost for ever.---And now for my unknown cousin, the great Thomas Tick, esquire

---now to look out my letter of recommendation; and then for a will without a disappointment.—But, plague on it---how shall I find him out? Do you know that London is such a confus'd scene, that I can't tell one street, place, or house, from another?

Geor. Indeed, sir!

Post Ob. No---to me they are all alike---and yesterday morning I saw no more difference in the bulls and bears in the Stock Exchange, and the lions and tygers in Exeter Exchange, than I did yesterday evening between the wranglers for fish at a lady's card party, and the criers of the same article at Billingsgate.---But keep up your spirits; and while I go to Mr Tick, remember, in this house you're safe from all lovers but the one who will leave me a thumping legacy. [*Exit.*

Geor. And this is the asylum he affords me---this the protection I so long implored! But whither can I go? Return to Melmoth House is hopeless---is impossible;---and to apply to Leonard---No, no, turn not a thought that way.

Lady Mel. (*Without.*) Let me pass---I must and will see her---(LADY MELMOTH *enters.*) Georgiana!

Geor. My cousin! (*Partly turning from her.*)

Lady Mel. Nay, it is not now the gay and haughty Lady Melmoth that addresses you, but a poor penitent, who sees her errors are beyond all pardon---not you alone and Leonard are the victims of my folly---No---an indulgent husband——

Geor. What! the dreaded hour is come!

Lady Mel. Even so.---The house so lately decorated with all that art and fancy could suggest is now one naked ruin---All, all is seized---not e'en a bed is left, to yield repose to him who, till he knew a dissipated wife, ne'er felt the loss of it. And yet he forgives the wretch who, from the height of fortune and of fame---Oh, that he had but censured and

reproached me!---It is his kindness cuts me to the heart.

Geor. Be pacified. Leonard will now come forth to succour and preserve him.

Lady Mel. No----his father will not hear him named, and vows to welcome ruin, ere ask of him assistance. Besides, it seems that Malcour has the ear of Leonard, and that he listens to the slanderous tale of that vain, boasting, and unfeeling man—when, Heaven's my witness! till yesterday I thought him still my friend---But when he openly avowed his love, I scorn'd his bold, presumptuous offers, and had proclaim'd him to the world, but that I prized my husband's life beyond a villain's shame.

Geor. Oh yes! my life upon your innocence: and, could I talk with Leonard---but, by my guardian's orders, we are for ever parted.

Lady Mel. This I had heard, and therefore came to tell you that Sir Herbert and myself mean to seek out some distant and sequestered spot.---Come, go with us. He'll bury in oblivion all that's past, and I, repentant and reclaimed---

Geor. No---let me stay here; and if my guardian will relax, and his consent be gained, Leonard may still be mine---and then I'll join you in retirement. ---And now return to him who anxiously expects you. Oh, may you be happy, cousin!

Lady Mel. And may the hour be not far off when this consent is gain'd---till then, farewell---and sure I must be happier than I have been---for I know not why, but the forc d smile of dissipation ne'er yielded half the joy these tears of penitence afford.

Geor. No, because their fountain is the heart, and nature bids them flow, to moisten and revive those seeds of virtue long deadened in the heated soil of error and of fashion. Farewell! and to re-

ward a generous husband's love, be henceforth Ellen Arundel, the child of feeling and simplicity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street. Outside of POST OBIT'S *House.*

LEONARD *and* TOM TICK *discovered near the Door.*

Leo. You see my fears were right. I am denied admittance to Post Obit's house; and if you are serious in your offer to assist your old school-fellow and college friend, now, now is the moment.

Tom. My dear fellow, ask me to shoot the guardian, burn the house, fly away with the girl----in short, ask me to do any thing, but lend you money, and Tom Tick's responsible.

Leo. Then observe---I'm now call'd away to watch over the fate of my father: his dissipated wife has not only ruin'd him in fortune, but in love; and her attachment to Malcour shall convince him of his error---therefore, whilst I seek him, do you get sight of Georgiana, as a person unknown to her guardian.

Tom. I may gain admission, and wheedle him out of his consent.

Leo. That hope is vain. No longer influenced by my father, he will indulge his hatred to our family; and Georgiana is too proud to be Sir Herbert's daughter, without a fortune to support her; but if you'll tell her that the time may come, and that I still adore---still——

Tom. Go along---I'm used to flourishing speeches ---I practise them every day for my duns: and ere next we meet, I'll lay you all I'm worth---no, that's

a bubble bet—I'll lay you all I owe, that I secure the prize.

Enter DR INFALLIBLE *behind; seeing* TOM, *he stops, and listens.*

Leo. Kind, generous fellow! you'll find me at our friend Malcour's. But remember there are rivals as well as guardians to contend with, particularly one Dr Infallible.

Tom. He! that rascal one of her lovers! O ho! then I've a double motive for serving you; and I'll see you married to Georgiana, if it is only to outquack that Radix Rheno mountebank:---So away---go to your father, and let me commence operations.

Leo. Adieu! success attend you---and if I could but describe to you how much I feel indebted---

Tom. And if you can't, I know very well what it is to be indebted, without troubling you or any man to explain it. [*Exit* LEONARD.] And now, take notice, my little doctor——

Dr Inf. (*Meeting him.*) And the little doctor does take notice, you see. And after my advancing you such large sums of money, how dare you---

Tom. And after my advancing you to your present situation, how dare you refuse me more money, sir?

Dr Inf. You advanced me! Zounds, sir, 'twas genius, application.

Tom. No, sir, 'twas puffing, advertising! Didn't I, at your own desire, insert a letter in all the newspapers, dated Monmouth, though I never was there in my life, stating, I had been worn to a skeleton with a confirm'd ophondria, though I don't know what the disorder means; and that, as a last hope, I flew to your immortal medicine; when, wonderful to tell! and joy to my disconsolate friends! the first glass warm'd the viscera, the second braced the nerves, the third enliven'd and electrified the whole

system? And so far I spoke truth—To do you justice, Radix Rheno is a delicious dram; and after half a bottle, I never was so jollily drunk in all my days.

Dr Inf. Dram! call my Radix Rheno a—fire and fury! if it were, who do you suppose wou'd take it?

Tom. Who? ask the ladies.

Dr Inf. Psha! all scurrilous alike---and long---long before I knew you, I made as much noise as any medical man in London.

Tom. I can't tell whether you made a noise, but I know your patients did:---And if by accident your name was seen at the bottom of a prescription, why, 'twas like my name at the bottom of a note-- damme, nobody took it.

Dr Inf. No matter, sir---I laugh at you, and defy you. And to prevent your effecting a marriage between Leonard and Georgiana, by imposing on Post Obit, I'll go directly, and lay a train to expose you. I'll inform him of your debts, of your keeping the Castle inn on the north road, of your whole family being compos'd---

Tom. I grant it. My father, uncle, and grandfather were all inn-keepers; and I see your sneaking motive for traducing them.---They lower'd the market; for they called drams, drams, and, at a tenth part your profit, sold Radix Rheno under its proper name—British spirit.—But to battle, for I'm on fire till the war begins.

Dr Inf. And so am I; for I'm secure of victory; and dub me coward, if Georgiana be not still the doctor's.

Tom. And dub me coward, if she be not Leonard's. (*Exit* Doctor.) And now to sound the trumpet of defiance---now to rap that little knocker ---and then, inspir'd by gallantry and friendship—

[*Going to door.*

Enter POST OBIT, *from the House, meeting* TOM.

Your servant, sir, your servant---but as these lodgings are to be let, and I'm in haste to look at them ---(*Crosses* POST OBIT, *who pulls him back by the coat.*)

Post Ob. Softly—not so fast, if you please, my young spark.---No man enters that house till I know his name and business;---and you, sir---

Tom. And I, sir! My name is Tom Tick, sir.

Post Ob. What! Thomas Tick, esquire, of the north!

Tom. To be sure, I'm of the north!

Post Ob. And owner of the Castle?

Tom. To be sure, I'm owner of the Castle!

Post Ob. Ten thousand pardons. You are the very gentleman I was going to, my dear sir. (*Pulling off his hat, and bowing with great humility.*) I've brought this letter of recommendation from your friend, Robert Whimmy of Devonshire, who informs me we are cousins. You know facetious Bob, sir?

Tom. Know him! yes; and by that smiling, smirking countenance, I know you to be one of his comical choice spirits---But cousins! I doubt about cousins.

Post Ob. Don't—pray don't—Yours is a very uncommon name, and my mother—But, with submission, the letter will explain—only Bob has such a regard for poor Peter Post Obit, that you mus'n't believe all.

Tom. (*Snatching letter, and opening it.*) Post Obit! here's luck! (*Aside.*)—"Dear Tom"—(*Reading letter.*)

Post Ob. Softly—to yourself. if you please—I'm too modest to hear my own praises. (*Turning away his head.*)

Tom. (*Turning away also, and reading the letter.*) "Dear Tom——The bearer, Peter Post Obit, is

such a notorious legacy-hunter, and has so persecuted me to give him letters to opulent people in London, that, at once to punish and get rid of him, I have recommended him to you. His mother's name being Tick, I have easily convinc'd him you are cousins, and have also told him you are lord of a great castle in the north—have bad health, and, in consequence of a quarrel with your other relations, will very probably select him for your heir. Adieu! And by making as much of the credulous old blockhead as you can, you will oblige, ever truly yours, R. WHIMMY." (*Here they both turn round, and bow to each other.*) Oh, oh, I see it now. My dear, dear cousin! (*Shaking his hand.*)

Post Ob. That's right—You see I'm a true Tick.

Tom. I do—and to use Bob's words, upon my honour, I'll make as much of you as I can. (*Shaking hands with him.*) To be sure, I've no house in town to invite you to—at present—only elegant lodgings. But if you'll take a trip to the Castle, I'll give you such a reception—such dinners—such wine—such beds;—and then. fancy (*Counts with his fingers*) six servants out of livery—seven chamber-maids,—thirty horses—eight post-chaises.

Post Ob. Eight post-chaises!—Bless my soul! and how many coaches?

Tom. None. I've done with flies and dillys, and slapbangs, and——that is, I mean I always travel in my own carriage.——But it grows late, and I'm an invalid, you know, and particularly ordered by my physician to avoid the night air: So, with your leave, we'll talk further in your house. (*Taking his arm.*)

Post Ob. Come along—and don't—don't now, fret about your ungrateful relations.

Tom. No, sir—There is such a thing as a will; and if I can find a respectable——But I feel flying pains, particularly in my back and my shoulder.

Post Ob. What! are you subject to attacks in the shoulder?

Tom. Continually, and chiefly in the open air: So, allons—and, as wine is the best restorative, over a bottle we'll drink Bob's health.

Post Ob. So we will, cousin.

Tom. And success to our better acquaintance.

Post Ob. So we will, cousin.

Tom. And confusion to all graceless relations.

Post Ob. So we will, cousin.—Huzza! there'll be no flaw or disappointment here!

[*Exeunt into the house.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of POST OBIT'S *House—Night—Stage somewhat darkened.*

Enter DR INFALLIBLE *and* EDWARD, *meeting.*

Dr Inf. 'Sdeath! I shall lose the battle.—Well, Edward, what success have you met with?

Edw. None, sir: Mr Post Obit's doors are not only shut against you, but against your servants.

Dr Inf. Ay, ay; at present the enemy carries all before him; for, just now, when I met the old legacy-hunter, and told him Mr Tick was owner of the Castle on the north road, he said he knew he was owner of the Castle, and that made him so fond of

him.—And when I added that he was over head and ears in debt, he fairly laughed in my face, and exclaimed, " Good evening, Mr Hocus Pocus."

Edw. Dotard!—But don't, sir, don't yield so easily.

Dr Inf. Yield! No, I'll shew him I'm indeed an Alexander.——Hark ye; half measures never yet obtained a victory; and therefore, at once to strike the grand decisive blow, this night I'll carry off Georgiana.

Edw. That's right—But how will you secure her? You can't get inside the house, you know.

Dr Inf. No; but, by making use of my antagonist's name, I may get her outside of the house, you know—You comprehend?

Edw. I do, sir—You'll pass for Mr Tick.

Dr Inf. Yes he has often borrowed my name, now I'll borrow his—and then, Edward——

Edw. And then, sir, you'll bear her off in triumph. —Let's about it instantly.

Dr Inf. Stay—we must first make preparations. Go order horses and assistants to be ready to convey her to my lone villa on the Downs, and then return to the enterprise. Come.—Oh! there's an end of Leonard and his champion.——And for you, Miss Georgiana, once in my power, I'll serve you as I serve my patients—death alone shall part us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TOM TICK *and* GEORGIANA, *from the House.*

Tom. Huzza! The victory is mine!

Geor. Oh! I'm most grateful. Till you arrived, my guardian was inexorable. I had no hope of gaining his consent, and Leonard was for ever lost to me—But now——

Tom. But now, thanks to Bob Whimmy, I'm your guardian. I'm to nominate your husband; and don't

be afraid of my choosing Tom Tick.—No; if I trust myself with a wife, who the devil will trust me?

Geor. But the conditions—I heard you talk of an agreement and a will; and Mr Post Obit is now gone to his lawyer's. Alas! I fear you forfeit much to gain this power.—What, what is the sacrifice?

Tom. Sacrifice! Ha! ha!—Why, we're cousins. —He is a true Tick, I tell you; and so I am to make a will in his favour, and bind myself in a heavy penalty not to revoke it, provided he agrees—In short, he gives me the controul of you—the finest property under heaven; and I, in return, bequeath him the Castle, and all those magnificent apartments, the Sun, the Bear, the Lion.

Geor. There! 'tis as I dreaded.----And you are bound not to revoke this will?

Tom. And why should I revoke it? The Castle don't net the value of its sign, and is so involved in executions, mortgages, and Chancery suits, that there can't be a fitter legacy for my dear cousin: So, while I inform Leonard, return to your apartment.

Geor. Oh, dispatch!----I dread his meeting with his father. His fixed dislike to Lady Melmoth may tempt him to propose a separation; and, desperate as Sir Herbert is become——

Tom. Fear not---I'll dispatch; for if Radix Rheno should expose me before the will's signed---not that there's much danger; for Post Obit forbids him his house; and, for once, a legacy-hunter is uncivil to a doctor.----Adieu!----and, depend on't, in Leonard your fortune and your person shall find a brave protector; for matrimony, which endangers our persons, protects yours.---Oh! if I had the privilege of a petticoat! if I were a married woman!----Bless 'em! they are Sunday-men all the week. (*Going.*)

Voices without. Come along---come along.

Tom. (*Looking out.*) Zounds! who are all those people coming out of that tavern? What an infernal

crowd? Surely they can never——(*Listens at the side.*)—Yes, I hear them buz about my name.----By Heaven! my creditors in a body, and with bills as long as their faces!---So, so, they have had another meeting----are on the look to lay hold of me----and Georgiana will be the victim of Peter Post Obit----and I of John Doe and Richard Roe.——The only chance is, these money-lending note-holders don't know my person; and, that they never may, I'll----Here they come.----Curse ye! I wish I had ye over the new river again.

[*Exit up the stage, and stands aside.*

Enter Ten Creditors, with Papers in their hands.

1*st Cred.* Stop---Before we separate, suppose we once more read the resolutions.---(*Reads.*) "At a second meeting of the creditors of Mr Thomas Tick, held this day, it was proposed and unanimously agreed to, 1st, To identify his person; 2dly, To discover his place of residence; 3dly, To seize him and every item of his property."

2*d Cred.* Ay, that's right.---But how to set about it.---Zounds! isn't it strange none of us know him?

1*st Cred.* No, not at all.----We lenders of money do all our business in the dark. The sight of a man's hand-writing is enough for us----and if we knew all our creditors, gad! we should have the most numerous and fashionable acquaintance in London.

2*d Cred.* So we should.----And, as his new haunt is somewhere hereabouts, suppose we keep a sharp look out---Hush! somebody's coming---Who knows ---Stand aside. (*They go up stage*----Tom *remains concealed.*)

Enter Dr Infallible, *muffled in a great coat.*

Dr Inf. (*In a low voice.*) Now for it----now for my experiment---And if, by means of this contrivance, I can lure her into my snares——(*Crossing*

stage.) Soft!---(*Knocks at the door.*) Oh! be propitious, Fortune!

Serv. (*Opening a window over the door.*) Who's there?

Dr Inf. It's I---I want your young mistress.

Serv. You! Who are you?

Dr Inf. Why, don't you know?---Are you near-sighted, or is it so dark, that you can't see I'm Mr Tick?

Serv. What, master's new acquaintance, the great Thomas Tick, esquire?

Dr Inf. Yes, I'm the great Thomas Tick, esquire. (*Here the Tradesmen stare at each other, and begin to move forward.*)
And, d'ye hear, tell Miss Georgiana, I and Mr Leonard are waiting at the corner of the street in a hackney-coach, and beg to speak to her directly.

Serv. Mr Leonard with you!---I warrant she'll come directly. [*Exit from window.*

Dr Inf. Bravo! the day's my own!----Poor Leonard! Poor Tommy Tick!

[*Exit, walking on tip-toe, and rubbing his hands. Tradesmen exeunt after him, likewise walking on tip-toe, chuckling, and rubbing their hands.*

Tom. (*Advancing.*) Ha! ha! poor Tommy Tick!---Damme! now he's taken the name, I hope he'll stick to it; and I defy him to choose a more popular one---for see what crowds he draws after him!---No man living is more sought after: and if I were an actor, what houses I should bring!----But where, where will all this end?----I'll peep----'Sdeath! Post Obit is coming!---Now I'm down again; for if he has met them, and, after all, the real Simon Pure should be detected---

Enter POST OBIT.

Post Ob. Here's pretty work!----Mr Tick, I'm astonished.---Going out, I met Dr Infallible, and he

talks to me of your debts, and his own riches---And, coming home, I see this same monied man actually jump into a hackney-coach, to avoid a dozen duns! And, after in vain denying his name, and trying other hocus-pocus arts to get rid of them, he bade the coachman drive for it; and away they all went after him, like so many bull-dogs.----Gad! I hope, with all my heart, they won't quit him till he has paid every shilling---don't you, cousin?

Tom. That I do, with all my soul, cousin.----But enough of him, and his Radix Rheno.----Have you seen your lawyer?

Post Ob. I have---and the agreement, giving you the nomination of Georgiana's husband, will be ready to sign this very night, and the will also: So, whilst I go reconcile her, do you inform your friend.

Tom. I will----and, from this hour, keep in mind the lordly Castle.

Post Ob. And do you keep in mind your state of health----Don't stand chilling in the night air.——Adieu!---and, d'ye hear, take care and keep off the attack in the shoulder, cousin.

Tom. Thank ye, cousin.---The doctor has kept off that already. [*Exeunt*---POST OBIT *into the house.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at SIR HERBERT'S, *stripp'd of its Furniture.*

Enter LADY MELMOTH *and* DAME SHENKIN.

Dame Shen. Come, come; why accuse and reproach yourself, my lady, when Sir Herbert has forgiven and forgotten every thing?

Lady Mel Yes; but can I forget, when, in each room of this once splendid mansion, I trace the progress of extravagance and guilt—when, in my husband's wan and frenzied look I read distrust and desperation?—You know not half the misery I dread. Deserted by his friends, bankrupt in fortune and in hope, may he not fly to self-destruction for relief?—Nay, I have cause to think it—And now!—Why, wherefore does he not return?

Dame Shen. Be patient:—Isn't he gone to borrow a small sum? And, sure, amidst so many wealthy friends—

Lady Mel. No: when winter comes, these summer insects are beheld no more: and for your sake—yes, yours and poor Shenkin's sorrows heighten mine.—Oh! would I could relieve you.

Dame Shen. Nay, don't mind us, my lady.—Had I a thought to see you so griev'd and so distress'd, I'd have died before I'd have applied for my son's wages;—but we were in bitter want---out of place, and no means of subsistence.

Lady Mel. And I the author of your ruin. I have not the power---Merciful forgetfulness! come to my aid --befriend---compose me. (*Throws herself in a chair, weeping.*)

Dame Shen. Poor lady! She almost drives my own troubles out of my head---though, to be sure, if my son don't shortly get employment, and, some how, his simple manners are against him---A-lack! go where he will, they dismiss,—and—

Shen. (*Without.*) "Oh the noble race of Shenkin." (*Singing.*)

Dame Shen. Bless me! What noise is that?

Shen. (*Without.*) "Oh the noble race of Shenkin."

Enters, in a new suit of clothes.

Mother! My tear, tear old mother! (*Embracing her violently.*)

Dame Shen. Mercy on me! Why, what's the matter?---What---

Shen. (*Putting his hand before her mouth.*) Stop ---Do not you put me out.—Look you.—I did hear of a place at Dr Infallible's, and so I did go to his great house to offer---And so, as I did stand in the hall, with the butler and the servants laughing at me, the doctor did push in with three or four companions, and being in a great haste and bustle, did order a fine supper to revive him---And this did remind me of your wants, mother; and so I did hold him by the arm, and swear he shou'dn't stir, till he did hear and relieve me; but instead of doing either, he did say I was another of the villains, and did send for a warrant, and then the constable did come, and then he did read aloud the doctor's description, and then—he! he!---Give me another hug, mother.

Dame Shen. Why, the boy's wild, distrac---

Shen. Stop you---do not you interrupt.---The constable did read at full length the doctor's name, and was going on, when, at one spring, I did rush into the supper-room. "Look you," said I, "three questions, doctor, before I be committed.—Were you born at Abarathgwilly?" "Ha!" said he.--- "Have you a mole on your left breast?" "Heavens!" said he.---"Is your Christian name Alcibiades?" "Oh, iss," said he. "Then," said I, "you did rob an orchard, and are my brother---I be little Caractacus---you lost Alcibiades—and, plessed pe Saint David, you have brought your cotlings to such a good market."---And then, for his own credit sake, he did order me these beautiful clothes—And then he did give me this beautiful gold watch, which did cost thirty guineas---And then I did run to tell you---

And then---" Oh the noble race of Shenkin." (*Kissing watch, and strutting.*)

Dame Shen. Thank Heaven for the joyous, welcome news! But how was it? Did you ask him how he got all these riches?

Shen. Iss---and there I did mistake ---You do know, we did always fear he wouldn't stop with the pippins; and so, when he did boast he had made his fortune by the coinage of his own brain, by Radix Rheno, I did think he said, by coining ready rhino ---and so I did tell him.—But come, he have ordered supper for us also---and the next time we do want eleven pounds, this little gentleman (*Kissing watch*) will pay it three times over, mother. (*Singing.*)

Dame Shen. Stay, my son---in our own good fortune let us not forget the distresses of others. (*Pointing to* LADY MELMOTH.)

Shen. Oh ho! What, she do begin to feel at last, do she?---Come---

Dame Shen. For shame! Is this the way you bear prosperity? Poor soul! the creditors have seized on all she has---have left her nothing but the humble dress she wears.

Shen. Inteed!

Dame Shen. Nothing---and we who've known such bitter want ourselves---

Shen. Want! Pless my soul! My mistress, wife of a Pembrokeshire baronet, want---Look you---I've no more money than this poor half guinea, and take it! Take it, while 'tis of its full value---for my fingers do wax so hot and melting, that it will be stew'd to a seven shilling piece before you can say Dim Sarsenid.

Dame Shen. My child! Still the same generous heart.

Shen. Iss; and if I thought altering my dress would alter my disposition, I would walk straight to Abarathgwilly, climb up into the tall cherry-tree, and

change clothes with the sly old scarecrow.---But what will this small sum avail? Where are all their visitors—their friends?---Oh! I see now---Gone after the dinner tables---gone to leave cards at the next house their mahogany friends do put up at.---Let them---but let me show a different——Come along, mother---I have it.

[LADY MELMOTH *rises and listens.*

Dame Shen. Dear! dear! What do you mean?

Shen. Mean!—To let this watch point out to my poor lady hours, minutes, and seconds of peace, plenty, and happiness---to change it into money, and give it all to her.---And never say the rich are not happy---for all the kids on all the mountains can't skip more than my heart does at doing one small charitable action. [*Exit with* DAME SHENKIN.

Lady Mel. Generous creature! I'm most grateful; nor will his former situation make the gift less welcome; for he's ennobled who's benevolent, whilst they who are callous to the voice of charity sink to the lowest rank of poverty and vice. Oh! now here are the means, Sir Herbert.---But why—why does he delay? Sure, had all been well, long, long ere this he had returned. Alas! My heart's so full of fears and of forebodings.---Hark! what was that? The report of a pistol, and so near as the court-yard!—Merciful powers! 'Tis past! It is confirmed! (*Approaches door and listens.*) Yes, they utter forth the dreadful sound---Murder has been committed.---Oh, I've no hope but to rush forth and perish with him.

As she is going, enter SIR HERBERT, *in great agitation.*

Alive! In safety! My husband! (*Falling on his shoulder.*)

Sir Her. Hush! Guard the door. I'm known—I'm pursued—but I am innocent—I am no murderer.

Lady Mel. Speak! What has happened?

Sir Her. I know not. His piteous agonizing look still glares before me, and, coward like, I dared not to meet it. Could I behold those eyes that have so beamed pleasure for the life I gave them—Could I, when I destroy'd—Oh, Leonard! Leonard!

Lady Mel. Leonard! Speak, I implore you.—Where, where is your son?

Sir Her. I have no son: But now, he proffer'd me the whole estate, provided I would part with you. He said that Malcour would receive you. This, knowing of your innocence, enraged and maddened me. Words begat words, and seizing the pistol which I bore about me, I swore that moment I would perish at his feet, ere owe my safety to a presumptuous, disobedient son. He tried to force the weapon from my hand, and in the struggle—Oh, have mercy Heavens!—his breast receiv'd the fatal ball, and, staggering to the earth, he groan'd, and———

Lady Mel. No—not died—he did not, shall not die! (*Knocking at door.*) Hark! You're discovered.

Sir Her. I? What am I?—My son is sinking to the grave, and perhaps a father's tears might balm ——I'll go, and——No—no—it will not be—My wound is deadly as his own. (*Falls into a chair.*)

Lady Mel. And—this—this havoc is my——— (*Pointing to* SIR HERBERT.) Look here, ye votaries of dissipation! See if a life of gay, licentious pleasure, can compensate for such an hour as this! —I know, I'm sure, that in the splendid equipage and dazzling dress ye never taste one moment of substantial joy.—Then seek it in your husbands' and your childrens' hearts—make home a shelter 'gainst the storm; and, let it roar around, still shall you find domestic life the scene of peace!—Oh! do, do you not curse—despise me?

Sir Her. No—In spite of all sorrow, still there's solace here.——(*Rises, and embraces her.*) But my son—Let us go make enquiry.

Lady Mel. No—to your chamber—I'll seek, assist him.—Come, come, retire while there's safety. —Oh! that the death-blow had been all my own!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street.—Scene of Lincoln's Inn.

Enter MALCOUR *and* TOM TICK.

Mal. Yes, the hour of retribution is arrived—and in Leonard's wounds all Malcour's wrongs shall be revenged.

Tom. Nay, but where is he?——where is my dying friend?

Mal. In my house—under my protection.—And be his vile assassin who he may, I will detect and punish him.

Tom. And do you as yet suspect——

Mal. I do——I much suspect his father.——(TOM *starts.*) Aye; like you I am amazed, and shudder to have cause for my suspicion. But when I find my friend assassinated in the dark—hear him exclaim, "My cruel, cruel father!"—and, by his side, behold an instrument of death, marked with Sir Herbert's name——

Tom. Indeed!

Mal. Aye; and, as corroborating proofs, when I reflect on the late quarrel, and that the estate was wholly his on Leonard's death——Oh! if that dread event takes place, think you he shall escape from justice? No—I will instantly accuse him. (*Going.*)

Tom. And I'll gain Post Obit's consent, and return to your house with Georgiana.

Mal. Hold—She must not see him—If he's disturbed, his death is certain.—Now, haughty Ellen, we'll see how much you prize a favoured husband's life; for there's a way to save it. [*Exit.*

Tom. Not disturbed! Nonsense!—I'll to Lawyer Cursitor's directly, make my will in Post Obit's favour, and return with his preserving angel.——And now, thou blind goddess! keep others blind but for a few minutes longer, and I and Leonard will be happy, in spite of duns, death-hunters, devils, and doctors! [*Exit.*

Enter (*immediately*) DR INFALLIBLE *and* CAPIAS.

Dr Inf. There he goes—that's him!

Cap. Bless you, I know Tom Tick as well as he knows Lenitive Capias—Why, we're so familiar, that he always calls me by my Christian name.

Dr Inf. Very well, then arrest him instantly on that warrant for two hundred pounds—Away!—Yet stop.—As I mean Post Obit should see the great Thomas Tick in a spunging-house, what is your direction?

Cap. (*Pointing off the stage.*) There, number 197, Carey Street:—And shew me a smarter mansion than Lenitive Capias's.

Dr Inf. Away—take the enemy prisoner. (*Exit* CAPIAS.) And now to send Post Obit to see his rich friend in all his glory; and then, Georgiana, left to herself, will be completely in my power. Ha! ha! There's a dose for the whole trio. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at CAPIAS'S *Spunging-house, very elegantly furnished.—Table, Chairs, &c., all modern and handsome.—Window-Curtains up, and Bars seen at the Window.*

Enter CAPIAS, *with Candles, followed by* TOM TICK, *in great agitation, looking pale.*

Cap. Walk in, Mr Tick, and be composed. (*Putting down candles.*) I declare you'll fret yourself quite ill.—Come, come. You know there's nothing like a prison about my spunging-house. To be sure, the bars are a little awkward; but we'll let down the curtains, and then you may fancy yourself in your own lodgings. (CAPIAS *lets down the curtains, and bars are concealed.*)

Tom. Plague on't! Nicked at such a moment! Defeated by that rascally doctor!—My good fellow—my dear Lenitive—I've an appointment with a lady—And, as a man of gallantry, I'm sure now—Do, do let me out for half an hour, will you?

Cap. Psha! Why don't you apply at once to your wealthy friend, Mr Post Obit? I told you before, if he'd pass his word for you, I'd take it—and you'd better make haste; for I'm afraid there'll be plenty of detainers.

Tom. I know it.—I lose my liberty, Georgiana her lover, Leonard his life, and all——My good, sweet Lenitive, this is the last place in which I would wish to see Mr Post Obit—and if you won't let me out for half an hour—do now—do lend me two hundred pounds for half an hour—Upon my honour—

Cap. What! you think you're likely to pay in half an hour?

Tom. As likely as in half a century, Lenitive.

Cap. True; but there's an end of your art here—there's no borrowing or spunging in a spunging-house.

Tom. No!—(*Knocking heard.*) Go, sir; go and attend to your customers.

Cap. Well, good night.—And, to shew you I bear you no ill will, I once more offer to let you out, if Mr Post Obit will be answerable: If not, don't stand fretting there, looking as pale as a ghost.—Psha! Why, there's nothing to remind you of a prison here; for, what with the genteel company, the elegant rooms, and the polite conversation, shew me the difference between Lenitive Capias's and a fashionable lodging-house, that's all. [*Exit.*

Tom. Dished!—In for life!—Not for myself I feel: I deserve my fate—But to involve the happiness of others—to think that my imprisonment devotes to misery, perhaps to death, two as generous and as noble hearts——Well, well—drooping won't save them.——Come, rouse, and exert yourself——And look! there's cause for it already; for here comes Post Obit, to vent forth all his anger and reproaches.—No matter—he shall see I'll carry it off with gaiety and spirit.

Enter POST OBIT, *hastily.*

Post Ob. So, Mr Tick, I've found you out at last.—And who do you think I've to thank for it?

Tom. The quack, sir—of course, the quack.

Post Ob. Yes: I'll tell you how it was. Not seeing you at Lawyer Cursitor's, I went out to look for you, and meeting the doctor, I asked him if he knew where you lodged? He told me at Mr Capias's, No. 197. Carey Street; and that, if I'd go there, I should see you in all your glory.—Very well! So,

owing to the darkness of the night, and my ignorance of London, 'twas some time before I found the house; and then, to be certain I was right, I said to Mr Capias's servant, "Are you sure Mr Tick lodges here?" "Oh yes, sir," says he; "I'm sure Mr Tick is one of Mr Capias's lodgers."—And then he smiled, and I smiled:—and, upon my word, I envy you these beautiful apartments.——But come; I've done the agreement: So go, go sign your will.

Tom. What! at your old facetious tricks, I see—That's a good joke to a man that's confined.

Post Ob. Confined! What the devil——(*Getting close to* Tom, *and looking in his face*)—is it so bad with you, that you are confined?

Tom. Pooh! you see it is.

Post Ob. What! and by the doctor's orders?

Tom. Why, you know it's by the doctor's orders.

Post Ob. Not I——He only told me where you lodged.—Bless me! he does look charmingly ill indeed!—(*Aside.*) How was it? Were you taken suddenly?

Tom. Very—and in the old place too—in the shoulder.

Post Ob. And if you stir out without the doctor's leave, will the consequences be dangerous?

Tom. Fatal, you comical rogue, fatal.

Post Ob. Bravo!—If I can but get him into the night air, he'll make his will in one hour, and take to his bed the next. (*Aside.*)——Nonsense!—Go to Cursitor's—I'll stay and satisfy the doctor.

Tom. Will you?—Lenitive! (*Going to the wing, and calling.*)

Post Ob. Heh! who's Lenitive?

Tom. The doctor's agent.——Lenitive! (*Calling again.*)

Post Ob. The doctor's agent! Ag——Oh! Oh! I understand—the apothecary. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter CAPIAS.

Tom. Here, my boy—here's Mr Post Obit!—and I don't know whether he is in jest or earnest, but he says he'll be answerable to the doctor.

Post Ob. Yes, yes; you may let him out: I'll stay, and be answerable to the doctor.

Cap. I'm satisfied.—This way, Mr Tick.

Tom. Ha! ha! this is the best joke I ever heard; but it won't be complete till I'm fairly out of the house: So good night.—It cost me some money to get into these beautiful apartments, as you call them, and if it costs you any to get out of them, you'll say it's one of Tom Tick's legacies, you know.—— Come, Lenitive.—But stay—stay—(*Speaking as if alarmed.*) Suppose I'm detained?

Post Ob. Psha! don't let them detain you: Say I'm answerable.

Tom. Better and better! Ha! ha! you are indeed a damned comical dog.—He! he! you'll kill me with laughing. [*Exit with* CAPIAS.

Post Ob. Ha! ha! So I kill you, curse me if I care how it's done.—What a fool it is!—The Castle and all its magnificent appurtenances are mine.—— Gad! I hope it's a fine foggy night!—I'll see—I'll peep out of the window. (*Goes up stage.*)

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. How you to do, Mr Post Obit?

Post Ob. (*Not regarding him, but undrawing curtains.*) Why, what's here? Bars! What does he do with bars? Surely he has no children! no infernal little heirs-at-law! (*Coming down the stage, and meeting* SHENKIN)—nor is he mad, nor—Zounds! 'tis very odd!—Taffy, do you know Mr Tick?

Shen. Iss, sure, I do know he did save my poor mother from prison, and so I did come here to shew

my gratitude! But, plessings on you! you were before-hand with me.—I do find you are answerable for all the debts and detainers—And therefore well may you peep through the iron bars. Tear! tear! having let the bird out of the cage, what joy must you feel to see it hop away in health and liberty!

Post Ob. Cage! (*Looking round at the window.*)

Shen. Iss, cage, or spunging-house—'tis one and the same thing, you do know. (*Here* POST OBIT *is in great agitation.*) And how do I envy you these ecstacies? Oh! what I would give to have taken the weight off his shoulders!

Post Ob. Damn his shoulders, and you, and—Yes, yes, I see it now—the lodgings—the confinement—the apothecary!—Well—well—but perhaps—yes—this distress may be only temporary—and his property in the north—Hark ye, sir—you know he's owner of a castle. (*Shaking* SHENKIN.)

Shen. Owner of a castle!—Oh, I do recollect now—Iss, sure—And by the price he do get for his Leicestershire pigs, I do think it be an inn of some consequence.

Post Ob. An inn! the Castle an inn!

Shen. Ay, it be no castle in the air, I assure you.

[POST OBIT *going.*

CAPIAS *without, to* DAME SHENKIN.

Cap. Here's the person you enquired after. (*Enters with* DAME SHENKIN, *who takes* SHENKIN *aside.*) And now, if you please, Mr Post Obit, you may as well pay what you are answerable for.—The plaintiff's debts, you see, (*Shewing account*) are two hundred pounds, and the detainers already four hundred—and then there's the costs and the fees. (POST OBIT *rushes out behind him.*) What! an escape! Oh ho! Stop the prisoner there! Stop the prisoner!

[*Exit after him.*

Shen. (*Coming forward with* DAME SHENKIN.)

Tear! tear! what sad doings? But perhaps you did not hear right, mother; perhaps you do mistake.

Dame Shen. (*Weeping.*) Oh, that I did! for I have lived too long—yes, I have lived too long.

Shen. Pless my soul! Mr Leonard dying!

Dame Shen. Yes, I tell you his wounds have proved fatal.—And Mr Malcour, in whose house he is now breathing his last, not only won't let any of his family come near him, but actually threatens to lay a charge against Sir Herbert for wilfully destroying him.

Shen. Mr Leonard given over—and Sir Herbert accused—and—Lord! Lord! at such a moment we mus'n't forsake my old master, mother.

Dame Shen. Forsake him! No—We'll go directly, and find out the real culprit; for I am sure Sir Herbert's innocent.

Shen. Sure! I'll take my oath of it.—Come this moment:—and as his other friends have forsaken him—you shall be his nurse, Alcibiades his physician, and Caractacus again his servant.—Yes, mother, this hand shall work for him—and since rough misfortune has beat my old master down, it shall be found strong and willing to lift him up again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at MALCOUR'S---*Folding Doors in back Scene.*

Enter SIR HERBERT *and a Servant.*

Sir Her. Let me pass—let me once more enfold within my arms the wrong'd, the dying Leonard.

Serv. Sir, 'tis too late: my master just now told us the fatal hour was approaching, and therefore his assassin should be seized.

Sir Her. Look at me—I am his father.—Have you the heart, at such a moment, to separate son and parent?

Serv. His father!

Sir Her. Ay, that culprit Mr Malcour is in search of—that hapless wretch, 'gainst whom the proofs are most demonstrative and strong; for I've no evidence of innocence, but here—but my boy! Let him not curse me with his parting breath—and then conduct me where you please—I will surrender to my fate.

Serv. Indeed I know my master will condemn me, but for my life I cannot now resist a father's claim.—You may go in, sir—yonder is the chamber.

Sir Her. Thanks, thanks! (*Stops, and trembles.*) There? Did you say there?—Heavens, was ever guilt so bold? But let me implore his pardon and his pity—and then, most welcome my accuser!—Death has to me no terrors—No; existence is the villain's punishment. [*Exit at door in back scene.*

Enter MALCOUR.

Mal. How, sir, why don't you attend the door? Go, shew up Lady Melmoth! (*Exit Servant.*) Oh, this is beyond my hopes! The humbled fair already in my house to sue for mercy! Already!—But she comes.

Enter LADY MELMOTH.

Lady Mel. Oh, spare him, Mr Malcour—Not for poor Leonard I implore you—I know too well you can't avert his fate, but spare my husband.

Mal Nay, madam, when I was suitor, did you shew me mercy?—or am I so indebted to Sir Herbert, as to connive to serve him?

Lady Mel. Ah! think of two tender ones who

never wrong'd you.—I am unfit to guard so dear a charge, and now you'd rob them of their father. For their sake accuse him not. I see them now with supplicating hands entreating me to save their only hope —and you consent—they are made happy; and I, inspired by returning virtue, may be to him a wife, to them a mother!

Mal And what avail these promised joys to me? I share not in them—therefore observe—one only way can save him.

Lady Mel. Name it.

Mal. (*Taking her hand*) You well remember, that, by every base and treacherous art, he tore this hand from him who fairly won it. Then restore it, give it to me, its rightful owner, and I'll withdraw the accusation.—Why, what alarms you?—Do you not understand me?

Lady Mel. I do.—You'd have him purchase life at the expence of a weak woman's honour.

Mal. No—I would have him give me restitution.

Lady Mel. 'Tis well—I have deserved this treatment. But think you this sacrifice will save Sir Herbert?—think you he will survive the loss of honour? —No—virtue is the soul that animates his frame, and that destroyed, he'll perish with it!—And see the difference 'twixt his love and yours.—He'd welcome death ere I shou'd forfeit that which, if I do not forfeit, you will betray the father of your friend! —Oh, shame, shame! Fallen as I am—sure, when the heart is breaking, 'tis time to pity, not insult me. (*Weeping.*)

Mal. Have a care—think of the awful proofs against him—The previous quarrel; the estate so needful to repair his fortune; the instrument of death marked with his name.—Remember, there is no other hope.

Lady Mel. There is, thank Heaven! Before it dawn'd, and now it glares upon me.—Who urged

the unhappy Leonard to dispose of this estate?—Who drove him from a doating father's arms?—Who caused the quarrel that produced the fatal blow?—And who will now most publicly acquit Sir Herbert of the charge—acknowledge all the crime—and, in the presence of surrounding witnesses, make Leonard, with his dying breath, confess the true, the only culprit?—I, Ellen Melmoth!—I, that guilty wife, who, amidst unnumbered crimes, has still the pride to scorn a base seducer's arts, and die to save a dear-lov'd husband's life! (*Going towards a chamber.*)

Mal. (*Stopping her.*) Hold, you will not be so rash?

Lady Mel. Sir, I will be so just; and if his future days pass on in peace, an ignominious death will yield that joy a splendid life ne'er gave me! (MALCOUR *still holds her.*) Oppose me not.—A while ago I was as cowardly as fear could make me, but conscious virtue once more warms my veins, and I've a giant's strength.

Mal. Nay, then, suppose this boasted courage is in vain.—What if I tell you Leonard is no more?

Lady Mel. You cannot—will not——

Mal. I would avoid the melancholy theme, but---(*Holding down his head.*)

Lady Mel. Oh, speak it not!—I see—I read it in your looks! Great Heaven, hide me from myself! (*Falls on the ground.*)

Enter SIR HERBERT, *from the Chamber, leading on* LEONARD, *with his arm in a black sling.*

Sir Her. He lives—we have witnessed his returning health.—We know the ball, which lodged but in his arm, was instantly extracted; and the exaggerated story of his dangerous state was propagated by that artful fiend, to shake the virtue of a matchless wife.—But you are baffled, sir—He has heard all,

and comes to punish perfidy, and to reward the exalted Ellen's truth.

Lady Mel. Can you forgive me, Leonard?

Leo. Forgive you!—Oh! if my sufferings deserve a recompence, let me receive it here, from one who, while she sought applause from folly and from pomp, forgot she had a heart that might have won e'en Heaven's own praise.—And now, sir, (*Taking* SIR HERBERT'S *hand,*) this is the happy hour I predicted.—Connubial blessings wait you!—And I may exclaim, with joy and exultation, "Take the estate; the whole is yours; and, thank Heaven, I have preserved it for my father!" Mr Malcour, we quit your house, never to meet again.

Tom. (*Without.*) This way, and don't believe a word on't.

Enters, with GEORGIANA.

There—as I told you, only a slight scratch—alive and merry, you see.

Leo. Georgiana! Why, how's this? Has Post Obit consented?

Tom. No—but I have.—This paper, (*Gives it to* LEONARD, *who reads it to himself,*) sign'd with his own comic hand, gives me power to name her husband; and I don't know how you feel, brother guardian, (*To* SIR HERBERT,) but I nominate Leonard Melmoth—I give him Georgiana, with charms to the tune of eighteen thousand.

Leo. (*Having read paper.*) Astonishing! Why, what could induce—

Tom. Curse me, if I can tell you—All I know is, a quack threw me into a spunging-house, and a legacy-hunter took me out of it—that by his orders I signed my will at the lawyer's, and by his orders the lawyer gave me that agreement—that I'm free, Georgiana safe, Leonard happy! and if the joke prove a dear one to Post Obit, it's no fault of mine—

He would have a legacy ; and hang me, but I've left him a thumping one.

Sir Her. Generous friend! You shall partake of our prosperity ; and in my son may Georgiana find atonement for all the wrongs committed by his father. And now, Ellen, ere we commence our new career, let us remember that moderate pleasures are the most complete, and that extravagance, which takes its root in indolence and pride, concludes its fleeting life in fraud, in ruin, and disgrace!

Tom. So it does—And let no man run out—And for the future I'll pay punctually—but still—

One debt there is, which we can never clear—
The debt of gratitude that's owing here.
Lend us your smiles once more—for my sake, do.

Enter SHENKIN.

Shen. And also for Caractacus, look you.

Enter DOCTOR.

Dr Inf. And for poor me—though driven from the plain,
If you'll stand by me, I may fight again.

Enter POST OBIT.

Post Ob. And so may Peter.

Tom. ———— Nay, adjust affairs,
Give me your hand, and hope that they give theirs.

(TOM *shakes hands with* DOCTOR *and* POST OBIT.)

You want no fee, if they support your cause, (*To* DOCTOR.
And you no legacy, but their applause.
(*To* POST OBIT.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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